

BORDERLAND



VOL. III.

APRIL, 1896.

No. II.

Contents.

Frontispiece : MR. DAWSON ROGERS (*Editor of "Light"*).

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[From *Borderland*.]

Mr. W. T. Stead on Mr. Wilde's Test Horoscope:—

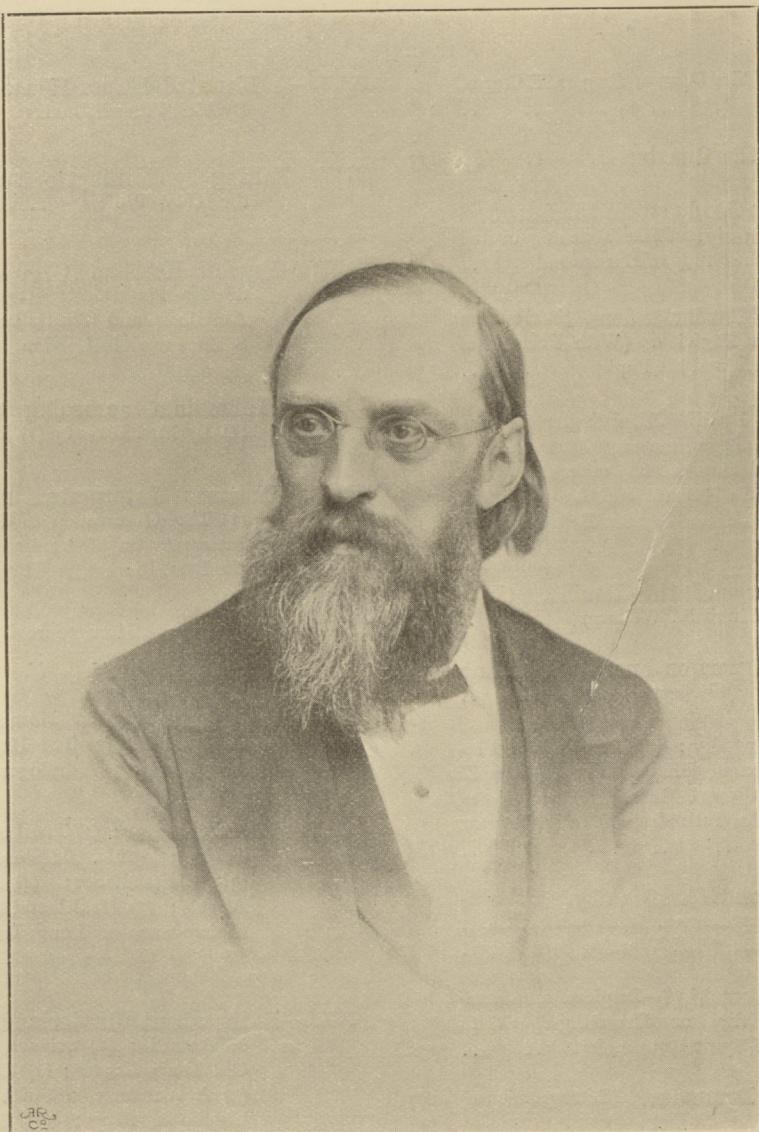
"It would be difficult for anyone to ignore the test horoscope of Mr. Pearson, of 'Pearson's Weekly,' which is published in this number, from the pen of Mr. Wilde, and to deny that it is possible for an astrologer to use his curious science in such a way as to obtain extraordinarily accurate results, both as to the character and the history of the person whose horoscope he casts. No doubt mistakes are frequent, and there may be more misses than hits, but a series of hits such as Mr. Wilde seems to have made in the case of Mr. Pearson, is hardly explicable on the hypothesis of mere coincidence."

Extract from the Christmas Number, 1895, of Pearson's Weekly:—

Mr. Pearson says: "I do not think there is the least doubt about the fact that Mr. Wilde had not the smallest knowledge of the personality of the individual whose horoscope he was casting. . . . So many points in this horoscope are so curiously accurate, that I thought almost anybody would probably be interested in glancing through it."

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MR. DAWSON ROGERS, EDITOR OF *Light*.
(From a Photograph by Adcock, Norwich.)

BORDERLAND:

A QUARTERLY REVIEW AND INDEX.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1896.

No. 2.

I.—CHRONIQUE OF THE QUARTER.

April 15th, 1896.

THE most striking incident in the quarter just ended was the death of Lady Burton, in exact fulfilment of a prediction made professedly by her husband's spirit eight months before. Of course it may have been only a coincidence, or it may be that the prophecy helped to bring about its own fulfilment, but when the circumstances are taken into account under which the prediction was made—they are fully detailed in Miss X.'s paper on Automatism—I think there will be few even among the sceptical materialists who will not feel their incredulity shaken. It should not be forgotten that as Lady Burton's death was foretold, so her marriage and the characteristics of her eventful career were predicted when she was quite a young girl. In the note appended to Miss X.'s paper I print an extract or two from her "Life of Sir Richard Burton," which will suffice to show how full her life has always been of psychical incident. If the death prediction was a coincidence it was but one of a series, all of which are singularly consistent with the existence of a Borderland, and utterly inconsistent with the theory of the materialist.

WILL ANYTHING CONVINCE MISS X.?

Those who read the intensely interesting and most important narrative given by Miss X. of communications purporting to come from Sir Richard Burton, which were accepted as authentic by his widow, and which showed a knowledge on the fact of "the source of the message" absolutely inconsistent with any other theory than that of the source of the message being Sir Richard himself, will experience some surprise on learning that she desires "to say definitely that I am by no means convinced that I have had any communication direct or indirect with the spirit of Sir Richard Burton." The spiritual hypothesis, although thinkable, is to her own

mind not proved. Why? Because, although of twenty-five distinct statements about matters unknown to her, all of them were, with one exception, "known to other living minds"! Therefore it is possible that all these living minds, scattered over all the world, combined at a given moment to telepath to Miss X.'s unconscious mind the messages which she records! Whatever we may think about Miss X.'s subconscious mind, she certainly seems to be capable of a good deal of unconscious humour. Archbishop Whately's historic doubts as to the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte was as a humorous performance not any more amusing than the arguments by which Miss X. explains away what to plain folk will appear the only "thinkable" explanation of her messages.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT AT LAST.

There are judges in Berlin, as the old saying has it, and it would seem also in Scotland. I heartily congratulate our friends north of the Tweed upon their good luck in having secured on appeal to their supreme court a thoroughly satisfactory and final decision in favour of the freedom of practising all manner of psychic and occult arts and sciences. Lord Young's judgment in the case of Jane Smith, accused of fortunetelling, will, I hope, render it absolutely impossible for even the most perverse chief constable, or the most prejudiced justice of the peace, henceforth in Scotland to assume that every palmist, astrologer, or other professor of occult studies is a rogue and a vagabond, who can be summarily convicted the moment he or she has been proved to have told fortunes. Lord Young's judgment is so important that we publish it in full in this issue. It does not, of course, bind in English courts, but it can hardly fail to have a powerful deterrent effect upon these mischievous prosecutions, which are every now and then

BORDERLAND.

got up by the police who never scruple to act as agents provocateurs in order to tempt a poor wretch to commit what they regard as a crime, and then hale her or him off to prison.

FREE TRADE IN FORTUNE-TELLING.

Lord Young's judgment proceeds upon the sound principle that as no one even alleges it is a crime to publish dreambooks, books on palmistry, astrology, &c., it is manifestly monstrous to treat as a crime the employment for pay of an expert to apply and interpret the principles laid down in these books. Lord Young said: "It never was imagined, so far as I ever heard or thought, that the writing, publishing, and selling of books upon the lines of the hand—or even upon astrology, the position of the ruling stars and their position at the date of any particular person's birth, and the rules by which astrologers proceed in telling fortunes therefrom—I never heard or thought that it was imagined by any one that writing or publishing such books was an offence, or that anybody reading a fortune upon the hand according to such books and telling it, or even examining the stars or telling a fortune according to rules on the subject, was guilty of any offence. Roguery and knavery might be committed in that way, but it would be a special case."

That is exactly how the law ought to be. You can cheat at palmistry as you can cheat in the law. You can practise roguery in casting a horoscope as you can in preparing a prescription, but to take a fee for reading your hand is as legitimate as to take 6s. 8d. for a legal opinion, and it is as lawful to take a sovereign for a horoscope as it is to accept a guinea for a prescription. If either lawyer, palmist, astrologer, or physician cheats and deceives his customer, client, or patient, he obtains money on false pretences, and ought to be sent to gaol. But the essence of criminality ought not to be assumed as a matter of course whenever any one receives money for "fortune-telling." No doubt many fortune-tellers make big mistakes, and so do many other men, not excepting lawyers and physicians.

THE EDITOR OF "LIGHT."

Our frontispiece this month is the portrait of Mr. Dawson Rogers, the editor of *Light*. Mr. Dawson Rogers is an old and experienced journalist. He is also an old and experienced spiritualist. Under his guidance *Light* has become the best, far and away the best, of all the papers devoted to psychic subjects in the English language. Its tone is always high. There is very little of the "tang" noticeable often in spiritualist papers—with the occasional exception of an article here and there touching on theosophy—and there is every week a mass of interesting and suggestive matter. Its correspondence is full and varied, its leaders uniformly thoughtful and serious, and its notes are all in the right note. Mr. Dawson Rogers, like Mr. Underwood, late of the *Religio Philosophical*, is just a little

inclined to be too sceptical. But 'tis a fault in virtue's side—especially when dealing with the phenomena of a region in which credulity usually runs rampant.

"GENERAL LORRISEN" AND HIS TRANSATLANTIC APPORTS.

No doubt many of my readers will be glad to know that General Lorrisen, whose extraordinary statements as to the instant transportation of articles from New York to England by "spookics," to coin a much needed word, have attracted considerable attention, is full of confidence that he will yet succeed in the crucial test he has set himself. I saw the General the other day and compared notes. I found that his controls have told him exactly the same thing that "Julia" told me a couple of years ago as to the possibility of instantaneous transport of matter and persons through space. He says they explain the difficulty in transporting a New York daily paper to England within an hour of its publication in New York by the immense number of different psychic influences through which a newspaper passes. It represents the sum of the thoughts and acts of editors, sub-editors, reporters, correspondents, compositors and machinemen. It is quite a simple matter, says the General, to bring a letter which represents only a single individual's influence. I ventured a suggestion which he seemed to think practical. Why not get a proof of one article, of latest and exclusive news, appearing, say, in the *New York World* of May 1st, delivered in England the same day, and then compare it with the issue of the paper when it arrived seven days later. The proof could be certified by the editor and dated. Its production with signature and date within an hour in England before a magistrate or the United States Minister would be conclusive.

WHY NOT A REUNION OF THEOSOPHISTS?

The sudden death of Mr. W. Q. Judge deprives the Theosophical Society of any further excuse for reproducing the unhappy divisions of Christendom in its own borders. Theosophical unity was destroyed because of Mr. Judge. Now that Mr. Judge has joined Madame Blavatsky, why should not the Theosophists agree to bury the hatchet and reunite over his grave? It is to be feared that this is a counsel of perfection, but it ought to be tendered all the same. For the work which Theosophists have to do is far too serious and far too important for them to be justified in making a difference of opinion about a dead man the cause of a split. Those who claim to stand as witnesses for the wisdom-religion ought to display a philosophy superior to that which has rent Christendom into shreds. It would almost seem as if it were the Karma of the American continent to produce schisms. The Declaration of Independence seems to have made secession a virtue across the Atlantic. There is a limit to the doctrine as the Confederates found out to their cost. But in the religious sphere it has free scope. The Salvation Army has followed the

Theosophical example, but Mr. Ballington Booth lives, whereas Mr. Judge is dead. Why not bury the unhappy division with his ashes?

A STALWART WORKER GONE.

I regret to see that Madame de Morsier is no longer with us on this physical plane. She was a stalwart warrior for all good causes, being "a cross between Swiss and Scottish stocks, and full of the fighting enthusiasm of Calvin and John Knox. She fought splendidly for Mrs. Butler's crusade of justice and liberty, and down to her death she was the literary right hand of the Countess of Caithness. Considering the thousands of comparatively useless women who lead the existence of the butterfly, it is rather hard to lose so useful a working bee so soon. Madame de Morsier was honest and fearless, industrious and persistent. There is none who did more for the forlorn womanhood of France than she, but now she is gone hence. I hope that we may ere long find that the helpful inspiration of her spirit is felt by those upon whom her mantle has fallen.

INFORMATION FROM ACROSS THE BORDERLAND.

One of the questions which continually confront inquirers into the Spiritualist hypothesis is why so little information worth having is vouchsafed us by those intelligences who profess to be spirits returning from the other world. Possibly there is more of this than is generally imagined. But I wish some intelligent scientist, who is also a Spiritualist, would write a book on the subject, stringing together whatever facts are in evidence as to the value of "spirit intelligence." Most of their assertions are unsifted, and but few are chronicled. In the *Harbinger of Light* of February 1, there is a curious account of "How the pyramids were built," upon which it would be interesting to have the opinion of a good Egyptologist. Of course if there is anything in the story it would have to be attributed to Mrs. Burbank's sub-consciousness. What interested me in her narrative was the description of the way in which the pyramid builders crossed the rivers. The control said—

I see a man come to a small river. He takes from a pouch at his side a coil of wire, and holding one end of it, throws the wire across the stream so that the other end rests on the opposite bank; then he steps on to the wire and appears to be upheld and to be invisibly propelled to the other side. Now he picks up that end of the wire, and the other loosens and recoils. He replaces it in his pouch or wallet. All men carry these coils of wire with them.

It may be an absurd fancy, but I have an idea that there is more in the story of these wires than appears at present. I wonder if any one, decarnate or incarnate, can throw any light on the subject?

THE NEW PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

Dr. Alexander, who in the last quarter was raised by

vote of the Bishops from the bishopric of Derry to be Primate of Ireland, is psychically notable for a passage in a Cambridge University sermon of his, in which he made dexterous use of telepathy to support his argument in favour of the efficacy of prayer. The passage is a familiar one, but it is worth while reprinting.

"Do you," he said, "believe in the mutual penetration of human souls by other souls? Do you believe that without any possibility of discourse, or of communication through any of their ordinary channels, without writing on paper, without message by telegraphic wire, spirits influence one another? Do you believe that minds are in harmony with other minds; that there is a tide in humanity whereof no single wave is isolated, but capable of being affected by the undulation of another, however distant; that there are those far away whose love, whose grief, whose warnings, whose sufferings, whose anticipations are more or less present with you, and make themselves owned! 'Mysticism,' some of you may say. But your own great and cautious critic, Lightfoot (the late Bishop of Durham), does not disdain to refer to some well-authenticated voices and appearances at the hour of death, when he deals with the statement that Irenaeus heard at Lyons, in the hour when Polycarp suffered death, a trumpet voice saying, 'Polycarp has been martyred.' And if we receive this natural telepathy, why should we not receive the supernatural telepathy?"

A BURTON NIGHT AT THE S.P.R.

Miss X. is to bring the whole Burton case, with all elucidatory evidence, &c., before a meeting of the Society for Promoting Psychical Research on the evening of April 24th. It will be an important gathering, and members of the S.P.R. and other friends will do well to be present in time. The subject is so important, the persons concerned are so well known, the evidence is so clear—everything, in short, combines to make the meeting one of extraordinary interest, and certain, therefore, to attract a crowd.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY AND SECOND-SIGHT.

The Gaelic Society, a learned body which concerns itself chiefly about such literary and philological subjects as Ossianic traditions and Erse derivations, is showing at last signs of awakening to the quickened interest which is roused by the gradual approach of the psychic dawn. At their next meeting, on April 30th, they have invited Miss X. to address them at Inverness on "Second-Sight and Psychical Research," a subject to which Miss X. has devoted no little attention, and to which she intends to devote another summer this year in the Highlands. When people find that second-sight is a thing to be proud of rather than a thing to be ashamed of, we may expect to obtain much more evidence than is at present procurable.

Wanting 1896
Jan. Vol III no 1.

II.—“THUS SAITH THE LORD!”

TO THE LAW AND THE TESTIMONY CONCERNING BORDERLAND.

LAST quarter I made some observations, by the way, as to the bearing of the Bible on Borderland and the study thereof. Some of my readers were, however, not satisfied, and they want more justification with chapter and verse. I have, therefore, thought it well to begin a complete anthology of all the passages in the Old or New Testament which in any way refer to the study of psychical phenomena. This I do, not because, even if all these texts bore in one direction, they could be accepted as final authorities as to the will of the Divine Being, who inspired them some thousands of years since. What might be perfectly lawful now, here in a civilized and enlightened land, might be abominably wicked under entirely different circumstances. Any intelligent man may be trusted to handle gunpowder where there are no matches lying loose, and where there is no fire. But to allow young children, sitting round the nursery fire, liberty to play with powder as they do with marbles or dolls, would be madness. So circumstances alter cases. The evolution of society has rendered the Mosaic law of sacrifices obsolete, and we no longer require the stoning of a disobedient son, or the exclusion of the children of a bastard to the tenth generation from the assembly of the Lord. So it is quite conceivable that practices, which in those days were synonymous with crime of the worst type, may, now divested of their criminal concomitants, become the legitimate pursuits of godly men. We have an analogy to this in the transformation of the magical and forbidden study of the curious arts of alchemy, into the perfectly legitimate and indispensable science of chemistry upon which the whole of our civilization tends more and more to depend. The alchemist was the chemist of former times, just as the sorceress was the precursor of the Society for Psychical Research. Even now there are great tracts of territory under the dominion of the Queen where the first duty of the magistrate is to extirpate witchcraft. The witch-doctors of the Zulu, and of the Matabele, were as bad as the Roman Inquisition. They were licensed murderers, and Professor Crookes himself, or the editor of *Light*, would feel no compunction in stamping out witchcraft in South Africa as ruthlessly as Moses did in Canaan, without in the least degree abating their devotion to the cause of psychical research and spiritualism.

But although the interdict on witchcraft in Palestine 3,000 years ago does not in the least prove that it is wrong to pursue psychical studies in this country to-day, it is well to know exactly what the Bible does say upon the subject. In preparing my anthology I have taken the Revised Version as my text, and follow the order of the canonical books, accompanying the sacred text with such elucidatory comment as may be necessary. But in order that no one shall complain that I have not given due prominence to the “case against Spiritualism in the Bible,” I will preface my anthology with the following handbill, sent me by a good and zealous Christian in Barbadoes. He only gave the references, but I have filled in the text for the convenience of the reader.

I.—THE CASE AGAINST “BORDERLAND.”

SEARCH AND SEE WHAT GOD THINKS ABOUT IT.

1. Did the practice exist in Old Testament times?—

Lev. xix. 31: Turn ye not unto them that have familiar spirits, nor unto the wizards; seek them not out to be defiled by them; I am the Lord your God.

1 Sam. xxviii. 7-15: Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit that I may go to her, and inquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold, there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor. And Saul disguised himself, and put on other raiment, and went, he and two men with him, and they came to the woman by night: and he said, Divine unto me, I pray thee, by the familiar spirit, and bring me up whomsoever I shall name unto thee. And the woman said unto him, Behold, thou knowest what Saul hath done, how he hath cut off those that hath familiar spirits, and the wizards, out of the land: wherefore then layest thou a snare for my life to cause me to die? And Saul sware to her by the Lord, saying, As the Lord liveth, there shall no punishment happen to thee for this thing. Then said the woman, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said, Bring me up Samuel. And when the woman saw Samuel, she cried with a loud voice: And the woman spake to Saul, saying, Why hast thou deceived

me? for thou art Saul. And the king said unto her, Be not afraid, for what seest thou? And the woman said unto Saul, I see a god coming up out of the earth. And he said unto her, What form is he of? And she said, An old man cometh up: and he is covered with a robe. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he bowed with his face to the ground, and did obeisance. And Samuel said to Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams: therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do.

2 Kings, xxi. 6: And he made his son to pass through the fire, and practised augury, and used enchantments, and dealt with them that had familiar spirits, and with wizards; he wrought much evil in the sight of the Lord to provoke him to anger.

2 Kings xxiii. 24: Moreover them that had familiar spirits, and the wizards, and the teraphim, and the idols, and all the abominations that were spied in the land of Judah and in Jerusalem, did Josiah put away, that he might confirm the words of the law which were written in the book that Hilkiah the priest found in the book of the Lord.

2 Chron. xxiii. 6: Mannasseh also made his children to pass through the fire in the valley of the son of Hinnom: and

he practised augury and used enchantments, and practised sorcery, and dealt with them that had familiar spirits and with wizards: he wrought much evil in the sight of the Lord to provoke him to anger.

2. Did it exist in New Testament times?—

Acts xvi. 16: And it came to pass, as we were going to the place of prayer, that a certain maid having a spirit of divination met us, which brought her masters much gain by soothsaying.

Acts xix. 11-20: And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul: insomuch that unto the sick were carried away from his body handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out. But certain also of the strolling Jews, exorcists, took upon them to name over them which had the evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, I adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth. And there were seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, a chief priest, which did this. And the evil spirit answered and said unto them, Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye? And the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them, and mastered both of them, and prevailed aganst them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded. And this became known to all, both Jews and Greeks that dwelt at Ephesus: and fear fell upon them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified. Many also of them that had believed came, confessing, and declaring their deeds. And not a few of them that practised curious arts brought their books together, and burned them in the sight of all: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver. So mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed.

3. What was God's mind with regard to it as shown in the Old Testament?—

Lev. xix. 31: Turn ye not unto them that have familiar spirits, nor unto the wizards: seek them not out to be defiled by them: I am the Lord your God.

Lev. xx. 6-27: And the soul that turneth unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto the wizards, to go a whoring after them. I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people. Sanctify yourselves therefore, and be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God.

Exod. xxii. 18: Thou shalt not suffer a sorceress to live.

Deut. xviii. 10-12: There shall not be found with thee any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, one that uses divination, one that practiseth augury, or an enchanter, or a sorcerer, or a charmer, or a consulter with a familiar spirit, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For whosoever doeth these things is an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee.

1 Sam. xv. 23: For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as idolatry and teraphim. Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king.

Saul died for using it; *see* 1 Chron. x. 13: So Saul died for his trespass which he committed against the Lord, because of the word of the Lord, which he kept not; and also for that he asked counsel of one that had a familiar spirit to inquire thereby.

Also Jer. xxvii. 9-10: But as for you, hearken ye not to your prophets, nor to your diviners, nor to your dreams, nor to your soothsayers, nor to your sorcerers, which speak unto you, saying, Ye shall not serve the king of Babylon: for they prophesy a lie unto you, to remove you far from your land; and that I should drive you out and ye should perish.

4. What is God's mind to it as shown in the New Testament?—

Acts xvi. 16: And it came to pass, as we were going to the place of prayer, that a certain maid having a spirit of divination met us, which brought her masters much gain by soothsaying.

Gal. v. 20-21: Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are *these*, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmities, strife, jealousies, wraths, factions, divisions, heresies, envyings, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I forewarn you, even as I did forewarn you, that they

which practise such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

Rev. xxii. 15: Without are the dogs, and the sorcerers, and the fornicators, and the murderers, and the idolators, and every one that loveth and maketh a lie.

5. What shall one do if asked to inquire of a familiar spirit?—

Isaiah viii. 19-20: And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits and unto the wizards, that chirp and that mutter, should not a people seek unto their God? on behalf of the living *should they seek unto the dead?* To the law and to the testimony! If they speak not according to this word, surely there is no morning for them.

6. Is it possible to test every spirit?—

1 Jno. iv. 1: Beloved, believe not every spirit, but prove the spirits, whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world.

7. By what are we to test them?—

Isaiah viii. 20: To the law and to the testimony! If they speak not according to this word, surely there is no morning for them.

8. Should we have any confidence in signs or wonders presented by those who would try to lead us away from God, or to do those things that God does not approve of?—

Deut. xiii. 1-3: If there arise in the midst of thee a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and he give thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them: thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or unto that dreamer of dreams: for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul.

9. What course should one pursue under these circumstances?—

Deut. xiii. 4: Ye shall walk after the Lord your God and fear him, and keep his commandments, and obey his voice, and ye shall serve him, and cleave unto him.

10. When miracles are performed by spirits purporting to be those of our dead friends to what may we attribute them?—

Rev. xvi. 14: And I saw coming out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet, three unclean spirits, as it were frogs: for they are spirits of devils, working signs: which go forth unto the kings of the whole world, to gather them together unto the war of the great day of God the Almighty.

11. What will be the clear characteristic of the last day apostacies from the faith?—

1 Tim. iv. 1: But the Spirit saith expressly, that in later times some shall fall away from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.

12. How will Satan deceive the people?—

2 Cor. xi. 14: For such men are false apostles, deceitful workers, fashioning themselves into apostles of Christ. And no marvel: for even Satan fashioneth himself into an angel of light.

13. What part will his agents assume before the end?—

2 Cor. xi. 15: It is no great thing therefore if his ministers also fashion themselves as ministers of righteousness; whose end shall be according to their works.

14. If we are told that Spiritualism must be a good thing because good and right things are said and advised to be done through its agency, what guidance do we get in Scripture to enable us to give a right answer to such a question?—

See 1 Sam. xxvi. 1. 7-15, and Acts xvi. 16 [*see above*], in which *ca-e* good and true things were said; but, nevertheless, it is plainly to be seen by 1 Chron. x. 13, and by Acts xvi. 18, that the practice was directly against God's mind. Remember also 2 Cor. xi. 14-15.

II.—WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS.

In the collection of passages in the Old and New Testament which bear upon the study of Borderland, I cannot include all those which assert to be communications from the Invisible World to man. I might as well reprint the whole Bible. I have, however, briefly referred to specific instances of psychic phenomena, giving chapter and verse for purposes of reference. In the Old Testament there is a duplication of narrative in Kings and Chronicles. In the New Testament there are the three Synoptic Gospels and the Fourth Gospel. Instead of repeating the entries I have included them under the same head. Otherwise I follow the canonical order of the Books, printing in full the verses which bear directly or indirectly on the question of the Law and the Testimony as to the study of Borderland. I do not include in this text passages representing the meditations of God, or his resolutions, except when they are definitely stated to have been communicated to man.

CHAP. I.—THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD.

GENESIS.

CHAPTER I.

V. 29-31: And God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, &c.

(This statement of communication from the Invisible to man, although the first recorded, was preceded by the interdict given before the creation of Eve.)

CHAPTER II.

V. 16: And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, &c.

(This is the first reported utterance of God to man.)

V. 21: And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, &c.

(Creation of Eve.)

CHAPTER III.

V. 1: The serpent speaks to Eve. No suggestion of Satan or of evil spirit. "The serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made." Two speeches by the serpent are reported.

V. 1 and 4-5: Serpent spoken of as male.

V. 8: And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and they hid themselves.

V. 20: And the Lord God called unto the man.

(Curse pronounced on serpent, woman, and the ground for Adam's sake.)

V. 21: And the Lord God made for Adam and his wife coats of skins, and clothed them.

V. 23: The Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden.

V. 24: So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden the Cherubim and the flame of a sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life.

(First mention of any Invisible beings other than the Lord God.)

CHAPTER IV.

V. 4-5: The Lord had respect unto Abel and his offering; but unto Cain and his offering he had not respect.

V. 6-7: And the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? &c.

V. 9-15: And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel, thy brother?

(The curse pronounced on Cain.)

V. 15: And the Lord appointed a sign for Cain lest any finding him should smite him.

CHAPTER V.

V. 22: And Enoch walked with God.

V. 24: And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.

CHAPTER VI.

V. 1: And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the ground, and daughters were born unto them,

V. 2: That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all that they chose.

V. 3: And the Lord said, My spirit shall not strive with man for ever, for that he also is flesh: yet shall his days be an hundred and twenty years.

V. 4: The Nephilim, or Giants, were in the earth in those days, and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them: the same were the mighty men which were of old, the men of renown.

(First mention of intermarriage between Sons of God and daughters of men.)

V. 13: And God said unto Noah, &c.

(Coming destruction of mankind announced and ark ordered.)

CHAPTER VII.

V. 1: And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark.

V. 16: And the Lord shut him in

(I do not include the collection of the animals in the ark as supernatural. From the narrative, it seems to have been performed by Noah as naturally as we now load a cattle steamer. Neither do I mention statements as to God causing it to rain or making a wind to pass over the earth (ch. viii., v. 1), for they concern God and Nature more than man's relation to the Invisible.)

CHAPTER VIII.

V. 15: And God spake unto Noah, saying, Go forth of the ark, &c.

V. 21: And the Lord smelled the sweet savour (of Noah's sacrifice).

CHAPTER IX.

V. 1: And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth.

(Interdict placed on eating flesh with the blood thereof.)

V. 8: And God spake unto Noah and to his sons with him. (Establishing the covenant, and sealing it with the rainbow.)

SUMMING UP.

We have now arrived at the close of the Hebrew legends concerning the antediluvian world. Their most conspicuous feature is the constant intermingling of God in the affairs with men. The Lord God walks in the garden in the cool of the day. The Lord God smells the sweet savour of Noah's sacrifice. The Lord God made Adam and Eve coats of skins. The Lord appointed a sign for Cain. The Lord shut Noah in the Ark. All this is as anthropomorphic as the myths of Hellas, and as natural to the childhood of the world.

I.—HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOMS NOT CENSURED.

By far the most important passage is that which records the intermarriage of the Sons of God and the daughters of men, with the result of improving mightily the human stock, but apparently without exer-

cising any influence in checking the progressive demoralization of the race. Giants were born of the union between the denizens of the astral and physical planes—mighty men, and men of renown. But no censure is pronounced upon the intermixture of the Sons of God with the daughters of men; nor is it mentioned as contributing anything to the sin and corruption of the world.

II.—ONLY GOOD SPIRITS MENTIONED.

Another statement of importance is the reference to the Cherubim, the guardians of the east gate of Eden, and the flame of a sword which turned every way. The Cherubim, whoever they were, were not men, and they were obedient to God. That is to say, they were of the order of Spiritual Beings, not fallen or disobedient. There is no reference in these early traditions to evil spirits of any kind. The serpent, so far as the narrative goes, was an ordinary serpent possessing the gift of speech, but not at that time compelled to go upon his belly. As to the "flame of the sword which turned every way," no light is thrown upon its nature. It is one of the few agencies, apparently non-spiritual, which act as if intelligent under the fiat of Invisible power. Nothing further remains to be noticed, save the reference to Enoch's walking with God, and the phrase "he was not, for God took him," which is usually held to signify his apotheosis, or transference without death to the world beyond the grave.

III.—NO INTERDICT ON SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.

After the deluge the human race starts afresh. A covenant is made with man—he is commanded to be fruitful and multiply; but not one word is said of warning or of interdict as to the renewal of communications with the Sons of God. It is a very curious fact that the one interdict, the great negative command laid upon the children of Noah, had nothing whatever to do with the practice of occult arts, or of communication with spirits from Borderland, but was directed solely to the establishment of a law of diet which the students of things occult respect more faithfully than any of their orthodox assailants. "Flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat."

This first great command takes the place of the interdict on the fruit of the tree of knowledge of Good and Evil. It was repeated in the Mosaic law, and it was the only mandate of all those in the Jewish code which the Early Church deemed it indispensable to impose upon Gentile converts. So far, then, as the Law and the Testimony affords light upon the matter in controversy, it has pronounced no censure upon communication with Spiritual beings, it chronicles the good result of the most intimate union with them that is possible, and it imposes one rule of conduct which occultists, being for the most part vegetarians, observe more faithfully than any other class of the community.

II.—THE PATRIARCHAL AGE.

CHAPTER XI.

V. 5: And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower (of Babel).
V. 9: The Lord scatter'd them abroad from thence (by the confusion of tongues).

CHAPTER XII.

V. 1: Now the Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, &c.
(Promise given that in his seed all the families of the earth shall be blessed.)

V. 7: And the Lord appeared unto Abram (at Sichem), and said, Unto thy seed will I give this land.

(First mention of apparition of Divine Being since the Fall.)

V. 17: And the Lord plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues because of Sarai, Abram's wife.

CHAPTER XIII.

V. 14: And the Lord said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up thine eyes.

(Promise to give him the land renewed.)

(There is nothing to show that Melchizedek, King of Salem, was any other than a natural personage. Nor is he credited with any miraculous powers.)

CHAPTER XV.

V. 1: After these things the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision, saying, Fear not Abram, &c.

(Abram objects he has no son, and Eliezer is his heir.)

V. 4: And behold the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, This man shall not be thine heir, &c.

V. 5: And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to tell them. And he said unto him, So shall thy seed be.

V. 7: And he said unto him, I am the Lord that brought thee out of Ur of the Chaldees, to give thee this land.

(Abram asks for a sign.)

V. 9: And he said, Take a heifer, a she-goat, a ram, a turtle-dove, and a young pigeon, and cut the former in pieces.

(Orders obeyed.)

V. 12-13: And when the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abram; and lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him. And he said unto Abram, Know of a surety that thy seed, &c.

V. 13-14: (Prophesy delivered of sojourn in a strange land for 400 years, but in the fourth generation they shall come hither again.)

V. 17: And when it was dark, behold a smoking furnace and a flaming torch that passed between these pieces.

V. 18: In that day the Lord made a Covenant with Abram, saying, Unto thy seed have I given this land, &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

V. 7: And the angel of the Lord found her (Hagar) by a fountain of water in the wilderness, by the fountain in the way to Shur.

V. 8: And he said, Hagar, Sarai's handmaid, whence camest thou? and whither goest thou? And she said, I flee from the face of my mistress, Sarai.

V. 9: And the angel of the Lord said unto her, Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands.

V. 10: And the angel of the Lord said unto her, I will greatly multiply thy seed that it shall not be numbered for multitude.

V. 11: And the angel of the Lord said unto her, Behold, thou art with child, and shalt bear a son; and thou shalt call his name Ishmael, because the Lord hath heard thy affliction.

V. 12: And he shall be as a wild ass among men; his hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren.

V. 13: And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou art a God that seest; for she said, Have I even here looked after him that seeth me?

CHAPTER XVII.

V. 1: And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram and said unto him, I am God Almighty, walk before me and be thou perfect.

V. 3: And Abram fell upon his face: and God talked with him, saying—

(Covenant renewed, his name changed to Abraham, and circumcision instituted.)

V. 15: And God said to Abraham, As for Sarai, thy wife—
(Name changed to Sarah.)

V. 17: Then Abraham fell on his face, and laughed and said in his heart, Shall a child, &c.
 V. 18: And Abraham said unto God, Oh, that Ishmael, &c. And God said, Nay, but Sarah, &c.
 V. 22: And he left off talking with him, and God went up from Abraham.

CHAPTER XVIII.

V. 1: And the Lord appeared unto him (Abraham) by the oaks of Mamre, as he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day;
 V. 2: And he lift up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood over against him: and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself to the earth and said,
 V. 3: My Lord, if now I have found favour, &c.
 V. 6: And they said, So do as thou hast said.
 V. 8: And he took butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them, and he stood by them under the tree and they did eat.
(First statement as to consumption of material food by spiritual visitants.)
 V. 9: And they said, Where is Sarah, thy wife, &c.
 V. 13: And the Lord said unto Abraham, Wherefore did Sarah laugh?
 V. 16: And the men rose up from thence, and looked toward Sodom: and Abraham went with them to bring them on the way.
 V. 17: And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham that which I do;
 V. 18: Seeing that, &c.
 V. 20: And the Lord said, Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous;
 V. 21: I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come unto me; and if not, I will know.
 V. 22: And the men turned from thence, and went toward Sodom, but Abraham stood yet before the Lord.
(Colloquy ensues. Abraham succeeds in reducing the irreducible minimum of righteous men necessary to save Sodom from fifty to ten.)
 V. 33: And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had left communing with Abraham: and Abraham returned unto his place.

CHAPTER XIX.

V. 1: And the two angels came to Sodom at even; and Lot sat in the gate of Sodom: and Lot saw them, and rose up to meet them; and he bowed himself with his face to the earth; and he said, Behold, &c.
(Invites them into his house.)
 V. 2: And they said, Nay; but we will abide in the street all night.
 V. 3: And he urged them greatly; and they turned in unto him, and entered into his house; and he made them a feast, and did bake unleavened bread, and they did eat.
(The men of Sodom surrounded the house, demanded that the strangers should be handed over to them. Lot, who went out to offer his daughters instead, was mobbed, and an attempt was made to break down the door.)
 V. 10: But the men put forth their hand, and brought Lot into the house to them, and shut to the door.
 V. 11: And they smote the men that were at the door of the house with blindness, both small and great: so that they wearied themselves to find the door.
(First recorded instance of miraculous effect of spiritual action on human senses.)
 V. 13: And the men said unto Lot, Hast thou here any besides? . . . bring them out of the place.
 V. 13: For we will destroy this place, because the cry of them is waxen great before the Lord; and the Lord hath sent us to destroy it.
 V. 15: And when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot, &c.

V. 16: But he lingered; and the men laid hold upon his hand . . . and they brought him forth and set him without the city.
 V. 17: And it came to pass when they had brought them forth abroad, that he said, Escape for thy life, &c.
(Lot pleads to be allowed to escape to Zoar.)
 V. 21-2: And he said, &c. (Consents). Haste thee, escape thither, for I cannot do anything till thou be come thither.
 V. 24: Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven. And he overthrew those cities and all the plain.
 V. 26: But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.
(They had been forbidden to look behind. Result not attributed to any supernatural agency, apparently automatic.)

CHAPTER XX.

V. 3: But God came to Abimelech in a dream of the night, and said to him, Behold, thou art but a dead man, because of the woman which thou hast taken; for she is a man's wife.
(This is the first record of revelation by dream.)
 V. 4: Now Abimelech had not come near her: and he said, Lord, wilt thou slay even a righteous nation? (Defends himself.)
 V. 6: And God said unto him in the dream, Yea, I know that in the integrity of thy heart thou hast done this, and I also withheld thee from sinning against me: therefore suffered I thee not to touch her.
 V. 7: Now therefore restore the man's wife; for he is a prophet, and he shall pray for thee, and thou shalt live: and if thou restore her not, know thou that thou shalt surely die, thou and all that are thine.
 V. 17: And Abraham prayed unto God: and God healed Abimelech, and his wife, and his maid-servants; and they bare children.
 V. 18: For the Lord had fast closed up all the womb's of the house of Abimelech, because of Sarah, Abraham's wife.

CHAPTER XXI.

V. 12: (After Sarah had troubled Abraham about Ishmael) And God said unto Abraham, Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad, and because of thy bond-woman; in all that Sarah saith unto thee, hearken unto her voice; for in Isaac shall thy seed be called.
 V. 17: (Hagar and Ishmael being sent into the wilderness they are likely to perish from thirst) And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said to her, What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is.
 V. 18: Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thy hand; for I will make him a great nation.
 V. 19: And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink.
 V. 20: And God was with the lad, and he grew; and he dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer.

CHAPTER XXII.

V. 1: And it came to pass after these things, that God did prove Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham, and he said, Here am I.
 V. 2: And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son, whom thou lovest, even Isaac, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.
 V. 10: And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.
 V. 11: And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham: and he said, Here am I.
 V. 12: And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.

V. 13: And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, behind *him* a ram caught in the thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son.

V. 15-16: And the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham a second time out of heaven and said, By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

V. 42-50: (Abraham's servant, having sworn to choose a bride for Isaac, out of the family of his kindred, went on his quest. On nearing his destination he made a curious test with the Lord, which he thus described to Laban and Bethuel.)

V. 42: And I came this day unto the fountain, and said, O Lord, the God of my master Abraham, if now thou do prosper my way which I go:

V. 43: Behold, I stand by the fountain of water: and let it come to pass that the maiden which cometh forth to draw, to whom I shall say, Give me, I pray thee, a little water of thy pitcher to drink;

V. 44: And she shall say to me, Both drink thou, and I will also draw for thy camels: let the same be the woman whom the Lord hath appointed for my master's son.

V. 45: And before I had done speaking in mine heart, behold Rebekah came forth with her pitcher on her shoulder; and she went down unto the fountain, and drew; and I said unto her,

V. 46: Let me drink, I pray thee. And she made haste, and let down her pitcher from her shoulder, and said, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also; so I drank, and she made the camels drink also.

V. 47: And I asked her, and said, Whose daughter art thou? And she said, The daughter of Bethuel, Nahor's son. . . .

V. 48: And I bowed my head, and worshipped the Lord, and blessed the Lord, the God of my master Abraham, which had led me in the right way to take my master's brother's daughter for his son. . . .

V. 50: Then Laban and Bethuel answered and said, The thing proceedeth from the Lord: we cannot speak unto thee bad or good.

CHAPTER XXV.

V. 21: And Isaac entreated the Lord for his wife because she was barren, and the Lord was entreated of him, and Rebekah, his wife, conceived.

V. 22: (When the twins struggled in the womb of Rebekah.) "And she said if it be so, wherefore do I live? And she went to inquire of the Lord."

V. 23: And the Lord said unto her, Two nations are in thy womb.

And two people shall be separated from thy bowels. And the one people shall be stronger than the other people. And the elder shall serve the younger.

(Twins born, Esau being first born.)

This is notable as the first instance of inquiring of the Lord. The answer given in quatrain of Hebrew verse implies that she consulted an oracle like that of Delphi. The form of the answer would imply that this was not a case of prayer followed by an impression on the mind. The question was put formally, and the answer given with equal objectivity.

CHAPTER XXVI.

V. 2: And the Lord appeared unto him (Isaac) and said, Go not down into Egypt.

(Covenant renewed to Isaac.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

The story of the blessing of Jacob and of Esau only comes within the domain of this inquiry, because it shows the prophecy of the oracle in process of fulfilment, the elder Esau being supplanted by the younger Jacob, who obtained his dim-eyed father's

blessing as first-born by a fraud. The blessings bestowed upon both sons are also of prophetic character.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

(Jacob, fleeing towards Haran, sleeps at night with a stone for a pillow at Bethel.)

V. 12: And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

(This is the first mention of angels in multitudes.)

V. 13: And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord, the God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereto thou liest, to the will I give it, &c.

V. 16: And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.

V. 17: And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

CHAPTER XXXI.

(In the preceding chapter a detailed description is given of the artful way in which Jacob, by his knowledge of the laws of breeding, was able to circumvent by purely natural means the attempt of his father-in-law to cheat him of his hire. But in explaining to his wives how it came to pass that he had increased his flocks and herds he imputed it all to God.)

V. 7: Your father hath deceived me, and changed my wages ten times; but God suffered him not to hurt me.

V. 8: If he said thus, The speckled shall be thy wages; then all the flock bare speckled: and if he said thus, The ring-straked shall be thy wages; then bare all the flock ring-straked.

V. 9: Thus God hath taken away the cattle of your father, and given them to me.

V. 10: And it came to pass at the time that the flock conceived, that I lifted up mine eyes, and saw in a dream, and, behold, the he-goats which leapt upon the flock were ring-straked, speckled, and grised.

V. 11: And the angel of God said unto me in the dream, Jacob: and I said, Here am I.

V. 12: And he said, Lift up now thine eyes and see, all the he-goats which leap upon the flock are ringstraked, speckled, and grised: for I have seen all that Laban doeth unto thee.

V. 13: I am the God of Beth-el, where thou anointedst a pillar, where thou vowedst a vow unto me: now arise, get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy nativity.

CHAPTER XXXII.

V. 1-2: (After Laban had parted peaceably from Jacob.) V. 1: And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him.

V. 2: And Jacob said when he saw them, This is God's host: and he called the name of that place Mahanaim (hosts or companies).

(The night before Jacob met his elder brother Esau, he sent his family and flocks and herds over the ford of Jabbok.)

V. 24: And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.

V. 25: And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was strained as he wrestled with him.

V. 26: And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

V. 27: And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob.

V. 28: And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for thou hast striven with God and with men, and hast prevailed.

V. 29: And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there.

V. 30: And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for, said he, I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.
 V. 31: And the sun rose upon him as he passed over Penuel, and he halted upon his thigh.

CHAPTER XXXV.

V. 1: And God said unto Jacob, Arise go up to Bethel and dwell there, &c.
 V. 9: And God appeared unto Jacob again when he came from Padan-aram and blessed him (gave him the name Israel).
 V. 11: And God said unto him, I am God Almighty, &c.
 V. 13: And God went up from him in the place where he spake with him.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

V. 5: And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren: And they hated him yet the more.
 V. 6: And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed:
 V. 7: For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves came round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf.
 V. 8: And his brethren said to him, Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.
 V. 9: And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed yet a dream; and, behold, the sun and the moon and eleven stars made obeisance to me.
 V. 10: And he told it to his father, and to his brethren; and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?
 V. 11: And his brethren envied him; but his father kept the saying in mind.

(These are the first allegorical dreams recorded.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

V. 7: And Er, Judah's first born, was wicked in the sight of the Lord; and the Lord slew him.
 (First case of death of individual ascribed to direct action of God.)
 V. 10: (Onan having disobeyed his father's command to raise up seed to his brother Er.)
 V. 10: The thing which he did was evil in the sight of the Lord, and he slew him also.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

V. 2: The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man.
 V. 4: And his master (Potiphar) saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand.
 V. 5: The Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake, and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house and in the field.
 V. 21 (In the prison): But the Lord was with Joseph and shewed kindness unto him, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison.
 V. 23: The keeper of the prison looked not to anything that was under his hand, because the Lord was with him, and that which he did the Lord made it to prosper.

CHAPTER XL.

V. 5-14. (The butler and baker of Pharaoh being cast into prison, were delivered unto the custody of Joseph.)
 V. 5: And they dreamed a dream both of them, each man his dream, in one night, each man according to the interpretation of his dream, the butler and the baker of the king of Egypt, which were bound in the prison.

V. 6-7: And Joseph . . . in the morning asked them, saying, Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day?
 V. 8: And they said unto him, We have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it. And Joseph said unto them, Do not interpretations belong to God? Tell it me, I pray you.
 V. 9: And the chief butler told his dream to Joseph, and sad to him,
 V. 10: In my dream, behold, a vine was before me; and in the vine were three branches: and it was as though it budded, and its blossoms shot forth; and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes:
 V. 11: And Pharaoh's cup was in my hand; and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand.
 V. 12: And Joseph said unto him, This is the interpretation of it: the three branches are three days;
 V. 13: Within yet three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head, and restore thee unto thine office: and thou shalt give Pharaoh's cup into his hand, after the former manner when thou wast his butler.
 V. 14: But have me in thy remembrance, when it shall be well with thee.
 V. 16: When the chief baker saw that the interpretation was good, he said unto Joseph, I also was in my dream, and, behold, three baskets of white bread were on my head:
 V. 17: and in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of bakemeats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head.
 V. 18: And Joseph answered and said, This is the interpretation thereof: the three baskets are three days;
 V. 19: Within yet three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree; and the birds shall eat thy flesh from off thee.
 (Prophecy fulfilled in both cases on the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday.)

CHAPTER XLI.

V. 1: And it came to pass at the end of two full years, that Pharaoh dreamed:
 V. 2: And behold he stood by the river. And, behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, well favoured and full fleshed; and they fed on the reed grass.
 V. 3: And behold seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill-favoured and lean-fleshed, and stood by the other kine upon the bank of the river.
 V. 4: And the ill-favoured and lean-fleshed kine did eat up the seven well-favoured and fat kine. So Pharaoh awoke.
 V. 5: And he slept and dreamed a second time: and behold seven ears of corn came up upon one stalk, rank and good.
 V. 6: And behold seven ears, thin and blasted with the east wind sprung up after them.
 V. 7: And the thin ears swallowed up the seven rank and full ears. And Pharaoh awoke, and behold it was a dream.
 V. 8: And it came to pass in the morning that his spirit was troubled: and he sent and called for all the magicians (or sacred scribes) of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof; but there was none that could interpret them unto Pharaoh.

(First mention of magicians. In the margin "sacred scribes" is given as alternative translation. No censure, only a record of failure.)

(The chief butler then remembers Joseph and tells of his skill. Pharaoh sends for him hastily. He came in unto Pharaoh.)

V. 15: And Pharaoh said unto Joseph I have dreamed a dream and there is none that can interpret it: and I have heard of thee that when thou hearest a dream thou canst interpret it. And Joseph answered Pharaoh saying, It is not in me. God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace.
 (Pharaoh then repeats his dreams to Joseph.)
 V. 25: And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, The dream of Pharaoh is one: what God is about to do he hath declared unto Pharaoh.

V. 26: The seven good kine are seven years; and the seven good ears are seven years: the dream is one.
 V. 27: And the seven lean and ill-favoured kine that came up after them are seven years, and also the seven empty ears blasted with the east wind; they shall be seven years of famine.
 V. 28: That is the thing which I spake unto Pharaoh: what God is about to do he hath shewed unto Pharaoh.
 V. 29. Behold, there come seven years of great p'enty throughout all the land of Egypt:
 V. 30: And there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land;
 V. 31: And the plenty shall not be known in the land by reason of that famine which followeth; for it shall be very grievous.
 V. 32: And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice, it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass.
 V. 33: Now therefore let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt.
 V. 34 (Joseph continues to suggest what should be done): And Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a one as this, a man in whom the spirit of God is?
 (So Joseph is made ruler over all the land of Egypt and all things happened according to his interpretation of the dreams.)

CHAPTER XLIV.

(Joseph commanded his steward to “put my cup, the silver cup” in Benjamin's sack. No sooner have his brethren departed than):

V. 4: Joseph said unto his steward, Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good?
 V. 5: Is not this it in which my lord drinketh, and whereby he indeed divineth? ye have done evil in so doing.
 V. 6: And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these words.

(First mention of divination. The cup was used on the same principle as a crystal.)

CHAPTER XLVI.

(As Israel was on his way down to Egypt he sacrificed at Beersheba.)

V. 2: And God spake unto Israel in the visions of the night, and said Jacob, Jacob.
 V. 3: And he said here am I. And he said, I am God, the God of thy father: fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation:
 V. 4: I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will also surely bring thee up again: and Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes.

(The Book of Genesis closes with the literal fulfilment of the early dreams of Joseph in his brethren falling down before his face and saying, “Behold, we be thy servants,” and the not less literal fulfilment of his interpretation of Pharaoh's dream. The only slight discrepancy between the dream and its fulfilment was in the fact that while the sun and moon as well as the eleven stars bowed down and worshipped Joseph, his mother was dead before his hour of triumph came, and although his father fell on his neck he does not seem to have been allowed to bow down like the eleven brethren. The deathbed prophecy of the dying Jacob may be mentioned as a compost of prediction couched in poetical metaphor. But it would carry us too far if we entered into a detailed analysis of their fulfilment.)

SUMMING UP.

I have now completed the collection of all references to things pertaining to Borderland in the Patriarchal age. So far, there is nothing whatever to support the

contention of those who maintain that psychic study is unlawful. What little there is of reference to the subject of occult, or magical, or psychic study is in its favour, rather than otherwise. Take for instance, the last first.

I.—IN FAVOUR OF DREAMS.

Dreamland is the vestibule of Borderland. The whole story of Joseph pivots on Dreams and their interpretation. Joseph is himself a dreamer. He is the instrument for the interpretation of the dreams of others. That he constantly attributed his gift to God, enhances rather than diminishes the significance of the power which he turned to such good purpose. Nor does Joseph stand alone as the patron-saint or patriarch of Dreamland. The visions of the night of Abimelech, and of Jacob, remain on record as among the things most worthy of preservation by the memory of man, while the pompous histories of contemporary dynasties have perished from the world. Abraham never saw in dream. He had the open vision. Jacob was the first of the patriarchs to dream. His vision at Bethel of the ladder that stretched from earth to heaven, with the Lord standing above it, and the angels of God ascending and descending in it, is one of the most famous dreams in the world's history.

What a contrast 'between that creed-shaping dream of the world and the next dream of Jacob, in which the angel of God, identifying himself as the God of Bethel, shows the stockbreeder of Laban the ringstraked and speckled and grised he-goats busy among the flock, in order that diamond might not cut diamond, and that Jacob the Jew might not be jewed by his kinsman Laban. The phenomena of the Borderland, of which Dreamland is the entrance-hall, have in every age been incongruously mixed, but surely, not even in the fantastic records of the séance-room, was there ever a greater descent than from the Gate of Heaven and the House of God to the vision of the ringstraked and speckled and grised he-goats. But be the subject of the dreams great or small, an impending famine that devastates a whole country, or the restoration of a butler to his forfeited office, the revelation of God and his angels, or the delivery of an order to leave a situation and return home, not one word of censure is uttered as to the practice of noting dreams, or of seeking their interpretation. On the contrary, Joseph repeatedly asserts that the interpretation of dreams is a matter that peculiarly belongs to God. So far from being a profane or diabolical superstition, it is something in its nature divine.

Of course, it is easy to dismiss the precedents of Egyptian and Patriarchal history as superstitions unworthy of notice in these enlightened days. But it will not do to play fast and loose with the Law and the Testimony in this fashion. If the Bible is to be quoted to discourage the invoking of familiar spirits, it must be allowed to have just as much weight when it encourages the interpretation of dreams. So far as we have gone we find the latter is encouraged, while not one word has been said down to the close of the Patriarchal age in depreciation of intercourse with the invisible world.

II.—IN FAVOUR OF “INQUIRING OF THE LORD.”

But the Patriarchal age shows us at least one instance of the practice of interrogating the unseen. Rebekah, we are told, while perturbed by the fears natural to a woman awaiting a difficult confinement, inquired of the Lord. By what method she interrogated the Divine Oracle is not stated. In later times the priesthood, hierophants of the occult study of the Urim and Thum-

mim, were the recognized mediums of the Oracle. But in the Patriarchal age there was no sacerdotal hierarchy. Each man was priest in his own household. Rebekah, troubled about the twins who struggled unborn within, probably did not consult her husband as to the turmoil. She may have had access to some oracle or seer, some clairvoyant or trance medium, through whom the Divine word was believed to come. We have here a clear case supplying an invaluable precedent, to show that no penalty in these primitive times was attached to the attempt to pry into the future, or to look into hidden and secret things. The universal human instinct manifesting itself in Rebekah's case was rewarded with prompt explanation and reassuring prophecy.

III.—IN FAVOUR OF CRYSTAL-GAZING.

But that is not the only consolation which the book of Genesis offers to the devout student of Borderland. Joseph has always been regarded as one of the most conspicuously righteous men in the Old Testament history. From a political point of view his administration left somewhat to be desired. But as a man, his conduct is faultless, and the blessing of the Lord was with him alike in the depth of his adversity and in the height of his prosperity. What, then, are we to think, when we find that this austere and eminent saint practised divination, which is frequently denounced as the blackest of the black arts? Joseph had a silver cup with which he was wont to divine. The divining cup is as familiar an adjunct of the magic of olden times as the crystal is of the psychic study of to-day. Joseph appears to have been an illustrious prototype of Miss X. He looked into a silver cup; she looks into a crystal globe. If Joseph was justified in using his divining cup Miss X. may well claim to be exempted from censure for looking into her crystal.

So far, then, as we are able to carry on investigation into the bearings of the Law and the Testimony upon the study of the Borderland, we have not found anything condemnatory, whereas there is much that is confirmatory of our faith and practice.

Briefly surveying the remaining features of the Borderland presented in the Patriarchal age, there is, again, as in the Antediluvian days, the continual advent of God. The phrases differ; the thing itself remains the same. "The Lord said unto Abram," begins the list of recorded utterances of the Deity to the patriarch, but how He spoke, whether in a vision of the night, or by a subjective impression by a voice clairaudiently heard, or whether by a voice audible by the ear—nothing is said.

IV.—IN FAVOUR OF COMMUNICATIONS WITH SPIRITUAL BEINGS.

A more detailed account of a supernatural apparition in the shape of materialized spirits, is given in the visit of the Three who came to foretell the destruction of Sodom. One of the three, the chief spokesman, is described as the Lord; the other two, described in the New Testament as angels, are in Genesis spoken of uniformly as men. They were in human shape. They appear first as they stood over against Abraham, by the Oaks of Mamre. They walk towards his tent, their feet are washed, they rest under the tree; they partake of a simple repast of butter and milk, and veal with meal cakes. They were visible and audible, not only to Abraham, but also to Sarah. They converse with the patriarchal couple. When they rise to go, Abraham accompanies them on the road towards Sodom. Two

of them go on to spend a night of adventure in Sodom. The other, "the Lord" is stayed by Abraham, who pleads for the doomed cities. After promising that they shall be spared if there be but ten righteous men found therein, the Lord went his way, and Abraham returned unto his place.

Abraham, the apostle says, entertained angels unawares, from which an argument is drawn in favour of showing hospitality. From this it would seem that intercourse with Spiritual beings from another world is regarded, not as something culpable, but as a Divine reward indicative of Divine approval.

When the angels visit Sodom, the Lord has not rejoined them. Lot, therefore, had to deal solely with spirits. He entertained them, lodged them, fed them, protected them, until they in turn had to protect him. Then one seems to have undertaken Lot's safe conduct from the doomed city, while the other went his way elsewhere. All is simple, natural, matter of fact to the last degree. There are no wings, no supernatural radiance. These materialized spirits, with the death warrant of the Cities of the Plain to execute, seem to have moved about their dread errand as if they were men among men, eating, drinking, washing, resting and sleeping, like ordinary mortals. Yet in them lay the incalculable potencies of the astral realm. By a gesture they smote the riotous crowd stone-blind, by another they unloosed upon the Cities of the Plain the blazing avalanche of the wrath of God.

The apparition that visited Hagar when she fled into the wilderness is described as the Angel of the Lord. He found her, it is said, by the fountain, and after their conversation had ended, she called the celestial visitant "The God that seeth." On the second occasion of her flight into the wilderness, the Angel of God called unto Hagar out of heaven, from which it appears to have been a case of clairaudience, not of materialization. The same phrase is used when the hand of Abraham was stayed from slaughtering Isaac on Mount Moriah. The Angel of the Lord called to Abraham out of heaven a second time on the same day.

Of Isaac, it is simply said, "the Lord appeared unto him." With Jacob, the apparitions were much more varied. Jacob saw the Lord as he stood above the ladder on which the angels were ascending and descending. Before this vision at Bethel, the only mention of angels had been when the Cherubim were told off to guard the gates of Eden, and when the Angel of the Lord found Hagar in the wilderness, and called from heaven afterwards, once to Hagar and twice to Abraham. But Jacob not only saw the angels of the ladder in his dream, at Mahanaim the angels of God met him in such numbers that he called them God's host.

Of the mysterious visitant with whom Jacob had such close and intimate communion, reviving reminiscences of the days when the sons of God mingled their strain with the daughters of earth, nothing is known. Jacob called him God. But the stranger refused to give his name, whereas, in most cases where the Deity is reported to have appeared, he usually asserted his Divinity in his first utterance.

After that, no additional information is vouchsafed how God speaks to Jacob. God appears to Jacob, and God went up from him in the place where he spake with him, that is the last apparition of the Deity in the book of Genesis. The Lord is reported as having slain first Er, and then Onan, the sons of Judah; but with this somewhat sombre exception, there is no further appearance of the Deity on the scene.

(To be continued.)

III.—OUR GALLERY OF BORDERLANDERS.

A MODERN MAGICIAN: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. BY A PUPIL OF LORD LYTTON.

THE writer of the following extraordinary fragment of autobiography has been known to me for many years. He is one of the most remarkable persons I ever met. For more than a year I was under the impression that he was the veritable Jack the Ripper; an impression which I believe was shared by the police, who, at least once, had him under arrest; although, as he completely satisfied them, they liberated him without bringing him into court. He wrote for me, while I was editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*, two marvellous articles on the Obeahism of West Africa, which I have incorporated with this article. The Magician, who prefers to be known by his Hermetic name of Tautriadelta, and who objects even to be called a magician, will undoubtedly be regarded by most people as Baron Munchausen Redivivus. He has certainly travelled in many lands, and seen very strange scenes.

I cannot, of course, vouch *personally* for the authenticity of any of his stories of his experiences. He has always insisted that they are literally and exactly true. When he sent me this MS., he wrote about it as follows:—

“If you *do* chop it up, please do it by omitting incidents bodily. The evidence of an eye-witness deprived even of its trivialities is divested of its *vraisemblance*. If you leave them as I have written them, people will *know*, will feel, that they are true. Editing, I grant, may improve them as a literary work, but will entirely destroy their value as evidence, especially to people who know the places and persons.”

I have therefore printed it as received, merely adding cross-heads.

I.—EARLY HISTORY.

I was always, as a boy, fond of everything pertaining to mysticism, astrology, witchcraft, and what is commonly known as “occult science” generally; and I devoured with avidity every book or tale that I could get hold of having reference to these arts.

I remember, at the early age of 14, practising mesmerism on several of my schoolfellows, particularly on my cousin, a year younger than myself. But on this boy (now, by the way, a hard-headed north country solicitor) developing a decided talent for somnambulism, and nearly killing himself in one of his nocturnal rambles, my experiments in that direction were brought to an untimely close.

As a medical student, however, my interest in the effects of mind upon matter once more awoke, and my physiological studies and researches were accompanied by psychological experiments. I read *Zanoni* at this time with great zest, but I am afraid with very little understanding, and longed excessively to know its author; little dreaming that I should one day be the pupil of the great magist, Bulwer Lytton—the one man in modern times for whom all the systems of ancient and modern magism and magic, white and black, held back no secrets.

II.—LORD LYTTON.

MY INTRODUCTION TO LORD LYTTON.

It was in the winter after the publication of the weird “Strange Story” (in which the Master attempted to teach the world many new and important truths under the veil of fiction) that I made the acquaintance at Paris of young Lytton, the son of (the then) Sir Edward. He was at that time, I suppose, about ten years my senior; and though passionately attached to his father, who was both father and mother to him, did not share my intense

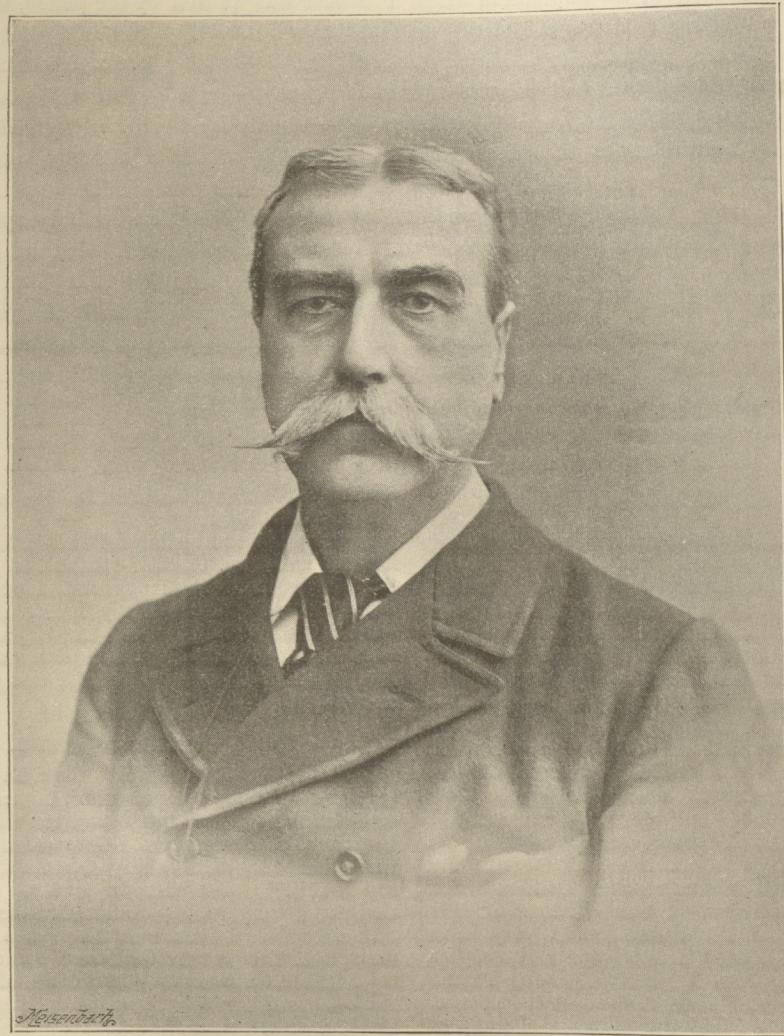
admiration and enthusiasm for his mystic studies and his profound lore.

Anyhow, in the spring following, he presented me to his father as an earnest student of occultism. I was then about 22 years of age, and I suppose Sir Edward was attracted to me partly by my irrepressible hero-worship, of which he was the object, and partly because he saw that I possessed a cool, logical brain: had iron nerve; and, above all, was genuinely, terribly in earnest.

CRYSTAL-GAZING.

I remember that the first time on which he condescended to teach me anything, he seated me before an egg-shaped crystal and asked me what I saw therein. For the first ten minutes I saw nothing, and was somewhat discouraged, thinking that he would blame me for my inability; but presently, to my astonishment and delight, I very plainly descried moving figures of men and animals. I described the scenes as they came into view, and the events that were transpiring; when, to my intense satisfaction—and I am afraid self-glorification—he said, “Why, you are a splendid fellow! you are just what I want.”

He then asked me if I would really like to seriously study Magism under his guidance. His words on this point are as fresh in my memory as ever. He said, “Remember, my boy, it will be very hard work, fatiguing to body and brain. There is no royal road, nothing but years of study and privation. Before you can conquer ‘the powers’ you will have to achieve a complete victory over Self—in fact, become nothing more nor less than an incarnate intellect. Whatever knowledge you may gain, whatever powers you may acquire, can never be used for your advancement in the world, or for your personal advantage in any way. Even if you obtain the power of a King and the knowledge of a Prophet, you may have to pass your life in obscurity and poverty;



THE MODERN MAGICIAN, TAUTRIADELTA.
(From a photograph by the Stereoscopic Co.)

they will avail you nothing. Weigh well my words: three nights from this I will call you."

LORD LYTTON'S DOUBLE.

On the third evening, I never left my rooms after dinner, but lit up my pipe and remained anxiously awaiting Sir Edward's arrival. Hour after hour passed, but no visitor, and I determined to sit up all night, if need be, feeling that he *would* come.

He *did*; but not in the way I expected. I happened to look up from the book which I was vainly attempting to read, and my glance fell upon the empty arm-chair on the other side of the fire-place. Was I dreaming, or did I actually see a filmy form, scarcely more than a shadow, apparently seated there? I awaited developments and watched. Second by second the film grew more dense until it became something like Sir Edward. I knew then that it was all right, and sat still as the form got more and more distinct, until at last it was apparently the Master himself sitting opposite to me—alive and in *propria personâ*. I instantly rose to shake hands with him; but, as I got within touching distance, he vanished instantly. I knew then that it was only some variety of the Scin-Læca that I had seen. It was my first experience of this, and I stood there in doubt what to do. Just then his voice whispered close to my ear, so close that I even felt his warm breath, "Come." I turned sharply round, but of course, no one was there.

INITIATION.

I instantly put on my hat and greatcoat to go to his hotel, but when I got to the corner of the first street, down which I should turn to get there, his voice said, "Straight on." Of course, I obeyed implicitly. In a few minutes more, "Cross over"; and, so guided, I came where he was. *Where* matters not; but it was certainly one of the last places in which I should have expected to find him.

I entered, he was standing in the middle of the sacred pentagon, which he had drawn upon the floor with red chalk, and holding in his extended right arm the baguette, which was pointed towards me. Standing thus, he asked me if I had duly considered the matter and had decided to enter upon the course. I replied that my mind was made up. He then and there administered to me the oaths of a neophyte of the Hermetic Lodge of Alexandria—the oaths of obedience and secrecy. It is self-evident that any further account of my experiences with Lord Lytton, or in Hermetic circles, is impossible.

But in my travels in the far East, and in Africa and elsewhere, I have met with many curious incidents connected with what Magists term "black magic," and also manifestations of psychic force and occult science as practised by other schools than that to which I belong; and I will recall a few of them for the benefit of the readers of BORDERLAND.

III.—GERMAN EXPERIENCES.

DOUBLING.

The first of these was when I was studying chemistry under Dr. Allan (who was for so many years Baron Liebig's principal assistant at the great laboratory at the University of Giessen). Among the more advanced students was a Saxon named Karl Hoffmann, who was much given to the study of psychology, psychic force, and the effects of the magnetic current and odic force

upon the nervous system. I need scarcely say that we fraternised, and soon became almost inseparable.

One day we were talking of the "döppel-ganger," and he proceeded forthwith to illustrate his position. He told me that his döppel-ganger should visit a public ball which was to be held that night; should speak to and dance with many persons to whom he was well known; should spend three hours there, and yet that all the time his real body should be present with me in my rooms.

This was very interesting to me; because, although I knew how to produce the Scin-Læca, and even the ordinary döppel-ganger, yet these were intangible and impalpable. But he was to shake hands with friends, drink with them, and hold others in his grasp during the dances, and I was impatient for the night to come. I employed the interval in making one or two little private arrangements unknown to him; amongst others borrowing from an inspector the smallest pair of handcuffs which they had at the police station, and to which there was only one key, which I also requisitioned. These were kept for the use of women, if required: why I procured them will appear later on.

As the clocks were striking the hour for the commencement of the ball, Karl entered my rooms, faultlessly dressed in his evening suit. I was also "in full armour," because I myself purposed going there later on.

THE ORIGINAL HANDCUFFED AT HOME.

After we had chatted and smoked for an hour, Karl said, "Well! shall I go to the ball now?"

I assented, and he quietly lay down on my sofa on his back, folded his arms across his chest; and, saying, "In ten minutes' time I shall be in the ball-room," closed his eyes, and remained motionless. I watched the clock for ten minutes and then went over to his side. He was in a perfectly cataleptic condition: no pulse to be felt: not the slightest flutter of the heart to be detected by the stethoscope: not a breath dimmed the hand-mirror that I held to his lips. I shook him, spoke to him, but, of course, made no impression; he lay there, to all intents and purposes, dead.

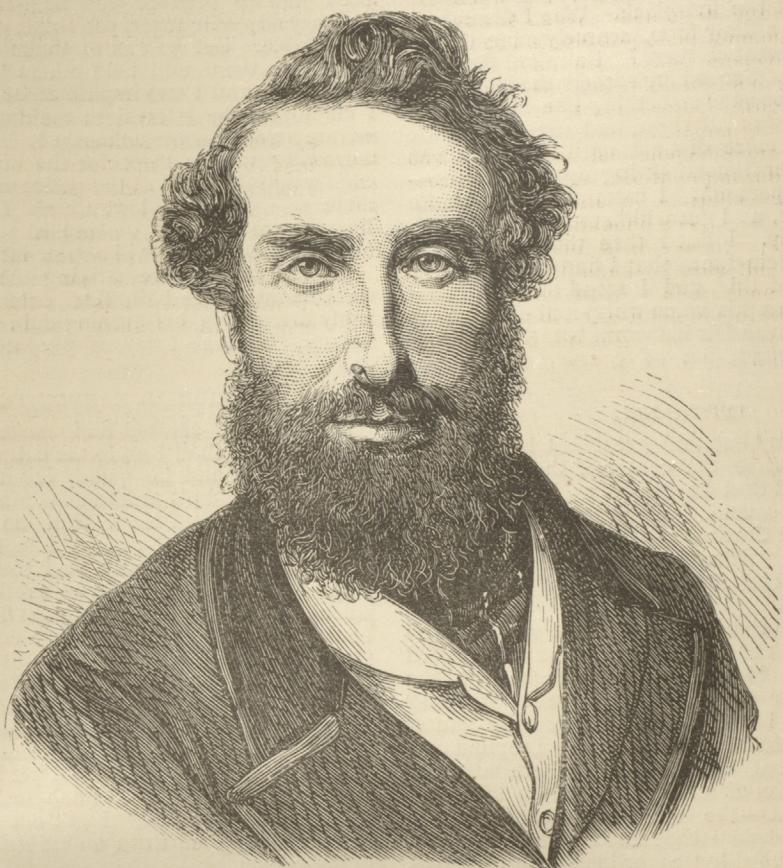
I then prepared to go to the ball myself, and see if he had really carried out his intention; and I knew if I locked the door no one could get in or out, because it was fastened with a Bramah lock. But, "to make assurance doubly sure," I got out the borrowed handcuffs and snapped them on his wrists, putting the key in my pocket.

THE "DOUBLE" DANCING AT THE BALL.

Then I went to the dance, after carefully securing the room door—the windows having a clear forty feet drop. I hurried rapidly the few hundred yards to the Assembly Rooms and went in; and almost the first person I saw was Karl, solemnly revolving in an old *deux-temps* waltz, with a lovely girl in his arms.

When the dance was over he took her to a seat, and went to the refreshment counter to get her something—I forgot what, now; I tapped him on the shoulder, and he turned round and said, "Well, you see, I *am* here, as I told you." He went off to his partner; and I, leaving him with her, shot off at a rapid run to my rooms.

There, on my couch, was still extended the form of Karl! I again returned to the ball, and there was my friend, promenading with another belle. I remained at the ball enjoying myself, ever and anon coming across



LORD LYTTON

(Better known as SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, author of "Zanoni," and Master
of the Mage, Tautriadel'a)

Karl, either dancing or flirting; but I kept a watchful eye on the time. When it was nearly half an hour of the time for Karl to return I went home and sat down to watch the body until the three hours should have expired. I had perfect confidence in my fellow-student's ability, and so waited without anxiety for the dénouement.

THE TWO BECOME ONE.

A few seconds after the three hours had expired, a slight tremor was observable in the eyelids, a long breath was drawn, and then another, and Karl partially sat up. Then his eye fell on the handcuffs, and for the next few moments the air was filled with a series of German expletives and objurgations not to be found in any dictionary.

I went laughingly to unlock them, but I saw that he was really offended. After a pipe, however, he recovered his usual sunny temper, and discussed the whole process at some length.

AN EXCHANGE OF PERSONALITIES.

A few days after this, Karl proposed to me to exchange bodies for the space of twenty-four hours. I didn't quite see the force of this, having heard of other cases of German students having effected the exchange for a time, and then one of the men had refused to return to his own body, and had permanently occupied his new tenement; and for this there was no remedy. Therefore I declined point-blank. However, after many days' persuasions, entreaties, and arguments—and reflecting that, after all, it would not destroy the identity of my Ego: I should still have the same mind, the same knowledge, the same soul; and also, that his was in every way a superior body to mine—I decided to risk it, but for four hours only.

Another thing weighed considerably with me, and that was that it might be some day useful to me to know the *modus operandi*, not merely in theory but practically.

So, one fine summer's day, we soon effected the exchange.*

Yes, I consented to let Karl borrow my body for the short time stipulated; but I should not have done so, in spite of the foregoing reasons, had it not been that I

* The transfer of souls between the living is rare; the transfer of souls between the living and the dead is not so unusual. Mr. Glendinning often tells of a remarkable case which occurred in his own family. The story of the Watseka wonder is a classic in the history of Spiritualism. But as I wrote I came across the following in an American exchange. "One of the most remarkable cases ever known in the history of Spiritualism," says the Butte *Inter-Mountain*, "is agitating the community in the vicinity of Westfield, S. D. Several months ago Henry, the fourteen-year-old son of John Small, a well-to-do farmer near the village, died of consumption, after a lingering illness of over a year. The elder Small and his wife were somewhat advanced in years. Henry was the only remaining child of a large family, and for a long time the couple were quite inconsolable. They are spiritualists, however, and, after a time, began to tell their friends that they had received several visits from their dead son, who had told them that his absence was only temporary, and that he would be with them again in a few weeks. Among the lad's companions had been a Scandinavian named Nels Larsen, a boy aged seventeen or eighteen, whom John Small had for several years employed as an assistant in his farm work. Nels was an orphan, and had not even a near relative living. A few days ago he informed his employer that he had seen Henry's spirit in a dream, and that, as his own death would make little difference to any one, except himself, he had consented to withdraw his body in favor of his old comrade, in order that the latter might be near his parents. The change, he said, would be made the following night. The next day when he appeared he actually seemed to possess not only the voice and manner, but all the characteristics of the dead son. His body alone remained unchanged. The old couple were at once convinced of the genuineness of the transformation, and immediately took the young man into their home as their son. In order to have everything in due form they will, however, formally adopt him, and make him heir to their property. One of the most remarkable features of the case is that, while young Small was well educated and Larsen had received scarcely any schooling and spoke English with a strong foreign accent, the latter seems, since the alleged transfer of souls, to be possessed of all Small's acquirements, speaks good English, and shows none of the marks of the Scandinavian's former habits."

found that the whole happiness of his life was at stake; and if I did not consent it would be irretrievably ruined.

Now, as I have previously stated, I had a very strong affection, almost more than friendship, for Karl; and, when he confided to me the true state of affairs, I had not the heart to refuse them.

Of course, there was a lady in the case.

It appeared that he had been engaged for two years to a very pretty girl who was, in reality, absolutely devoted to him, but of whom he was insanely jealous. He carried this so far that, if she were only fairly civil to any other man, he accused her of flirting, and was only too ready to believe that every man who paid her the slightest attention was seriously endeavouring to cut him out in her affections. Time after time did the poor girl convince him that his suspicions were unfounded, only for fresh ones to arise the next day with the advent of any stranger.

And it was unfortunate that the girl happened to be the daughter and chief handmaid of the landlord of a hostelry much affected by students, and which was scarcely ever free from the presence of some one or other of these racketty young blades.

Latterly, he had taken it into his head that I—his bosom friend and companion—had designs upon her; and, although both she and I had striven our best to exorcise the demon of jealousy, yet it still lay hiding in his breast.

A NOVEL CURE FOR JEALOUSY.

So, a brilliant thought struck him. He would, at one bold stroke, either convict me of perfidy or else reassure himself completely; and then, never—no, never—doubt the mädchen any more.

I gave him credit for candour in telling me that this was the reason why he wanted to borrow my body; and he explained fully his intended course of action.

When duly equipped with my *corpus vile*, he proposed visiting the fraulein, and—as me—not merely making love to her, but proposing an immediate elopement. If she would have none of my endearments, would not listen to my proposal, he would then know she was his own dear mädchen. If, on the contrary, she allowed me to kiss and caress her, he would have done with her for ever.

It has frequently struck me since that he would have been in an awkward dilemma if she had consented to elope with "me"; but that by the way.

He said, "Now I shall know for certain how she receives you in my absence."

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

Well, to be brief, we effected the desired exchange; and I awoke to consciousness to see myself sitting in the arm-chair opposite. For the moment I sat utterly aghast, forgetting the bargain we had made and the transmigration just effected. Then, all at once it flashed across me, and I said, "How do you feel, Karl?" He rejoined, "My name is Ross; you are Karl!" Of course, I had forgotten that the name must go with the body. I looked down at myself and saw Karl's monstrous great German feet, ditto hands. I began to feel a little disgusted with myself—that is, my new outward-seeming self. I spoke again, and I had a decided guttural German accent. Then, of course, I got up and looked at myself in the glass over the mantel. I was Karl, sure enough. And there was I (Me) walking out of the door, humming, "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye." I fancied there was a jeering tone in the voice; but it might have been imagination.

So there was nothing to be done until Karl returned, but to spend the time in the best manner possible.

THE EXTENT AND LIMITS OF THE TRANSFER.

I sat down and began to examine myself to see if the physical change had produced a corresponding mental one. So, as Karl was a skilled musician, I sat down with every confidence to the piano to solace myself with music. I boldly struck the instrument, but only a discord resulted; that was no good.

Wanting a smoke, I felt for my pipe; but Karl had it out with him in my clothes, so I picked up his great porcelain-bowled German pipe, and filled it with the coarse-cut "kanaster" he invariably smoked to my great disgust. I took a few whiffs, and actually enjoyed it! Had my tastes, then, become Teutonic as well as my body? I was destined to prove that they had.

Sailing forth, I went to a restaurant for lunch, and the *keilner*, seeing a typical Deutscher enter, at once placed before me the *carte du jour* of German viands. Now German cookery had always been an utter abomination to me, and I had sedulously refrained from it. But now I felt a longing for some *wurst* and *sauerkraut*. I ate enormously of this, washing it down with sundry bocks of lager beer, and wound up with some Limburger cheese. How I luxuriated in these hitherto unspeakably horrible comestibles! being mentally disgusted with myself all the time.

A TEMPTATION OF THE BODY.

My repast finished, I strolled back to my rooms, and while rummaging my (his) pockets for matches, found the portrait of Karl's fiancée. I steadfastly looked at it, and began to experience a strong feeling of passionate admiration of the charms there depicted. I no longer wondered at Karl's attachment, for the girl struck in my physical nature the keynote of such an overpowering passion as I had never yet experienced.

In short, I was head over ears in love with her, and a strong determination arose within me to have her for my very own. I forgot all about Karl. I only knew that I loved her; and I seemed to have a consciousness that she loved me, and I revelled in that knowledge.

I was aroused by the church clock chiming the quarters, and then I remembered all, and that in a quarter of an hour more Karl would return.

I was conscious then of possessing two distinct identities there present—not counting my own body, which was absent with Karl. There was my mind—my Ego, my real self—which was not in the least drawn towards the girl; and furthermore, which strongly remonstrated with my (his) brain for being so attracted, and with my whole body for the overpowering physical longing for her which thrilled its every nerve.

My Ego told me that to gratify my passion, or even to indulge it in the slightest degree, would be treachery to my friend and more than brother; that even my present feelings were an insult and a wrong to him. The atmosphere of the place seemed to choke me; I could scarcely breathe, and again I went out into the open air.

THE SOUL SUCCUMBS.

There were two ways leading to the inn where Karl's *inamorata* dwelt, and I knew which way he always went, returning by the same. Presently, almost unconsciously, I found myself on my way to the inn, *but by the other road*. I asked myself what I was doing there: what was my purpose (having accustomed my-

self to self-examination)? I found that I was going there to pass myself off as Karl on the unsuspecting girl, with a purpose as yet undefined, but the very thought of which filled me with a fierce delight, a savage joy that was akin to madness.

My Ego said to me, "You are an infernal villain; the height of treachery could no farther go—black-hearted Judas!" I stopped, appalled, as the sudden sight opened to my mental eye of the fearful depth of the moral abyss into which I was about to plunge.

I turned, and began to retrace my steps, knowing that by that time Karl would have returned and be waiting to resume his body. *His* body? Yes!—for the time of our agreement had expired, and if I kept it any longer I should be a thief as well as a villain. I was turning down the street where my lodging was situated, and the temporarily-conquered longing arose with ten-fold force in my heart.

I could stand no more, the physical influence of his body maddening my brain and overpowering the calm, still voice of my Ego. I turned and rushed from the spot; but *not* home. I went to the inn.

[It must be remembered here, not as any excuse, but as some palliation, that I was then only eighteen, and that I had not then become the pupil of the great Magist.]

LOVE-MAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

As I entered the inn door, Lisa ran to meet me, and I showered passionate kisses on her like rain. She said, with some surprise, "What! back again, Karl?" We went into the inner room—her chosen place for courting with Karl—and for a full hour I made love to her as Karl.

Then, horror of horrors! "My" voice was heard without asking if "Karl" was here, as he had been seen to come in this direction. I looked through a little peep-hole into the public room, and saw Karl (in my form) looking excessively agitated and uneasy, because he wanted to resume his own proper person again. And, if anything had happened to me, or I had run away, he would never be able to recover it, and Lisa would be lost to him.

I whispered to Lisa, "Go out to him, and tell him you have not seen me; and send him home." She did so, and in that interval of absence, my Ego resumed his mastery. I said to her on her return, "I must go now; but promise me something before I go." She promised; and I, knowing that Karl would visit her in the evening, after the exchange, said—"I will come again to-night; but, for very special reasons, do not then, nor ever after, refer to my coming back again this afternoon and spending this hour with you." I made her swear it, and I knew the secret was safe.

THE DIVIDED RESPONSIBILITY.

Looking back at this distance of time, I can see that I was only actuated by a desire to save them both from utter misery: I had no thought of saving myself, as might naturally be supposed. This is the only bright spot in a thoroughly black business.

[And here, in self-defence, I must make a remark. Had I, in my own proper person, allowed *any* temptation to lead me to betray my friend, I should have been an unmitigated scoundrel; and the recollection of such a crime would have clouded and embittered the whole of my after life. But I *was* Karl! It was not only Karl's body, but Karl's brain that yielded—it was not mine.]

Well, I slowly walked homewards, and found Karl in a fever of anxiety regarding my prolonged absence. We

Immediately effected the re-exchange of bodies, which I found—somewhat to my surprise—was more easily, and, certainly, more quickly, effected than a change of clothing.

My own body felt rather strange to me for a couple of hours, as though it didn't quite fit me ; but that was all.

KARL'S JEALOUSY CURED.

I asked Karl how Lisa had received him (in my body). He said that he had got her to sit down by him, and then began telling her how he had for a long time entertained a strong love for her. She reproached him bitterly for his treachery to his friend, and absolutely refused to listen to a word. He was perfectly satisfied with her reception of him, and said that he should never doubt her again. He visited her again (as Karl) that night, but she had never referred to the occurrences of the afternoon.

I accompanied him the next day, and, oh !—the irony of circumstances ; she was brimming over with affection to him, while she could barely be civil to me. I was punished with coldness and disdain for crimes of which I was not guilty ; and Karl was receiving redoubled endearments through my sin of the previous afternoon.

Karl and I never exchanged bodies again ; one experience of that kind was sufficient for us both. I, however, applied myself for some time to the study of the phenomena of the doppel-ganger, and derived considerable harmless amusement therefrom. I would walk about the town, meet with a friend, talk to him ; and, suddenly, while in the middle of an interesting conversation would, by an effort of volition, find myself on the couch in my own room. The mystification of my friends was immense.

THE DOUBLE ON THE TRAPEZE.

At this time I met Mr. Price, the proprietor of the largest continental circus, then stationed at Madrid. This gentleman was travelling in search of novelties, and happened to hear of some of my exploits.

He asked me to give him an exhibition of my powers in that line, privately. I did so. The next day he called at my place and asked me if I could do it in his circus. I said that the locale made not the slightest difference. He then said that his idea was to have a trapeze performance, in which I should take part ; and the last act of which should be that I should ascend to the flying trapeze, get it into good swing, and then throw a "somersault off." But instead of catching the other trapeze, or alighting on the ground, as other performers do ; I should, while describing the somersault in mid-air, vanish into space. Could I do that ? Of course I could ; because, in reality, I should not appear on the trapeze at all, it would be only my doppel-ganger. There was only one difficulty in the way, and that was, as I could not do a trapeze performance, it followed that neither could my double.

He soon found a way out of that by suggesting that I should only come on for the somersault. So that all that I should have to do would be to climb up the rope, seat myself on the trapeze, swing by my hands, and then throw the somersault. For this performance he would give me £200 for six nights to appear in Madrid.

I accepted his proposal, on the condition that my real name did not appear on the bills, or be allowed to leak out ; and the contract was to be drawn up on his return to Madrid in the following week. Circumstances—Fate, if you will—however, intervened ; and at the time that I should have joined him in Madrid to undergo the preliminary training, I was down with brain fever. It was not to be.

But, enough of "doubles" ; I will turn to pleasanter themes.

IV.—IN ITALY.

THE EVIL EYE.

When engaged in the Italian War of Independence in 1860, I visited a place called La Cava, a few miles from Salerno. While taking some food in a trattoria, I saw an excited crowd rush past the door, following an old peasant woman, who was evidently flying for her life from as ugly-looking a lot of ruffians—principally lazaroni—as the whole kingdom of the Two Sicilies could produce.

I bolted out into the street, and after the crowd ; and being, after a few months' campaigning, in magnificent wind and condition, soon overtook the fellows. They were shouting *Mal' occhi!* and *Mort!* (the Neapolitans never by any chance finishing a word), by which they meant "The Evil Eye" and "Death to her!"

I congratulated myself on being again in luck, as I had heard a great deal in Southern Italy of the *mal' occhio*, but had never been fortunate enough hitherto to come across one. So I easily outstripped the crowd, the old woman racing along like a greyhound. As I got within about ten or a dozen yards of her she caught her foot and fell. I then stopped, faced about to the gang of pursuers ; and, drawing my revolver, halted the lot in an instant. Cowards to the backbone, none of them liked to be the six men who would infallibly "lose the number of their mess" from the rapid fire of that unerring barrel, and they did nothing but stand and jabber, while the old woman sat up in the middle of the road glaring at them. At last one of them on the extreme flank, thinking that I did not see him, picked up a sharp stone and hurled it with all its force at the old woman. I turned sharply to see if it had hit her ; meaning, in that case, to shoot that fellow—at all events—where he stood.

PARALYSED BY A GLANCE.

The stone had missed its aim ; and the old hag (for she looked like a veritable Mœaad just then) had sprung to her feet and was standing pointing with a shaking forefinger at her assailant, and staring straight in his face : her eyes verily seeming to shoot forth fire.

A yell of horror and rage broke from the crowd when the man fell to the ground as though smitten by lightning. Then a reaction set in, and they all bolted back to La Cava at an even quicker rate than they came, shrieking out cries of dismay and terror, and leaving their comrade on the ground. I went up to him—he was not dead, as I at first thought ; but he was helplessly, hopelessly paralysed : it was a case of "right hemiplegia." I dragged him to the side of the road, out of the way of passing vehicles, and went up to the old woman.

I said, "Well, mother, you've punished that scoundrel properly!" She replied, "Ah ! signor, I could have killed him if I had wanted, but I never take life *now*." I thought she was a cool old customer, but as I wanted some more information, I offered to see her in safety to her home. She seemed overpowered by gratitud, and consented.

IN THE WITCH'S CAVE.

In a short time we arrived at one of the numerous caves in the mountain side, where she said she lived. She added—"All the province know where Matta, the witch of La Cava lives, but they dare not molest me here." I went in and sat down and talked with her. She told me that she lived by telling the fortunes of the country-girls, and selling them charms and philtres to

win the affections of their lovers; and I shrewdly suspected that she dabbed a little in poisons; and that, when a jealous husband became too obnoxious, old Matta furnished the means of his removal.

I examined her medicaments and tested her fortunetelling powers; and found that the first were useless and the second did not exist. But her knowledge of poisons was wide and profound, and her power of "the evil eye" was real.

THE GREEN OINTMENT.

At last I startled her. I said, "Show me the green ointment!" She did not go pale—her mahogany face could not accomplish that feat—but she trembled violently, and clasping her hands together in supplication, said, "No! Signor, no!" However, I soon made her produce it, in a little ancient gallipot about the size of a walnut. I asked her if she made it herself, or who supplied her with it. She acknowledged to the manufacture, and then I quietly told her what she made it from, and how she prepared it. Of course, I simply knew all this from the books of "black magic" I had studied under Lytton. Hermetics have to know all the practices of "the forbidden art" to enable them to combat and overcome the devilish machinations of its professors. When she found that I knew more than she did; she was in a paroxysm of terror; and I really believe that she thought she was at last standing face to face with her master—Satan. I put the gallipot, carefully stopped, in my pocket and left her.

I need scarcely say that, in the experiments I subsequently made with it, I never tried it on a human being. But I found that all that was recorded of it was true: that the slightest smear of it on the fifth pair of nerves (above the eyes) gave a fatal power to the glance when so determined by the will; and, on various occasions, I have killed dogs, cats, and other animals as by an electric shock in this manner.

V.—IN INDIA.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH INDIAN FAKIRS.

I think the main inducement which caused me to go to India was the chance of studying the methods of the fakirs. So, to abridge my tale, I will merely say that I had not been long up the country before my khitmutgar announced that a couple of fakirs were waiting in the compound to exhibit before the sahib-log.

My two companions were "old Indians," who had seen these performances repeatedly; but even they saw something new that day.

The fakirs were told that we would not allow them to perform unless they removed all their clothing except their cummerbunds, wound around them in the manner of bathing-drawers. They consented at once to this, and then went through the usual exhibitions of "the mango-tree growing," and the "basket trick."

THE MANGO TRICK.

The mango seed or orange pip was planted in a flower-pot full of earth, a cloth thrown over it, an incantation muttered, the cloth raised to a height of three or four feet, a luxuriant young tree having been unveiled. It was again covered, and was raised almost instantaneously higher. When the cloth was removed it showed a large shrub covered with blossoms. Again, the process was repeated, and, finally, a tree covered with ripe fruit was shown. The performers gathered and distributed the fruit, which was eaten by the bystanders. Once more the cloth was thrown over the tree. At the word of command it rapidly sank down to

the ground. When removed for the last time, there was nothing but a large flower-pot, in which the operator dug his fingers and produces the original seed. They will do this in your own compound, or hard earth or stone, or a chunam pavement hard as granite, or anywhere you like, and as they are perfectly naked, with the exception of a cummerbund (wrapped like a waist cloth and bathing drawers) it is evident that nothing can be concealed. These are generally travelling "jugglers," as they are called by the British.

THE BASKET ILLUSION.

Then they did "the basket trick," a wretched imitation of which has been shown in England. They took a little girl of about four years of age, and on a hard ground, placed her under an old hamper or rice basket, scarcely large enough to cover her kneeling down. It was made to do so, however. The child was pressed to the ground by one of the men sitting on it; the other then began his invocations, and taking the tulwar (sword) as sharp as a razor, thrust it rapidly and furiously through and through the old basket, in every direction, leaving not an inch untouched. The shrieks of the child were fearful, the blood spouted along the blade, the men sitting on the basket seemed to have a difficulty in keeping the child down by reason of her terrible struggles, which gradually grew fainter and fainter, as did her shrieks, until at last all was over. A deadly stillness prevailed, the "juggler" calmly wiped the blood from his sword, and lifted up the basket. There was nothing there. The crowd opened, and the child came running into the circle unharmed. Thousands of English officers and civilians have seen these two feats, and will vouch for them upon their honour. I can procure a lady now living, the daughter of an English missionary, who was operated on in the manner described, to the great terror of her mother who witnessed the performances, and was only prevented from jumping from the flat room of the bungalow into the compound, to save her child through being held fast by the missionary, who had seen the performance frequently, and who knew the child would be unharmed. That lady, like all the other female children whom I have seen put under the basket, and afterwards closely questioned, had not the slightest recollection of the fact; her father and mother with others can, however, substantiate the circumstance.

THE RUPEE CONVERTED INTO A FROG.

After these, one of them asked me to take a rupee from my pocket and hold it tightly in my clenched right hand. I did so, and he—standing at some twenty paces distant—made a series of "passes" in my direction for a few moments, and then appeared to throw something at my outstretched fist. On the instant I felt that, instead of my rupee, something cold and clammy was in my hand. I thought, of course, that it was a small snake, and threw it hastily on the ground. It was a lively frog, perfectly harmless; and, as we stood looking at it, the fakir advanced and picked it up by one leg. He then opened his mouth and dropped it down his throat. It was seen no more, nor my rupee either; but I reckoned it in afterwards when he held out his brass tray with a plaintive "Bikhshish! sahib!"

IMPROVISING A MENAGERIE.

The next feat was rigging up a kind of tent with cloths and draperies, borrowed from the khansamah, in one angle of the compound. Then they asked us what animals we would like to see come out of the tent. One of my friends suggested a water-buffalo. Instantly

one of those useful animals appeared in the tent-opening, came out, and wandered off round a clump of bushes. Next, a royal tiger was selected, and, with a terrific roar, a splendid brute bounded out nearly to our feet, then turned and went after the buffalo. My turn came then, and I was determined to select an animal that I knew neither of the fakirs had ever seen, thinking that that would test their power to the utmost, if not prove an impossibility. So I said, "a kangaroo." I could not make them understand what kind of an animal it was—at which I secretly rejoiced, and at once said, "Never mind what it is like, produce it." They rejoined, "Will the Sahib log know him when they see him?" "Oh, yes!" we all said; "trot him out!"—and, at the word "Hitherow!" a fine "old man" kangaroo hopped out, took a flying leap over the bushes, and disappeared. I hope he didn't fall in with that hungry-looking Bengal tiger.

SPITTED, BUT UNHURT.

Next, the thin fakir took a tulwar of a straighter patterned blade than those usually met with; and placing its point to the right side of the stouter one, quietly and deliberately ran it through his abdomen until at least three inches of the point protruded at the left side. There was no blood to be seen, and the man walked round for us to inspect the genuineness of the transfixion. We wanted to pull it out, but he would let no one but his comrade touch it. When withdrawn we carefully examined the sword, and saw that it was a real weapon—no spring business.

CLIMBING INTO THE SKY.

Various other minor feats were shown, and then came the *pièce de résistance*. Borrowing a long cord, which was brought by one of the syces, the thin man threw one end up in the air to its full stretch—about 30 feet, more or less.

It appeared to catch on to some invisible support, and hung down straight; and the fakir invited us to pull at it and test it, which we accordingly did. He then began climbing up the rope until he arrived at the top, where he calmly seated himself on air, and commenced pulling it up. When he had completely done this, his companion called out, "Jaldi jao!" (Go quickly!), and, while we looked at him, he vanished.

We naturally expected to see him come walking up to us afterwards from behind the bushes, or elsewhere. But no: his comrade collected the "búkhshish," and, with many salaams, departed to join him elsewhere.

MR. JACOB, OF SIMLA.

My next reminiscence is an experience at Simla. I had made the acquaintance of many fakirs, and had examined their feats and probed their mysteries; but I heard of one man to whom common report attributed all the powers of Moses—and more. This was a native jeweller and diamond merchant at Simla, a man of immense wealth, highly educated and polished. I determined to go to Simla, in the hills, and interview him.

I knew a man who had been sent up there to recover after an attack of enteric fever, a captain of Bengal Lancers, and I prepared to visit him. In brief I did so, and arrived at the bungalow, jointly occupied by my friend and a Scotch surgeon-major of Ghorkhas, just before sunset. During the evening, over our cheroots and brandy-pawnee, I asked if they knew Mr. Jacob. "Rather! who didn't, at Simla?"

I expressed my intention of making his acquaintance, but my friend said that he did not think I should manage it in the few days I had at disposal. The surgeon-major said, relapsing into broad Scotch in his excitement, "Dinna go, laddie; he's na canny!" I said that uncanny or not, I had come on purpose; and, being an obstinate Yorkshireman, I meant to carry it through.

The next morning I went to Mr. Jacob's bungalow, higher up, about three-quarters of a mile from where I was staying. His bearer informed me that he was away, and was not expected home for three days, when he had invited three gentlemen to tiffin. I left my card and promised to call again, as I was obliged to leave Simla the day after his expected return; and I left word that I had come some hundreds of miles to see him.

To strengthen my chances, I marked in pencil a hieroglyphic on the card; not knowing to what school he belonged, except that he was not a Hermetic. Had he been so, no single word about him would have appeared in these pages from my pen. I thought it just possible that he might recognise and know the meaning of the hieroglyph.

The result exceeded my wildest expectations. Three days afterwards, I returned from an early morning ride to find that Mr. Jacob had himself called at our bungalow, and left his card for me, with the hope that I would join his party at tiffin that day. My Scotch friend looked very glum, and was sure some harm would come of it.

However, at the appointed time, I gaily mounted the captain's tat, and set forth. When I arrived, the other three guests were there—one of them, a general officer whose name is a household word in England and India. I was received with great *empressement* by Mr. Jacob (thanks to the hieroglyph), and we proceeded to enjoy the repast.

GRAPES GROWN ON A WALKING-STICK.

Afterwards, when the Trichinopolis were lighted and desultory conversation set in, our host was asked by the General to show us some, what he called "tricks." I could see that Jacob didn't like the word; but he simply said, "Yes, I will show you a trick." Then he told a servant to bring in all the sahibs' walking-sticks. Selecting one, a thick grape-vine stick with a silver band, he said, "Whose is this?" It was claimed by the General, and a glass bowl of water, similar to those in which gold-fish are kept, was placed on the table. Mr. Jacob then simply stood the stick on its knob in the water and held it upright for a few moments. Then we saw scores of shoots like rootlets issuing from the knob till they filled the bowl and held the stick upright; Jacob standing over it muttering all the time. In a few moments more a continuous crackling sound was heard, and shoots, young twigs, began rapidly putting forth from the upper part of the stick. These grew and grew; they became clothed with leaves, and flowered before our eyes. The flowers became changed to small bunches of grapes; and, in ten minutes from the commencement, a fine, healthy standard vine loaded with bunches of ripe black Hamburgs stood before us. A servant carried it round, and we all helped ourselves to the fruit.

It struck me at the time that this might only be some (to me new) form of hypnotic delusion. So, while eating my bunch, I carefully transferred half of it to my pocket, to see if the grapes would be there the next day.

When the tree was replaced on the table Jacob ordered it to be covered with a sheet; and, in a few

BORDERLAND.

minutes, there was nothing there but the General's stick, apparently none the worse for its vicissitudes.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE THRUST THROUGH.

I then described the performances of different fakirs whom I had seen, especially the only one which puzzled me—the transfixion of the body with a tulwar. Mr. Jacob smiled and said, "Oh, that's nothing. Stand up." I did so, and he, taking down a superbly mounted and damascened yataghan from Persia, which formed part of a trophy of arms on the wall, drew it from its scabbard and held the point to my breast, saying only "Shall I?" I had absolute confidence in him, so simply said "Certainly." He dropped the point to about two inches below the sternum (breast-bone) and pushed slowly but forcibly. I distinctly felt the passage of the blade, but it was entirely painless, though I experienced a curious icy feeling, as though I had drunk some very cold water. The point came out of my back and penetrated into the wood panelling behind, which, if I remember rightly, was of cedar wood. He left go of the weapon and laughingly remarked that I looked like a butterfly pinned on a cork. Several jokes at my expense were made by the others; and, after a minute or two, he released me. I looked rather ruefully at the slit the broad blade had made in my clothes, but Jacob said, "Never mind them; they'll be all right by-and-bye." He began to show us another wonder, and I forgot all about it. But about an hour afterward there was no trace whatever of any damage to the clothes.

PICTURES FROM THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

Presently he said, "Well, gentlemen, I hope I have amused you. I want you now to amuse me by each giving me an account of some battle he was in (especially an occasion of being wounded). I am intensely fond of tales of war and heroism." Well, we had all four of us plenty of experiences of that sort, but in the Service it is "bad form" to talk about one's own doings, so that he had considerable difficulty in getting anyone to begin. At last the General opened the ball by giving (at our special request) an account of the Balaklava ride, in which he had taken part.

He told it as a brave soldier would, simply, but earnestly, and manfully. Our host watched him narrowly, and listened like one entranced, not missing a single word. He then took from the inner pocket of his jacket a small baguette, and waved it towards the inlaid panelling of the room.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

In an instant a thick mist gathered there, of a deep violet hue, which rolled away to each side, and there was plainly visible to our eyes the field of Balaklava with the Light Brigade drawn up. We saw Nolan ride up, we heard the trumpets blare out the advance, and, finally, the "charge." We watched the death of that unfortunate officer, and then saw the Light Brigade in their headlong charge on the guns. Every incident repeated itself before us. We saw them spike the guns and return, but the most distinct figure to our eyes was that of our friend the General. We saw their return impeded by a dense mass of Russian lancers, two of whom speared the General (he was not a general then) while he was cutting down a third on his right front. Down he went, and the shock of battle rolled on, leaving him on the ground in our full view. Presently he staggered to his legs and caught a riderless troop-horse, which came up to him without any shyness when he whistled a call. We saw him mount with extreme diffi-

culty and ride off to the British lines, where he arrived in safety, though shot and shell hurtled round him at times like a hail-storm.

HOW THE VISIONS WERE PRODUCED.

Another wave of the baguette, and all disappeared; and there was nothing but the pattern of the inlaid wood to look at. We looked at one another and drew a long breath, the General saying only, "Well! I'm blanked!" In those days cavalrymen used more forcible expletives than is the custom now. We took fresh cheroots, and once more composed ourselves to hear the experiences of the others. To these we naturally listened with a heightened interest, knowing that at the conclusion of each story we should see the actual incidents reproduced before our eyes.

We did, and we saw *more* than we heard; because one officer, in relating the share he took in the assault on the Alumbagh, entirely omitted to mention a feat of brilliant daring which he performed on that occasion, in engaging single-handed in a furious hand-to-hand conflict with two gigantic sepoys—he was only a little fellow. Anyhow, we saw him kill them both with his own blade (his revolver was empty, and no time to reload). When we "chaffed" him after about omitting this detail, he only said, "Well, of course I didn't want to gas."

When all our stories and their ensuing visions were concluded, we discussed what we had seen, and one or two of the guests were sufficiently ill-advised to ask Mr. Jacob how such a thing as the actual reproduction of an event which had occurred some years before was possible. He told them that every event that had ever taken place in the history of the world was actually still existing in the astral light, and could be reproduced at any time and place by those who possessed the knowledge and the power. In fact, that (so to speak) as words spoken into a phonograph by people since dead, still existed, and could be reproduced at will: so that all actions and events were for ever in existence.

I told him that this agreed *in toto* with the teachings of the Hermetics; and also pointed out that the New Testament stated that one day all the deeds that had been done should be made manifest, whether they were good or evil. All he said was, "No difficulty about doing *that*!"

WALKING ON THE WATER.

Presently he asked us if we would like to look at his gardens (a most unusual proposition there). We consented out of politeness, and went outside. We found there an artificial lake or large pond, of which we took no particular notice, and lounged about in the shade chatting and smoking. Presently, the officer to whom Jacob was talking at some little distance from the rest, called out: "Mr. Jacob is going to walk on the water." Jacob said, "Why not?" and immediately stepped not into but *on* the water, and deliberately walked right across the pond. The water being very translucent, we could see the astonished fish darting away in all directions from under his feet. When he got to the other side he turned round and came back again. As he stepped on the ground I requested to look at his shoes, to see if they were wetted at all. The soles appeared just as if he had walked over a wet pavement, and that was all. He said: "That is nothing; anyone who can float in air" (*Anglise levitate*) "can walk on water; but I will show you something that really requires power."

It was a baking hot day in the hot season, and

although considerably cooler up there in the hills than in the plains, it was still as ardent as a hot summer's day in England.

A BUTTERFLY STORM.

Bringing out the baguette again, he waved it slowly round his head. Presently the air was full of butterflies. They came by thousands, by millions, till they were as thick in the air as a heavy snowstorm. They settled on everything, on us, on our hats, our shoulders, anywhere, like bees swarming, till we presented a ridiculous spectacle. The scene was so ludicrous that we burst into roars of laughter. This seemed to offend Jacob, who was rather touchy on some points, so he said : "Ah ! you laugh ; we will have no more of it." The butterflies rose from where they had lit, rapidly went up into the air, higher and higher, till they formed a dark cloud passing the sun, and then drifted off out of sight altogether.

We went into the bungalow again, but there was a decided coolness perceptible in our host's manner, and I, for one, was not sorry to prepare to leave.

INSTANT TRANSPORTATION THROUGH SPACE.

Before we broke up, however, Mr. Jacob requested a few words privately with me. I followed him out to the verandah, and we spoke on occult subjects for a few minutes, and then he said to me. "I will give you a special experience, which will give you something to think about." Just what I wanted !

He said, "Shut your eyes and imagine that you are in your bedroom in your bungalow." I did so. He said, "Now open your eyes." I opened them to find that I was in my bedroom—three-quarters of a mile in two seconds ! He said, "Now shut them again, and we will rejoin our friends." But I wouldn't have that at any price ; because the idea of hypnotic delusion was still present to my mind ; and, if it were so, I wanted to see how he would get over the dilemma.

He did not try to persuade me, but only laughed, saying, "Well ! if you will not, then good-bye," and he was gone. I instantly looked at my watch, as I had done in his verandah at the commencement of the experiment, and *two minutes* had barely elapsed.

THE HORSE AND CART ALSO LEVITATED.

I walked straight out of my bedroom to the dining-room where both my friends were sitting. They stared and wanted to know "How the deuce I got there ?" So I sat down and told them all that occurred. The doctor said, "Let us see the grapes." I felt in my pocket and they were there all right, and passed them to him. He turned them over very suspiciously, smelt of them, and finally tasted one. "They're the real thing, my boy ; genuine English black Hamburgs," he said, and proceeded to devour the lot. Then the captain said, "But where's the tat ?" I replied that I had forgotten all about it ; I supposed that he had better send for it. Calling a servant, he told him to go to the stables and send a syce up to Sahib Jacob's bungalow for the tat. In a few minutes the bearer returned with the syce, who said that the tat was at that moment safe in his own stable. We stared at one another, and then went to see for ourselves. Sure enough he was there.

To those who are specially interested in occultism, I may say that Mr. Jacob is not actually a Yogi ; though he has studied Yoga, and by its means performed the feats here recorded. The baguette he employed was almost identical with that of the Hermetists.

VI.—IN AFRICA.

RAIN-MAKERS.

My next experience relates to those much-maligned individuals—the "rain-makers" in Africa. It is the custom for missionaries, and people who have never seen them at work, to ridicule the idea of their possessing the powers which they claim. But their power is a very real one ; and the argument that they only commence operations when they can tell that rain is coming is absurd on the face of it.

The kings and savage chiefs of West and South Africa are skilled observers of the weather, and know quite as much about it as the rain-makers. And it must be remembered that they never send for these men until every chance is hopeless ; and, further, that the lives of the rain-makers are always staked on their success. Failure means death—death on the spot—accompanied by torture of the most horrible kinds.

A RAIN-MAKING SCENE.

I was on a visit to one of the petty "kings" in what is to-day called the Hinterland of the Cameroons (now a German settlement), and it was of great importance to me to keep the king in good humour, as his temper, never very good, was getting absolutely fiendish by reason of the long drought which had prevailed. There had been no rain for weeks, all the greener vegetables had perished, and even the mealies were beginning to droop for want of water, and the cattle in the king's kraal died by scores. Celebrated rain-makers had been sent for, but so far none had turned up.

One day, the hottest I ever saw in Africa or anywhere else, I was taking my noonday siesta when the thunderous tones of the big war-drum filled the air. Like everyone else, I sprang to my feet and rushed to the king's kraal, wondering what new calamity was going to befall me. All the warriors assembled, fully armed, in the space of a few minutes, speculating what the summons boded—war, human sacrifices, or what ? But their anxious looks were turned to joy, and a deafening roar of jubilation went up when the king came out followed by two rain-makers, who had arrived a few minutes before.

The longest day that I live I shall never forget that spectacle. A ring of nearly three thousand naked and savage warriors, bedizened with all their finery of neck-laces, bracelets, bangles, and plumes of feathers ; and armed with broad-bladed, cruel-looking spears, and a variety of other weapons ; the king seated, with his body-guard and executioners behind him ; in the middle two men, calm, cool, and confident ; and above all the awful sun, hanging like a globe of blazing copper in the cloudless sky, merciless and pitiless.

THE TWO RAIN-MAKERS.

I can see those two men now, as if it were but yesterday—one an old man, a stunted but sturdy fellow with bow-legs ; the other, about thirty, a magnificent specimen of humanity (if I remember rightly he was a Soosoo), six feet in height, straight as a dart, and with the torso of a Greek wrestler, but a most villainous face.

They began their incantations by walking round in a small circle singing some wild barbaric chant, and ever and anon throwing up into the air a fine light-coloured powder, which they kept taking from pouches slung at their sides. This went on for about twenty minutes or more, and was just beginning to grow insufferably

tedious (the crowd all this time standing motionless and silent, like so many images carved in ebony); when, suddenly, the old man fell down in convulsions. I was within ten yards of him, and watched him most carefully, and (speaking as a medical man), if ever I saw a genuine epileptic fit, I saw one then. As he rolled on the ground in horrible contortions, foaming at the mouth like a mad dog, his comrade took not the slightest notice of him, but stood like a stone statue pointing with his outstretched arm to a point in the zenith slightly to the westward, his glaring eyeballs being turned in the same direction. All eyes were turned to follow his gaze, but nothing was visible.

THE RAIN MADE.

But stay! Is that a darker shade coming over the intense blue of the sky at that point? It is—it deepens to purple—then heavy clouds appear, apparently from nowhere; and, before a whole minute has expired, the sun has gone, and vast clouds of inky blackness cover all the face of the heavens.

Still motionless stands the statue. Blacker and more black grows the pitchy darkness, until it becomes almost impossible to see. But still that ebony figure stands silently pointing. Then the lowering vault of heaven is riven by a lightning shaft, that seems to blind one by its awful glare: a peal of thunder accompanies it that sounds like the "crack of doom"; and then down comes the rain in torrents—in waterspouts, tons and tons of it.

Verily, they earned their reward!

Of the feast that followed, when the rain had abated into a steady, business-like downpour that never ceased for two whole days and fairly transformed the parched and thirsty land, I will not speak. It was like all other royal feasts in West Africa.

MY INTERVIEW WITH THE RAIN-MAKERS.

After it was over I visited the rain-makers, who were fortunately allotted the next hut to mine. I found that they both spoke Soosoo and a little Arabic (which last they had picked up from the Arab slave-dealers of the interior), so we got on finely.

By certain means, known to all occultists, I at once acquired their confidence, and they agreed to show me what they could do. There was a fire on the ground in the centre of the hut, and we seated ourselves around it, at the three angles of an imaginary triangle.

Throwing some dried herbs and mineral powders (all of which I carefully examined and identified) into the fire, they commenced singing and rocking themselves backward and forward.

A MYSTIC SNAKE DANCE.

This continued for a few minutes, when, all rising to our feet but keeping the same relative positions, the old man began making a series of motions, like mesmeric passes, over the fire. Almost instantly the fire seemed alive with snakes, which crawled out of the fire in scores, and in which I recognised the most deadly serpent on the face of the earth—the African tic-polonga. These brutes raced madly round and round the fire, some endeavouring to stand on their tails, hissing loudly all the time, until it absolutely produced the effect on the spectator of a weird dance of serpents. On the utterance of one Arabic monosyllabic word, the polongas hurled themselves into the fire and disappeared.

The younger man, who had hitherto taken no active part, then opened his mouth wide, and a snake's head

popped out. He seized hold of it by the neck, and pulled out of his throat a tic-polonga between two and three feet long, and threw it also in the fire. I said, "Do it again," and he repeated the feat several times.

It must be remembered that both men were entirely naked at this time, excepting for their feather head-dresses, so no clever jugglery or sleight of hand was possible.

LEVITATION EXTRAORDINARY.

The next thing was that the old man lay down on the floor, and told us to take him by the head and the heels and raise him up. This we did to the height of about three feet from the floor, he having made himself perfectly rigid. We held him there for a moment, and then he softly "floated" out of our hands and sailed right round the hut, I following him closely. He then approached the wall, feet first, and fairly floated through it into the outside darkness. I immediately felt of the spot where he had gone through, expecting to find a hole; but no, all was as solid as stout beams of timber and a foot of sun-baked clay could make it. I rushed outside to look for him, and even ran round the hut; but, what with the dark night and the heavy rain, I could see nothing of him. So I returned, wet to the skin. The other man sat by the fire alone, singing.

In a few moments the old man came floating in again, and sat down at his point of the triangle. But I noticed that the feathers in his head-dress were dripping wet, and that his black skin fairly glistened with rain.

EVOCATION OF THE DEAD.

The last incident was to be an evocation. Other substances and odoriferous gums being thrown into the fire, we stood in solemn silence, although I could see by the continuous rapid movements of the old man's lips, that he was silently repeating the necessary formula. After a long time, that seemed an hour, the figure of a venerable old man slowly arose in the centre of the fire, in *puribus naturalibus*. He was evidently an Englishman (having, I noticed, a long purple cicatrix on his back), but I could not get a single word out of him, although I tried several times. The old rain-maker shook like a leaf, and was evidently almost frightened out of his wits. He could only gasp and stare at the Englishman. At last he managed to mumble out the two words necessary to dismiss him, and, as I looked, he was gone.

Neither of the rain-makers seemed to know who he was, and kept up such a rapid gabble to each other for a long time after he had gone that I could not properly follow them; but a few words gathered here and there showed me that they were thoroughly terrified. The Englishman was not at all what they had expected to see. What they looked for was a black.

FIRST GIANTIFIED, THEN DWARFED.

I could get neither sense nor reason out of them any more that night, so left them and went to my own hut for a good sleep. When I visited them the next evening, just after sunset, they were quite willing to resume the séance. This time we formed an isosceles triangle, instead of an equilateral, I occupying the apex. They were very particular on both occasions in getting the exact distances they required.

I sat, therefore, at the apex and they stood at the two other angles. Then the old man began reciting in a loud voice, the other occasionally joining in at regular rhythmic intervals. Presently, as I looked, I saw the

old man gradually growing taller and taller until he was level with the 6-feet Soosoo. Then they both began to slowly shoot upwards till their heads touched the roof of the hut, about 9 ft. Still keeping on the recitation, they decreased in height minute by minute, till a couple of mannikins, not more than two feet in height, stood before me. They looked very repulsive, but horribly grotesque. Then they gradually resumed their natural height; and, for the first and last time of my acquaintance with them, they both burst out into a genuine, hearty, unsophisticated peal of laughter.

A BLOODY KNIFE DANCE.

But this was only for a moment; for the next was to be a more serious performance—a reproduction of one of the far-famed mysteries of Baal, when his “priests danced before his altar and gashed themselves with knives.”

For this performance I had to remove from my position at the apex of the triangle and stand out of the way against the wall of the hut. The two performers began by slowly walking round the fire in as wide a circle as the space would permit; and every now and then, revolving on their own axes, singing a dirge-like chant. Presently they quickened the time, both of their singing and movement—discontinuing the walking altogether, and progressing round the circle solely by spinning like tops—the two men going in opposite directions. Round and round they went, fiercely gyrating and shouting their song louder and louder, until it ended in a series of ear-splitting shrieks. Then suddenly, in each man’s hand appeared a glittering knife with which, every time they passed each other—twice in each circle—they gashed their naked flesh in the breast, arms, face, and sides.

The scene now became one of sickening horror—the whirling black figures, streaming with blood; the ear-splitting yells in that confined space; the glaring eyeballs and demoniac expression of their faces; and, above all, the horrible smell of the flowing negro blood seemed like a terrific nightmare or a scene in Pandemonium. I have pretty strong nerves, but I found the strain on them intense; and I was truly glad when the old man suddenly stopped his gyrations and calmly sat down by the side of the hut, as this evidently foretold a speedy close to the horrible scene.

THE WOUNDS HEALED.

The old man took no notice of his gaping wounds, but kept his eyes fixed on every movement of the younger one, who had now ceased yelling and slashing himself, but kept on spinning round and round, slowly and more slowly, till at last he fell prone and utterly exhausted.

The elder then picked up both knives (which had short, trowel-like blades, ground to a razor edge on both sides), wiped them, and carefully smeared both sides of the blades with some horrible unguent. While he was doing this, I was carefully examining the wounds of the other man, and found them perfectly satisfactory, going through skin and muscle, and bleeding profusely; though I could not detect in any case that an artery had been cut; it was distinctly venous blood that issued from the wounds.

The old man then took the “doctored” knife of the younger one and carefully stroked every cut with the blade, beginning from the head, and stroking in a downward direction. I could scarcely believe my eyes when, under this treatment, the gaping edges of the wounds immediately closed, and the blood ceased to flow. He

then took some more of the grease on the palms of his hands, and vigorously rubbed the young man all over the trunk for a few minutes. Here I may remark that all the wounds were “above the belt.” When his operations were completed, he was standing in a large pool of blood which had run down from his own wounds, but he still took no notice of them.

The young man then performed precisely the same operations on the elder; and then both came and stood in front of me for examination. I made a good blaze in the fire, and then overhauled them minutely; but there was no trace of a single scratch to be found—not even a scar!

I had seen enough for the time being, and was glad to get out into the pure air, with the promise to visit them again the next day. I went the next evening, but the hut was empty: they had gone away at daybreak—no man knew whither. When I asked the king where they had gone: for all answer he pointed to the setting sun. It was dangerous to persevere, and I said no more. I never saw them again.

THE REAL ORIGINAL OF “SHE.”

The psychological and psychical portions of Rider Haggard’s “She” strike me as being not so much the creation of a vivid imagination as the simple recital—or, perhaps, one should say, the skilful adaptation—of facts well known to those who penetrated the recesses of the west coast of Africa a generation ago. Astounding, terrifying, and incredible as the powers of Ayesha appear to the casual reader, yet to the men who laboriously threaded the jungle and haunts of the riverain portion of West Africa, long before Stanley was thought of, they only seem like a well-known and familiar tale. The awful mysteries of Obeeyah (Vulgo Obi) and the powers possessed by the Obeeyah women of those days, were sufficiently known to all the slave traders of the West Coast to make the wonders worked by “She” seem tame by comparison. And always excepting the idea of the revivifying and rejuvenating flame in the bowels of the earth in which “She” bathed, there is nothing but what any Obeeyah woman was in the habit of doing every day. And, the fact forces itself upon me that “She” is neither more nor less than a weak water-coloured sketch of an Obeeyah woman, made white, beautiful and young, instead of being, as she invariably is, or was, black, old, and hideous as a mummy of a monkey. This is not only my own opinion, but that of all the old comrades of “the coast” of thirty years ago, to whom the subject has been mentioned. Although, the Obeeyah men were, without exception, clumsy and ignorant charlatans, and simply worshipped Mumbo Jumbo, the Obeeyah women were of a different creed: offered human sacrifices, under the most awful conditions, to Satan himself, whom they believed to inhabit the body of a hideous man-eating spider; practised evocation of evil spirits; and, beyond all dispute possessed powers far exceeding anything ever yet imagined in the wildest pages of fiction. To even hint at some of these wonders would be to subject one to one of three alternatives—to be considered either Menteur? Farceur? or Fou.

There is nothing on record in the ancient myths of any religion that is not done by the Obeeyah of to-day. The human imagination—whatever philosophers may think—has not the power to create; and, whatever you have read of magical powers—especially those of necromancy—are absolutely possible; absolutely true; absolutely accomplished! From Moses to Bulwer Lytton;

from Jannes and Jambres of Egyptians, to all the wonders of India, there is nothing—never has been anything—that cannot be done by the African Obeeyah.

SUBÈ THE OBEYYAH WOMAN.

I remember more than thirty years ago meeting an Obeeyah woman some hundreds of miles up the Cameroons river, and who had her residence in the caverns at the feet of the Cameroons mountains. In parenthesis, I may remark that I could not have existed there for one moment had I not been connected in some form or other with the slave trade. That, by the way. Judge for yourselves, whether "She" was not "evolved" from Subè, the well-known Obeeyah woman of the Cameroons, or from one of a similar type. Subè stood close on six foot, and was supposed by the natives to be many hundred years of age; erect as a dart, and with a stately walk, she yet looked two thousand years old. Her wrinkled, mummyfied, gorilla-like face, full of all iniquity, hate, and uncleanness, moral and physical—might have existed since the Creation, while her superb form and full limbs might have been those of a woman of twenty-four. "Pride in her port, and demon in her eye" were her chief characteristics; while her dress was very simple, consisting of a head dress made of sharks' teeth, brass bosses, and tails of some species of lynx. Across her bare bosom was a wide scarf or baldric made of scarlet cloth, on which were fastened four rows of what appeared like large Roman pearls, of the size of a large walnut. These apparent pearls, however, were actually human intestines, bleached to a pearly whiteness, inflated, and constricted at short intervals so as to make a series of little bladders. On the top of her head appeared the head of a large spotted serpent—presumably some kind of a boa constrictor—the cured skin of which hung down her back nearly to the ground. Round her neck she wore a solid brass quoit of some four pounds weight, too small to pass over her head, but which had no perceptible joint or place of union. Heavy bangles on wrists and ankles reminded one somewhat of the Hindu woman's, but hers were heavier, and were evidently formed from the thick brass rods used in "the coast trade," and hammered together *in situ*. Her skirt was simply a fringe of pendent tails of some animal—presumably the mountain lynx—intermingled with goats' tails. In her hand she carried what seemed to be the chief instrument of her power, and what we in Europe should call "a magic wand." But this was no wand, it was simply a hollow tube about four inches long, closed at one end and appearing to be made of a highly glittering kind of half ivory. Closer inspection, however, showed that it was some kind of reed about an inch in diameter, and incrusted with human molar teeth, in a splendid state of preservation, and set with the crown outwards. When not borne in the right hand this instrument was carried in a side pouch or case leaving the open end out.

SOME OF HER WONDERS.

Strange to say—this mystery I never could fathom—there was always a faint blue smoke proceeding from the mouth of this tube, like the smoke of a cigarette, though it was perfectly cold and apparently empty. I shall never forget the first day on which I asked her to give me a specimen of her powers. I quietly settled down to enjoy the performance without expecting to be astonished, but only amused. I was astonished, though, to find this six feet of humanity weighing at least eleven stone, standing

on my outstretched hand when I opened my eyes (previously closed by her command), and when I could feel not the slightest weight thereon. I was still more so when, still standing on my outstretched palm, she told me to shut my eyes again and reopen them instantaneously. I did so, and she was gone. But that was not all; while I looked round for her a stone fell near me, and looking upwards I saw her calmly standing on the top of a cliff nearly five hundred feet in height. I naturally thought it was a "double"—that is, another woman dressed like her, and said so to the bystanding natives, who shouted something in the Epic language to her. Without much ado, she walked—not jumped—over the side of the cliff, and with a gentle motion, as though suspended by Mr. Baldwin's parachute, gradually dropped downwards until she alighted at my feet. My idea always was that this tube of hers was charged with some—to us—unknown fluid or gas, which controlled the forces of nature; she seemed powerless without it.

HER LIMITATIONS.

Further, none of her "miracles" was, strictly speaking, non-natural. That is, she seemed able to control natural forces in most astounding ways, even to suspend and overcome them, as in the previous instance of the suspension of the laws of gravitation: but in no case could she *violate* them. For instance, although she could take an arm, lopped off by a blow of her cutlass, and, holding it to the stump, pretend to mutter some gibberish while she carefully passed her reed round the place of union (in a second of time complete union was effected without a trace of previous injury), yet, when I challenged her to make an arm sprout from the stump of our quartermaster, who had lost his left fore-arm in action some years before, she was unable to do so, and candidly declared her inability. She said, "It is dead; I have no power"—and over nothing dead had she any power. After seeing her changing toads into ticolongas (the most deadly serpent on the Coast) I told her to change a stone into a trade dollar. But no, the answer was the same—"It was dead."

A KILLER-WILLER.

Her power over life was striking, instantaneous, terrible; the incident in "She" of the three blanched finger-marks on the hair of the girl who loved Callikrates and the manner of her death, would have been child's play to Subè. When she pointed her little reed at a powerful warrior in my presence—a man of vast thews and sinews—with a bitter hissing curse, he simply faded away.

The muscles began to shrink visibly, within three minutes space he was actually an almost fleshless skeleton. Again, in her towering rage against a woman, the same action was followed by instantaneous results, but instead of withering, the woman absolutely petrified there and then. Standing erect, motionless, her whole body actually froze as hard as stone, as we see the carcasses of beasts in Canada. A blow from my revolver on the hand, and afterwards all over the body, rang as if I were striking marble. Until I saw this actually done, I must confess that I never really believed in Lot's wife being turned into a pillar of rock salt. After it I was disposed to believe a good deal.

A NOVEL FORM OF CRYSTAL GAZING.

One of the things which most impressed me was that she poured water from a calabash into a little paraffin,

scooped by her hands in the soft earth, but this was nothing but water, I satisfied myself by the taste. Telling me to kneel down and gaze steadfastly on the surface of the water, she told me to call any person whom I might wish to see, and here a rather curious point arose. She insisted upon having the name *first*. I gave her the name of a relative Lewis, which she repeated after me three times to get it fixed correctly on her memory. In repeating her incantation, a few minutes afterwards, she pronounced the word "Louise," though I did not pay much attention to it at the time. When, however, her wand waved over the water, evolving clouds of luminous smoke, I saw distinctly reflected in it, after those clouds had passed away, the face and form of a relative of mine standing in front of the audience, evidently reciting some composition. I told her that she had made a mistake. I did not acknowledge to have seen anything for some time. At last I told her that it was the wrong person; then, naturally, argument followed. She insisted that I said Louise. However, at last I taught her the correct pronunciation of Lewis, and I saw the man I wanted sitting with his feet elevated above his head, *more Americano*, and calmly puffing his pipe while reading the letter. I need scarcely say that I verified the time at which these things occurred, and in both instances I found them, allowing for the difference in longitude, absolutely and exactly correct.

Space will not allow, or I could go on for hours relating the wonders that I have seen Subè perform. The most wonderful of all I have left untold, because they seem even to myself utterly incredible, yet they are there, buried into my brain, ever since that awful night, when I was a concealed and unsuspecting witness of the awful rites and mysteries of the Obeeyah in the caverns of the Cameroons.

WHAT IS OBEYYAH?

The very root and essence of Obeeyahism is devil worship, *i.e.*, the use of rights, ceremonies, adjurations, and hymns to some powerful and personal spirit of evil, whose favour is obtained by means of orgies, which for horror and blasphemy and obscenity cannot have been exceeded—if, indeed, they have ever been equalled—in the history of the world. These things are too utterly horrible even to be hinted at.

The term *obeeyah* (vulg. *obi*, pronounced *obee*), conveys a truer idea of the sound of the word than *obi*, because always after the pronunciation of the last syllable there is the African pant or grunt, which I have roughly endeavoured to reproduce by the syllable *yah*, *O-bee-yah*. One curious fact in connection with the Obeeyahism, and which seems almost to link it with bygone ages as a remnant of the old serpent worship, is what we read in Mosaic Scriptures about the Witch of Endor. The Hebrew phrase, thus freely rendered by the translators, literally means one who asks or consults *O-B*, not *Ob*, but *O-B*, or two letters signifying "a serpent." Now the Obeeyah women always wore a serpent on the head, and some of them would even have a live one twisted round their necks.

The Obeeyah seem to worship the arch-demon under different forms; Subè, of the Cameroons, and her tribe, believing that he occupied the body of a man-eating spider, to whom they offered living human beings.

CHANGING A SNAKE INTO A SPIDER.

Subè professed to exercise all power at first, and my chief amusement in the weeks in which I was kept a

prisoner by her (and undergoing the process of being fattened up to form an appetising *bonne bouche* for the spider-god) was in proving to her that she could not do this, that, and the other—in fact, what schoolboys call "settling her capers." Vide the instance of stone and trade dollar. But on what I call "natural lines," she was perfect. Thus, when she took up a toad, she changed it into a tic-polonga; it was not done by any word of command, or word of power (as a Hindoo and Talmadic magic), but she *rolled* it between her hands for a few moments, and pulled and mutilated it until it was more like a lizard than anything, having distinctly the legs intact.

The next process was to pull away the legs, the body all the time gradually lengthening, and last of all, to manipulate the head and putting her fingers into its mouth, pull out and develop the long, flexible, split tongue of the serpent.

A HARVEST IN FIVE MINUTES.

When she wanted food, it was only a variety of the Indian "mango-trick." If mealies were wanted, she would plant a grain of maize in the earth, and gaze steadfastly upon the place, her lips moving, but no audible sound issuing from them. In a few moments (no covering up) a bright green shoot would come up, which grew and grew, and in five minutes time was a considerable crop of mealies (Indian corn), every head ripe and fit for use. She would gather these, and boil them for our dinners, but I always noticed that within half-an-hour, the stalks, leaves, etc., of the plant, had turned black, wet, and rotten, although the food was satisfactory. A curious point here. Unknown to her, I one day extracted one of the mealies so produced, and after we had had a good feed, I went out to examine it. It was only two hours after its production, but it had begun already to decay, and in a little more time, absolutely perished.

A MAGICAL TALISMAN.

As I said just now, I delighted in showing her her incapacity. Thus I used to challenge her to produce an orange seed from the mango seed, or plantains from mealies, but this was entirely beyond her powers. Give her a seed, a leaf, or a portion of the plant required, and she could do it, but she never could, in any single instance, gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles. Likewise, from an egg, she would develop a full-grown bird in a few minutes, but she could not turn a bird into a monkey, nor a fish into a lynx. The towering rage she used to get into on these occasions generally used to end in a series of violent epileptic fits. She tried all the resources of her magical arts upon me, but I was proof against any charm in the world but one, and that was one with which she was unacquainted. I possessed a talisman, given me by Bulwer Lytton (who also taught me the use of it), which not only enabled me to defy all her spells, incantations, and curses, but which was evidently the means, not only of her death, but of her absolute annihilation. Still, this talisman, ancient and powerful as it was, could only preserve from inimical magical processes and demoniac agencies; it could not protect from death or ordinary physical dangers. Such a talisman has as yet to be discovered.

CHANGING A MAN INTO A WOMAN.

When she wanted to kill an animal, serpent, or anything else, either for food or other purposes, she simply pointed her tube at it, with a steady gaze, as though

making aim with a revolver. Nothing ever appeared to issue from the tube, but in a few moments the animal appeared surrounded by a kind of reddish cloud or thin vapour, through which its vain struggle could be seen. On examination, no perforation, or injury of any kind could be found. I believe that Subé could do this at any distance. She could certainly do it at eight hundred yards, but the most terrible examples to my mind of her power was the transformation of the sexes. One day, being offended with the chief, who sought in vain to pacify her, she said to him, "I will degrade you, and you shall become a woman." Placing her hands upon him, while he stood powerless as though turned to stone (his eyeballs starting in horror), she commenced her manipulations. Beginning with his face, she rubbed away every vestige of beard and moustache. The prominent cheek-bones fell in, and the smooth, round face of a woman became apparent. Next, the powerful biceps and triceps were rubbed down, and the lank, lean arm of an African woman appeared. Next, seizing hold of his vast pectoral muscles, she began a different process, pinching up and pulling them out until they were shortly visible, well-developed mammæ. And so she proceeded from head to foot, until, in less than ten minutes, every vestige of manhood had disappeared, and there stood before her a hulking, clumsy, knock-kneed woman.

AND MEN INTO BEASTS.

Transformations of another kind, of the most hideous character, were the feature of the orgies which constitute the worship of the demon. During the frantic dances which took place, and over which Subé presided, there was a certain amount of transformation of the faces to the resemblance of certain animals, while the bodies remained human. Not all kinds of animals, only apes, goats, and serpents were represented. Yet, while human lineaments were still traceable, the resemblance of these loathsome objects was utterly horrible, and more like an awful nightmare than anything else. When I was a boy at school I used to read Greek, Roman, and other mythologies, and when I came across the transformation of Circe, and descriptions of satyrs, &c., I used to admire the vivid imaginations of the ancients, but ever since I witnessed, long years ago, the awful powers of Obeeyah, I genuinely believed that those old writers only related what was actually matter of common knowledge at the time. As to centaurs, I don't know, but as to the former existence of satyrs, the transformation of Circe, and the petrifying action of the Medusa's head, I am as certain as I am of my own existence.

VII.—IN FRANCE.

I will now recall some experiences of hypnotism, as it is now the fashion to call it, for want of a name which will really express it.

I had, of course, done a good deal in it myself; but when Dr. Charcot, of the Salpêtrière, first made public his experiments, I was much interested, and determined to run over to Paris and witness some of them myself. I need, perhaps, scarcely say here that Dr. Charcot was no quack, no faddist, no obscure practitioner; but, in all questions of mental diseases, the foremost expert in France. Dr. Liébeault, who collaborated with him, is well known to the medical world as a distinguished physiologist and psychologist. I went to Paris, and called on Dr. Charcot, whom I found indisposed; and I was turning away somewhat gloomily (as I could only spare time for two days in Paris), when I met almost on

the threshold an analytical chemist, a Frenchman of Italian origin, with whom I had at one time been associated in a series of toxicological experiments.

I told him of my disappointment, and he said, "You have lost nothing, come and dine with me at the Richelieu, and I will introduce you to one of his pupils who has, in fact, attained better results than Charcot himself." The latter statement I took leave to doubt; but, there being nothing else to be done, I consented.

A HYPNOTIC SUBJECT.

To cut the matter short, we went after dinner with Mons. Y. to the hospital with which he was connected. He said, "I have here three splendid subjects, with whom I can do anything," and he showed us the three women. One was a rather stout, fair woman of about 40 years of age, and of decidedly lymphatic temperament; with a contented *laissez-faire* expression almost amounting to fatuousness. I shall call her A. The next was a little, dark, wiry woman of the active, bilious temperament, with a rather cunning look, B. The third was a big raw-boned woman, an agriculturist, simple and straightforward, C. I found that these were carefully selected from the number of patients as "types," so as to show the differing effects of hypnotism on the various temperaments, A. and C. both being cataleptic under certain conditions.

READING BLINDFOLD.

B. being selected for the first experiment was rapidly placed in the hypnotic state, and was first tested by having needles unexpectedly thrust into different sensitive portions of her anatomy. Perfect insensibility; so far, good! Next, I wrote a word on a card; and you may be sure that I did not choose an every-day word, or one that there was any possibility of its being conveyed by means of concerted signal between the operator and the patient.

I showed the word to Mr. Y. and my friend; and then I placed it in a thick envelope, sealed it, and handed it to the hypnotist. He held it for a moment to the woman's chest, saying, "Tell me what that is?" "An envelope sealed containing a card." "What is written on the card?" The answer came directly, and was correct. She was not blindfolded, as Mons. Y. offered, because I preferred to watch her closed eyelids intently. My friend next wrote a whole sentence in Italian, finding that Mons. Y. understood that language, and it was sealed up by him (after being read by the operator), and was this time held to the back of her head. The result was precisely the same.

A SIDE-LIGHT ON TELEPATHY.

The next experiment was more interesting from its throwing—by reason of its partial failure—a side-light upon the true hypnotic theory. Mons. Y. said, "I will now make her tell the time by my watch, taking it out and unconsciously looking at it." A thought occurred to me, and I said, "No, try mine." He took mine and laid it on the top of her head. He then asked her the time, to which she replied, "Huit heures, moins vingt-neuf minutes." He told her that was wrong, at my request. She persisted in repeating the same time; hesitating to me, "but, she is right, monsieur;" and, taking out his watch again, showed me it. And I said, "Yes, she is right by your watch; but I want her to tell me the time by the watch that is on her head." Of course, she was unable to do so; because the hypnotiser had not looked at it, and so was not able to convey the suggestion.

I was infinitely more pleased at his failure than if he had succeeded; because I had all along maintained

(against the Frenchmen) that the results they obtained were due not to clairvoyance, as they maintained, but to "suggestion." I wanted to see how far suggestion could go in giving temporary knowledge of subjects far beyond the ken of the hypnotised person. So I suggested that, as we all knew Greek, a sentence should be written in it, and submitted to her. I wrote a verse from St. John, and she read it with the greatest ease.

We made many more experiments, which all tended to prove my contention as to the clairvoyance.

Mind I do not for a moment dispute that a real clairvoyant faculty is possessed by some persons; but I do maintain that hypnotism can *not* communicate that power. Where it is manifested, it is not in any degree attributable to hypnotism.

READING THE SUBLIMINAL MIND.

A. was the next to be subjected to the influence. I hypnotised her myself, and the reading tests were as satisfactory as in the previous case; but in one of them a curious, and up to that time unheard of, incident occurred. I had written, in Urdu characters, the Hindū saying, "Aur noor tariki men chumakhtai hai" ("The Light shineth in the darkness"). When writing, I could not for the life of me remember the word "chumakhtai," and so, left a blank space. Bear in mind (this being important to recollect) that I *knew* the word well enough: it lay hidden somewhere in my latent consciousness; but, as Paddy says, I "disremembered" it.

The woman read the whole sentence out as it ought to have been written, mentioning the missing word; and it was only when I heard it from her lips that I remembered it. Now, it seems to me that the woman must not only have been *en rapport* with my waking mind, but also with my "subliminal" consciousness.

FENCING AND MUSIC "SUGGESTED."

I next tried her with the foils, there being two or three pairs in Mons. Y.'s snugger. A foil was given to the chemist, whom I knew to be a pretty fencer of both the French and Italian schools. She "crossed swords" with him, and the bout began. The button of his foil touched her once, where a sword would not have done much damage—at all events, it would not have rendered anyone *hors de combat*. But, a few moments afterwards, she "pinked" him fairly and squarely over the heart. In a duel with swords, he would have been as dead as a door-nail.

The last woman, C., was now taken in hand by Mons. Y. with reference to "Suggestion," out of the hypnotic state. But he first gave us an exhibition of another form of control, when in the trance. He took down his violin, on which he was no mean performer, and placing it in the hands of the woman, commanded her to play the "Marseillaise": at the same time giving us his word of honour that she did not know even a note of music, much more the bowing and fingering of the violin.

She took the instrument, held it in the strictly orthodox position, and began playing with a facility and expression that delighted us. That finished, he called for the "Carneval de Venise." Here her bowing was simply masterly: and we could not help giving her a round of applause.

SENSIBILITY TRANSFERRED TO WATER.

Then he said that he would transfer her nervous sensibility to a glass of water; but that we were not to touch it. He made several magnetic passes of a peculiar kind with one hand, while in the other he held the glass of water. Towards the end of his manipulations, he seemed as though he were scooping up something from

her body, which he was throwing into the water. He then pronounced the process complete, and placed the glass on a little table behind her chair, where she could not see it. He showed us several experiments with the water, such as putting the point of a needle into it, &c. On every occasion on which the needle entered the water, she said, "Oh! it pricks!"

MEDICINE VICARIOUSLY ADMINISTERED.

He then took a bottle of Cognac from a cupboard, and poured only a few drops into the water. Immediately she exhibited every sign of intoxication, and began to laugh and sing uproariously. Finally, she got up and began to dance, when he thought it time to stop that, and added a single drop of liq. ammonia to the water. She was sober in an instant, and gasped for a moment or two, as though she had swallowed a dose of ammonia.

The influence of several other drugs was shown, among others being an infinitesimal dose of tartarised antimony, which in a few moments produced genuine and excessive vomiting. He then put into the glass one-tenth grain of acetate of morphia, which instantly induced a deep and profound sleep.

I lifted up her eyelids at this point, and examined the pupils. They showed unmistakably the action of morphia; and her pulse, which a short time previously had gone up to 120, under the influence of the brandy, was now very slow and thready.

The only possible way to wake her, was to remove the sensitiveness from the water and drugs, and restore it to her. This he did, and her state became once more normal.

He wished her to rest a few minutes, before proceeding to the next experiment. This interval we improved, by having a cigarette and a little of the Cognac, largely diluted with water.

EXPERIMENTS WITH A PHOTOGRAPH.

The allotted time being expired, he selected a photograph of the woman, from a pile of several portraits of patients which was on the mantelpiece, and told us that he would transfer her sensibility to the photo—which, by the way, had been taken when in the hypnotic state a few days before. He thought, at that time, that a photograph of the woman taken in her usual waking condition by an ordinary photographer, would be of no use; but here he was mistaken, as a little accident which occurred showed me.

Mons. Y. and myself then went into another room, taking the photo with us, and leaving my friend with the "subject." It was explained to him that Mons. Y. would stick a needle into various parts of the photograph; and the woman in the other room, feeling the prick, would instinctively place her hand on the place where she felt the pain, and he was to call out "right cheek," "left arm," or wherever she put her hand.

All being in readiness, we commenced by sticking the needle into the end of her nose. Instantly came the word from the other room, "Nose!" Again, this time in her back. Once more came the answer correctly. As it was just possible that there *might* be an arranged sequence between the operator and the patient, I dictated to Mons. Y. where the needle should be put. So that, if it had been arranged in order, thus: 1st, nose; 2nd, back; &c., the order would have been disarranged, and the whole scheme a failure. But in every case the woman felt the prick in the exact locality where it was given on the photo.

A SUGGESTIVE BLUNDER.

And, now, a curious thing happened. Mons. Y. went for a moment or two to see how the woman felt, to test her pulse, and so on. I was looking at her photo while

he was away, and it occurred to me that I had one in my pocket, which bore a general resemblance to the one operated on. I took it out for comparison; and when Mons. Y. returned put it back in my pocket, as I thought, and placed the other on the table. He picked it up, and we went on with the experiments. Directly I looked at it, to choose a fresh place for the needle, I saw that it was my photograph. I said nothing; and Mons. Y. was too busy with his speculations to notice it.

We continued the experiments, *which were as successful as before*. Now, this was very curious. It was not the woman's photo at all; not even a portrait taken by Mons. Y., which might presumably have received some magnetic influence from him in the process of taking. This puzzled me a good deal at the time, in face of the undoubted genuineness of the manifestations. Of course, the explanation is very simple.

CRIMINAL SUGGESTIONS—THEFT AND MURDER.

The last, and most interesting exhibition, was a demonstration of "suggestion." At Mons. Y.'s request, I hypnotised A.; and then, while in the trance, I suggested to her that at ten minutes to ten she should pick Mons. Y.'s pocket of a case of instruments, placed there for the purpose. It was then a few minutes to the hour. I then "awoke" her, and she appeared perfectly *compos mentis*. Mons. Y. sent her into the other room to wait, and himself hypnotised B., suggesting to her that she should go to the cupboard, take out a dagger which she would find there, should creep behind me, and stab me to the heart. This was to be done at 10 o'clock. The woman went to join her companion, and we discussed the subject. He said that, at that moment, neither of the women had the faintest idea of committing any crime; but that, when the prescribed time arrived, a great longing, an uncontrollable impulse would come over them, utterly and entirely overmastering any scruples or repugnance they might feel; and, in short, they would be *compelled* to obey and carry out—to the least detail—the commands of the hypnotiser.

I said, "But what am I going to do; when the woman attempts to stab me, am I to dodge the blow, or to parry it, or to catch hold of her wrist—or what? It strikes me that that little woman is as active as a cat, and will strike like lightning." Mons. Y. laughed, saying, "Oh, that will be all right: I will show you the dagger." It was an ordinary straight-bladed, two-edged dagger, not sharp enough to prick the finger; but quite sharp enough to reach a man's heart if used with an ordinary amount of vigour. It had a metal handle and a cross-hilt. I examined it very carefully after Mons. Y. had said, "Can you see anything peculiar about it?" I couldn't find any difference from a score of daggers which you might buy any day in Paris. He did something for a moment to the hilt, and then made a rapid stab at my chest. The hilt went home and struck me on the breastbone, but I felt no stab. I thought, "Ha! here's a second Jacob of

Simla." But it was not so; the thing was simply a "trick dagger," made for the use of conjurors; and the blade could, by a turn of the hilt, be made so as to retire harmlessly into the hollow handle on the slightest pressure, and, then, instantly reappear by means of a spiral spring forcing it out again.

Mons. Y. said, "I will put it in the cupboard with the hilt set for 'safety,' and there will not be the slightest danger." I thought "accidents do sometimes happen: springs sometimes fail to act at the right moment: I will take a little precaution, anyway." So, I placed a book which I had bought on my way to dinner (a 30-sous paper-covered novel, a good inch thick) in my breast-pocket; and I knew that my quickness of eye and foot, as an old swordsman, would enable me to catch the point of the dagger, to a dead certainty, on the book.

Ten minutes to ten arrived and the woman A. came in and began talking to Mons. Y., laughing and smirking, and trying to engage his attention, while she picked his pocket. He instantly seized her and pretended to be highly indignant. The poor woman did not know the secret, and shed tears copiously, asserting that she did not know what made her do it. So he forgave her and told her to go back to her "ward," and go to bed. She went off in a hurry, glad to escape so lightly.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

At 10 o'clock the other woman came in, and hung about in an aimless and uneasy sort of manner. Mons. Y. winked at me and I got up, and turning my back on the cupboard, went to look out of the window, professedly to see what sort of weather it was outside. Like lightning she tore open the cupboard door, seized the dagger from the shelf whereon it lay, and made the bound of a panther at me. I just turned in time to see her face, almost black with murderous hate, and to catch the stab where I wanted it to fall—fair on the book. And, it was well for me that my instinct (or, shall I say, my guardian spirit?) had given me the premonition of danger, and that I had acted upon it, and covered my heart with the book. Because the blade of the dagger did *not* go into the hilt that time, and its point went fully two-thirds through the book.

Of course, Mons. Y. was "*désolé*" at the contretemps; and I have no doubt that, if the blow had been fatal, he would have mounted a mourning hat-band in honour of his victim.

However, for some years now I have left hypnotic investigations to others, and have engaged in researches into a much more interesting, though purely physiological subject—that of restoring wasted muscular and nerve tissue and force—in other words, "physical rejuvenation." To restore lost Youth and Beauty was a dream of the old alchemists; modern scientific research is completing and verifying that dream.

"TAUTRIADELTA."

IV.—SOME THOUGHTS ON AUTOMATISM.

WITH THE STORY OF THE BURTON MESSAGES, ETC. BY MISS X.

THREE are certain words and phrases which serve as the drop-scenes of life. They add nothing to the situation, they explain nothing, they classify nothing, but they "settle the question." We got used to them early in life in the form of "Children shouldn't ask why," or in acute cases, "Ring the bell for nurse." Later on we had "I shouldn't dream of allowing it," or, "Perhaps you'll permit me to know best." Now we recognise that we have struck the same key when an acquaintance is dismissed as "amiable enough," or "a bounder," according to the speaker, or when our hostess changes the subject.

Drop-scenes, as a rule, may be divided into two classes. They offer either an innocuous platitude, such as a painted curtain, or some presentment of fact too familiar for controversy, such as a view of Windsor Castle. "You don't like Macbeth, conscience stricken, and his wife mad? well look at Melrose by moonlight then." It doesn't explain Shakespeare's theory of life and fate, but it "shuts us up."

DROP-SCENES ON THE BORDERLAND.

When such phrases as thought-transference, and telepathy, and subliminal consciousness, and automatism, were originally devised, we were struck first with awe, and then with admiration, and then, or we thought so, with understanding, and then with glibness. When we get glib we are in danger, we have our hand on the cord of the Windsor Castle drop-scene, and we think the problem is solved because it is no longer presented.

It is always very flattering to one's vanity to turn over the pages of a ten-year-old portrait album, or of the society pictures in *Punch*, and to see how much nicer we look now than people did then. It is encouraging to turn back to some of the earlier *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, and to see with what caution, what tentativeness, what elaborate explanations, theories were propounded which now seem simple and familiar, and which in some degree we all accept, even if, accepting, some of us but imperfectly understand.

Such reading is very wholesome in many ways, if only as enabling us to realise our indebtedness; to realise, too, the growing simplicity and, *ipso facto*, the increased systematisation and scientific clearness of the theories we are asked to consider. The theory of automatism, for example, when, in 1884, first presented by the ingenuity of Mr. Myers, was put before us with a degree of complexity and of detail which, now that the idea is familiar, strikes the reader as superfluous.

THE AUTOMATISM DROP-SCENE.

The idea, or the name, perhaps, has indeed grown so familiar that we are in danger of adding it to the number of those drop-scenes which efface without solving the problem. We dismiss facts as "merely automatic," or "merely telepathic," without, at the moment, realising that automatism and telepathy are among the most complex problems of the Borderland.

In attempting to discuss the theory of automatism here, I cannot expect to say anything that is new and

original. I can only present, in more popular form, and as accurately as I may, facts and theories which have been already given to the public, mainly by the industry as well as by the originality of Mr. Myers. When a new light is cast upon familiar phenomena, and when, in their turn, they are made to shed light upon others more obscure, we have, at least, a starting point from which each can take a personal observation. Everybody performs automatic actions, just as everybody talks prose; the question at issue is not whether automatic activity is possible, but whether there is enough of it to account for activities which, otherwise, would remain unclassified, or be driven to take refuge in strange camps.

THE AUTOMATIC MACHINE.

The most familiar association that we have with the word "automatic" is that of putting a "penny in the slot." This done the model works, the stick of chocolate is handed to us, the dial registers our weight, a penny-worth of gas is supplied, our handkerchief is scented (save the mark!), a penny stamp is supplied (one always wonders where the profit comes in in that transaction), the turnstile yields—in short, nearly anything may happen if the necessary machinery and material be supplied.

DROPPING IN THE PENNY.

But the penny must be put in the slot. The price must be paid. That done, there is no limit to the possibilities of automatism. One of our classics—Thackeray, I fancy—has said, "Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny." But we must begin by sowing the act; we must put the penny in the slot. You pay your price and you start the machinery, and then—it does it of itself.

There are a great many of the minor details of life which "do themselves." It is only when we come to think about it that we realise the degree to which our comfort and ease in life depend upon the degree of our automatism. Learning to ride a bicycle is an experience which makes this prominent. The amount of superfluous courage, and conscientiousness and obedience and ratiocination one exercises during the first three lessons, till our separate acts have become a habit, till the penny is in the slot, strikes one afterwards as perfectly ludicrous. Then it is "just a knack," all the balancing does itself, and no reasoning process is necessary, as to whether we shall turn our handles right or left, lean much or little, throw our weight "over," or sit upright.

Physiologists show us physical reasons for the fact that acts are cumulative, that we are making even our physical as well as our mental to-morrow, now.

THE WORK OF THE MACHINERY.

The simpler actions of life are, of course, those which tend most quickly to become automatic, in which the act soonest becomes a habit. Who knows, without stopping to think about or even to rehearse the action,



LADY BURTON.

(From a photograph by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.)

SOME THOUGHTS ON AUTOMATISM.

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which arm he first puts into the sleeve, with which foot he begins to ascend the stairs, whether, on a blank sheet, he writes the date or the address first, whether he adds whiskey to his water, or water to his whiskey?

When we come to more complex actions perhaps that which most readily becomes automatic (to those capable of performing it at all) is that of playing upon a musical instrument. The transition between learning where to find B sharp, or how to pass the thumb under the fingers, on a key-board, and the playing of a sonata of Beethoven in the dark, is really—when one thinks of all that is included—immense. Our mental and physical actions have alike become automatic, the instrument, or, at all events, our hands upon it, “play themselves.”

But, it may be objected, there is a vast difference between even so complex a performance as this, built up, as it is, by accumulations of laborious habit, and the writing of messages, the painting of pictures, the seeing of visions in a crystal, the getting raps out of a table, the hearing of definite sounds of words or music in shells, all of which we are asked to class as “automatic,” too.

BODY AND SOUL.

At this point we must distinguish. The study of most of these subjects would be robbed of half its complexity, and three-fourths of its occasion for quarrel, if we always remembered this distinction, elementary as it seems. When we come to discuss the kind of automatism now before us, it is important to remember that each of these details divides into two parts—the writing of the message and its content, the painting of the picture and its subject—the seeing of the vision in a crystal, and the facts which that vision may communicate, the physical fact of raps on a table, and the information they are supposed to convey, the hearing of definite sounds in a shell, and the source of words or music they present.

The tendency of recent inquiry, and the comparison of ever-accumulating evidence upon the subjects here enumerated—I do not profess that the list is exhaustive—has been to show that, so far as the form, the body of them, is concerned, we may group them together as simply different—*incarnations*, shall we say?—of the same soul. In the same way, if you take into a class of boys the news that the examiner has had a railway accident and can't come, one may throw up his cap, another shout, another burst into laughter, another even into tears; one will be silent, another talkative, one nods congratulations to his best friend, another hugs himself in selfish satisfaction, but one and all are simply externalising, according to habit and disposition, the emotion of joy.

In like manner, granting, for the purpose of our argument, the existence of an idea, whatever its source, to externalise we may expect that here, too, the tendency will be to follow the line of least resistance, that it will take form, incarnate itself in such manner as is most characteristic of the person concerned. We may expect that the visualising Highlander will see visions, and the journalist take to automatic writing, that the trained ear of the musician may hear sounds in a shell, that the person of no particular tendencies will feel a yearning to tilt tables, and that to the versatile any method or all, as it chances, will serve.

[There are certain exceptional cases with which I will

not complicate my argument at this point, but which I reserve for separate consideration.]

III.

Let us then first consider the theory of automatism in its simplest relation, that of the form or body of the message, passing on later to that of the soul or its content.

THE WORD “MESSAGE.”

Perhaps I should first say, though I have had occasion many times before to say the same thing in these pages, that I use the word “message” in the special sense, now familiar to students of the literature of psychical research, as equivalent to the *information* contained in the automatic writing, or crystal vision, or utterance of voice or shell, as the case may be. The word “message” has a special significance in this connection, as embodying the notion—perhaps one should say the “figure”—that some part of one's self is trying to share with the rest of one's self some fact or sentiment which is not known to the whole.

For example. I know that in going from Brighton to Portsmouth one often has to change at a little junction on the way. I cannot remember the name, but I know the information is in me somewhere, because I've got more than one chill in that junction's detestable draughts. I begin to think of something quite different, unless I'm foolish enough to waste time trying to remember, or to look it out in *Bradshaw*, and before long the part of me that knows sends a message to the part that wants to know. Now that message may come in several ways. It may be unformulated, *i.e.*, it may just come into my head that the place is called Ford, or, as is more likely in my own case, I may suddenly see the ford over the Arun, whence it derives its name, or the board at the station with “Ford Junction” upon it, or I may hear the porters calling, “Ford! change for 'avant and 'ayling!” or whatever it is they say at this particular crisis.

The way the news comes is its externalisation or body, the news itself is the message or soul.

THE KIND OF BODY.

It is evident, then, that the particular method of externalisation is a mere accident, depending mainly upon the habit of mind of the operator. There need be no limit to the varieties possible—in fact every day new mechanical contrivances are invented, in regard to crystal-gazing and automatic writing especially. Personally, if I use anything at all, I prefer a glass of clear water in the one case, and a pencil and paper in the other. Whatever the multiplication of varieties, it will be found that they group themselves readily into three classes.

1. VISUAL, which includes all seeing of pictures or of words either in waking visions or dreams, all hallucinations and phantasms, all which has been for convenience classified as crystal-gazing, such as divination by mirrors, or gems, or the sword, or any of the varieties of 'mancy known to the Greeks, such as lecanomancy, catoptromancy, &c., &c.

I have already said so much at different times in these pages upon visualisation of all kinds, that now I will merely refer readers to former articles on Crystal-Gazing and Haunted Houses, in *BORDERLAND*, vols. i. and ii.

2. AUDILE, which includes every form of automatism

depending upon the hearing of sounds. These may take various forms, such as the hearing of voices, or of music, or of such sounds as footsteps, the rustling of dresses, the opening of doors.

Audile automatism is not to be confused with clairaudience, any more than is visual automatism with clairvoyance. When I hear the porters at Ford Junction calling out the name, it by no means follows—as would be the case in clairaudience—that they are in fact calling it out at that moment, but merely that information I already possessed chanced to externalise itself in that manner. The process was self-initiated. The desire for information gave the impetus, it put the penny in the slot, the machinery was set in motion, and it produced its message automatically in terms of sound.

3. SENSORY.—Sometimes the message may be externalised as a smell, or touch, or taste, or a sense of pain. All these are familiar forms of telepathy. I have recorded in *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, xvi., a case of this kind in my own experience. I was much disturbed by a strong smell of fire, which was not localised, but seemed to follow me about, which lasted for a great part of the evening, and which no one else could perceive. I ascertained next day that a friend, at some distance, had set fire to the curtains of her room that very evening, and that, as a matter of fact, a thought of me had taken her back to the scene of the accident (of which she had not been aware), and so led to its discovery, and to the saving from fire of the rest of the house. It would be very easy to multiply examples.

4. MOTOR.—This class includes all forms of externalisation by active movement, such as painting, writing, playing on an instrument, rapping, and the like. Of these, writing in all its forms is for various reasons the most familiar, and is that upon which we shall dwell in greatest detail. Before proceeding further, however, I will offer as illustration a story which chances to bear upon all four kinds of automatism. I select it, not as especially valuable or evidential, but because I can tell it at first hand, and because it serves as a text for some further remarks.

AN ILLUSTRATIVE STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

In July last I was asked by a friend, whom I will call Mr. D., to visit a haunted house in the S.W. district of London. It belonged to a lady who was educated and intelligent, but who nevertheless found her house uninhabitable on account of a certain haunting spirit which went up and down the stairs, left finger-marks on the wall, opened doors, and disturbed furniture. I am not seriously reflecting on the honesty of my hostess when I reveal that she had sold that house, and that the evening of my visit was my last chance of introduction to the ghost. In an ordinary way, apart from justice to the ghost, I don't think it any more honest to sell a house possessing a ghost, and conceal the fact, than to sell a house possessing a next door neighbour who gives music lessons, and conceal the fact.

In the present instance, however, the ghost seemed to have a personal attachment to the lady who owned the house, and, it was believed, would, at her departure, stray away like a cat left with a caretaker.

The owner (of the house and the ghost), my friend Mr. D., another lady, and myself, dined at an hotel in Piccadilly, and proceeded about half-past ten o'clock to the house in question.

The servants had gone to bed, but refreshment and

lights were prepared. We went to the drawing-room, the ghost's favourite haunt, and patiently awaited its pleasures. Nothing happened, except the creaks peculiar to the hour before and after midnight.

At last Mr. D. produced a Ouija, and proposed that, all else having failed, we should seek information by this method.

I had never used a Ouija Board in my life, and for reasons which will be explained, I am always suspicious of automatic writing in general, dislike mechanical devices in particular, and am never keen on seeking information—greatly preferring messages that are spontaneous. I proposed to act as amanuensis, and take notes of the results, and two of the others, one being Mr. D., who is an adept with this instrument, began to perform.

Nothing very encouraging happened till, at a certain point, in the effort to decide at which letter the index had stopped, I chanced to put my hand on the instrument, and then we began to "go."

Not too willingly, I set to work by myself, and then the others asked questions, and the answers came rapidly enough. We were told that two sisters had lived in the house, and that one, the haunting spirit, who gave her name as Maud Clare, had murdered the other. The date of the event was given, early in the present reign, and a name and address in a distant and unimportant provincial town, a place known only by name to any present, were mentioned, as likely to yield further information upon inquiry.

I may as well say at once, that such parts of this story as could be proved true were already known to our hostess. Of other details the date is probably, judging from the style of the house, approximate, the address given is a real one; but no one connected with the house resides there now, which, considering that the tragedy is alleged to have occurred over fifty years ago, is not surprising, and though it is known that some such tragedy did occur, we have no means of ascertaining the accuracy of the name Maud Clare. However, as I am discussing automatism, not spirit identity, and as my business just now is with the form, not the matter, all this is unimportant.

"Maud Clare" then explained at some length the reasons for her unhappy state, which were somewhat curious. She (I use the pronoun for convenience, but as equivalent only to "the source of the message") asserted that her crime was forgiven, and that not her own distress, but that of her sister, was the cause of her sorrow. Her own sin, it appeared, was cancelled, but her sister had "left life with its lessons unlearned," and, so to speak, was further back in the process of development than she deserved. Whether, as might be inferred, this necessitated reincarnation, in the same grade of evolution as before, did not appear, but Maud Clare's distress was intense.

"Pray for me—pray! I am in agony," she seemed to moan again and again, and we agreed to obey her behest, and finally arranged that twelve o'clock on the following Sunday should be the day and hour for the fulfilment of our promise. I should observe here, that this promise was on the theory that benevolence to others "blesses him that gives," as well as "him that takes," and that even if Maud Clare had, as is very likely, no existence at all, the act of aspiration on behalf of another could only result in good.

The following Sunday chanced to bring for me an event of especial interest, entirely banishing from my memory Maud Clare and my promise. As we were kneeling, about the middle of the service, I heard a door

open and close at the west end of the church, and the thought passed through my mind that a disturbance of that sort should not be allowed. Then I heard a slight rustle of skirts and light footsteps which stopped beside me, to my right. I supposed that some one was waiting to pass, but did not move, as I thought it better to allow the lady to wait than to disturb others around me. A light touch on my ungloved hand caused me to look up. For a moment, I saw a figure, tall, slight, with a bonnet large enough to conceal the profile, a long-waisted dress, a gauzy scarf hanging over both arms, and a general impression of grey and white colouring. Then, almost at the same instant, the clock struck twelve. The sound aroused the association natural, and I knew that I had received a message reminding me of my promise and of Maud Clare. I dismiss for my present purpose the hypothesis, which many will consider the most simple, that I had in fact seen the spirit of an unhappy woman who sought my help, and assume that the vision was, in substance, as it was in form, self-initiated, that is to say, automatic.

This message, whatever its source, whether from within or from without, externalised itself by means of all four of the ways I have tried to describe.

1. First, we wrote the story, that is to say, it "wrote itself," on the Ouija Board. The Motor method.

2. Then I heard the door shut in the church, and the rustle of skirts in the aisle. The Audile method.

3. Then I felt a touch on my hand. The Sensory method.

4. Then I saw a vision of a woman suitably clad in the dress of the period to which Maud Clare is alleged to belong. The Visual method.

THE KIND OF SOUL.

As to the source of the story, that belongs to another part of our argument, to which, though the other is only as yet indicated, we will now pass, reserving further discussion of the choice and utilisation of the method till we may handle both together.

I note, then, five possible sources for the information which the messages contained.

1. I may have been deliberately cheating, and the automatism merely pretended. I may have consciously made the Ouija write the story. (For those who have never handled a Ouija Board, I may explain that this would be quite an easy performance.) I may have wanted to be interesting, or I may have been bored and have wanted to get home, and thought I might as well make something happen and have done with it.

Under this heading, I can only say that I didn't do anything of the kind. What was written was as great a surprise to me as to any one else, greater than to our hostess, who knew some of the details before. I can't prove my honesty except by internal evidence, by the fact that some part of the story is known to be true. A curious and melodramatic detail is, that to this day I don't know the address of the house where the séance took place. We drove in a close carriage, in the dark, and I know only that we went southward of Hyde Park. This precluded the possibility of my "getting up" the story beforehand.

Similarly, I can't prove that I haven't invented the church story. Even if you are not convinced of my veracity, however, it makes none the worse a text to hang theories upon.

2. The automatism may have been genuine, but the material may have been supplied by that part of the mind where dreams come from. Most of one's dreams are

nonsense, as is a great deal of automatic writing, and personally, I think much time may be easily wasted over the study of either of them.

I think this hypothesis quite possible in regard to every word of the story not absolutely susceptible of proof; to Maud Clare's explanation of the cause of her personal distress, for example.

3. Granting the automatism, the story, or some of it, may have been supplied by some unconscious faculty of my own, such as clairvoyance. Clairvoyance (conscious) may account for the church story, clairvoyance, or clairaudience (sub-conscious), may account for the Ouija story. I may, without being conscious of it, have come into personal relations with Maud Clare, and this Ouija story may have been a message from the part of myself that knew to the part that didn't.

4. Again, assuming the automatism, the information given may have been supplied by some other mind than my own. As our hostess knew that, fifty years or so ago, two sisters had lived in the house, and that some tragedy had occurred, this is the one part of the story as to which, so to speak, one can feel one's feet. There seems little doubt that some of the information was supplied by Thought-transference.

5. Again (this is the extreme hypothesis), the whole thing may have been the work of the spirit of Maud Clare. There may really be such a spirit, and she may have used me just as I used the Ouija, as an instrument for her own purposes. If we accept this explanation at all, she may as well have the whole credit, such as it is, for it doesn't seem likely that, when she was making (say) twenty assertions, she would leave two or three to be derived from the mind of my hostess. I don't think she did it well, but perhaps she has no gift for narration.

The Maud Clare story is exactly the sort of story I don't like—when it happens to myself. It comes satisfactorily under no one of the five hypotheses, not even that of my own invention. I can invent much better stories than that. However, it is a good example of many varieties of the sort of thing, both as to form and substance.

If it has served to make clear my argument, I can now proceed to the discussion of some recent events in all ways more valuable and important. Let me summarise those points in the above to which I shall have occasion to refer.

1. The varieties of automatism, writing, seeing pictures, hearing sounds, &c., are merely accidents of the personality of the subject. The particular form which the message may take, is a psychological rather than a psychical fact, and may depend on temperament or mere opportunity. The following story will show that, in my own case, the question is largely one of opportunity. But whatever the forms, the acts are self-initiated, that is to say, automatic.

2. By means of one or more of the various methods of externalisation possible, certain facts or assertions are brought to the surface, which otherwise they might never have reached. These facts may come—

(a.) From the sub-conscious mind of the subject. They may have been acquired by forgotten experience (i.e., they may be revivals of memory), or produced by some process of unconscious cerebration as in dreams, or by some unconsciously exercised faculty, such as clairvoyance.

(b.) From some other incarnate mind by the process we call thought-transference.

(c.) From some non-incarnate or dis-incarnate mind.

III.

THE FULFILLED PROPHECY OF THE DEATH OF
LADY BURTON.

All readers of these pages have heard of the passing away from this life on Sunday, 22nd March last, of a lady much honoured and loved by a large circle of friends, Isabel, widow of the late Sir Richard Burton.

To those who knew her most intimately, her death, at or near that date, was confidently expected, as a warning to that effect had been given as long ago as July 26th last, by means of a message automatically delivered, and purporting to come from her late husband, Sir Richard Burton. The exact phrase, produced by myself in automatic writing, was, "She has not much longer—only eight months. Must not waste time."

THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE MESSAGE.

The event, sad in that it has brought a sad consciousness of loss to many friends, is so recent that it would not yet be fitting, even were it possible, to describe the entire circumstances of the long message which contained this prophecy. Had not Lady Burton's consent been cordially given to the discussion of the fact as one of psychical interest to students, its publication in any form would of course have been entirely out of the question. But not only did she cordially agree to such publication, but with her own hand revised, again and yet again, the record of the facts, within a few days of their occurrence. I am in possession of a great number of MS. notes, which she herself made upon my own report of the case, and that of a second witness, as also of many letters in which she refers to, and enlarges upon the circumstances. She even went to the trouble of herself dictating a further record, a copy of which I possess, compiled from our notes, and supplemented by her own memory and by the notes she herself made at the time and afterwards. During two of the sittings she acted for more than two hours as amanuensis, and the record, in her own hand, is in my possession.

To make the story evidentially complete, these manuscripts, and the letters referring to them, should be published entire, together with all evidence possible to obtain, and the signatures, which already for the most part we possess, of all the witnesses both to the séances themselves, and to the facts elicited. There are many reasons why the story should not be so presented in this place. There is the fact that the loss of our friend is so recent that we have not yet arrived at such a perspective as may best enable us to decide what, among the more personal details, are adapted for publication. There is the fact, moreover, that such a manner of narration would be somewhat tedious and cumbersome in a popular magazine, and will be better adapted for the pages of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*. Further, there are many points which I should certainly not handle upon my own responsibility, nor—although Lady Burton's consent was obtained to my so doing after her death—without mature deliberation and consultation with her friends as well as with my own.

Meantime, in general outline, and upon the understanding that the evidence will be shortly produced elsewhere, it is not only possible, but desirable, that the story should be known.

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH LADY BURTON.

For the sake of clearness, as well as for evidential reasons, I should first sketch the history of my acquaint-

ance with Lady Burton. I, of course, knew her by name, and had heard, perhaps, a dozen pages of her life of Sir Richard read aloud. But, except in the experimental form of personal journeying, geography has no attractions for me. I never read books of mere travel, and the African lion, however impersonated, has always seemed to me an unlimited bore.

I was, therefore, a little surprised when, one day in the spring of 1893, I received a note from Lady Burton, saying she would like to make my acquaintance; that it would be doubtless easy to obtain an introduction from some common friend, but that she was an unconventional person, and, in short, might she call upon me? Of course, I gladly assented, and a date for the visit was fixed. Then came some very cold weather, which prevented her coming; then I went out of town; after that I think she had influenza; then I called twice and found her from home; and it was, finally, not till July that a note reached me asking me to dinner the following week, with a characteristic postscript: "We shall not be fashionably late, and you can go on to your parties afterwards."

I remember every detail of that evening, my first impression of Lady Burton, her handsome and stately presence, her long flowing black gown and becoming tulle cap of Marie Stuart outline; the slight, but not unpleasing, provincial accent; and the cordiality of her welcome. We were a party of, perhaps, ten, and I did not exchange a dozen sentences with my hostess; but it was again characteristic of her personal influence that the evening was a very pleasant one, and we were, after all, very late in separating.

A week or two later, I went, with a friend, to call upon Lady Burton in her cottage at Mortlake. She showed us the mausoleum, and gave us tea in a tent in her garden.

A PHANTASM OF SIR RICHARD BURTON.

We did not meet again till the spring of 1895, and in the present connection, the circumstances which led to our doing so should be related. A lady, the Hon. Mrs. G., now abroad, but who will doubtless corroborate my story, and permit the use of her name when she returns, was calling upon me for the first time. It was a dark afternoon, I think in March, and we were chatting in the firelight. She faced the fire and behind her was a large mirror. While she talked I watched a picture, which slowly formed itself in the mirror, and which I, in time, perceived to be a portrait. I had seen its prototype in Lady Burton's drawing-room, it was that of Sir Richard in what, I believe, was a boxing costume. The picture lasted for, perhaps, two minutes.

"Tell me," I said, *à propos de rien*, "did you know Sir Richard Burton?"

"Unfortunately, no," my visitor answered. "I always wish I had met him. I should immensely like to know Lady Burton. I believe she is charming. Everything about Egypt and about Arabia interests me. I wrote a book about my impressions of the country."

I suggested that I should ask permission to introduce her to Lady Burton, and the end of it was, we went to Baker Street together the following Sunday. My two friends talked about Arabs and Egyptians for a few pleasant minutes, but other visitors came in, and our visit was not specially memorable.

Nevertheless, my friend Mrs. G. is one of the witnesses —possibly a contributing factor— to one short but important séance.

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HOW THE COMMUNICATION BEGAN.

This is all preliminary, now to my story. As far as possible I quote from the manuscript revised by Lady Burton; whenever I summarise I will do so within brackets.

On Friday, the 26th of July, 1895, I was staying at their country house with Mr. and Mrs. D. It will be remembered that, a short time before, Mr. D. and myself had shared in the investigation of a haunted house, and while there, by way of experiment, had made use of a Ouija Board, upon which we had received some messages which had seemed to us interesting. With the idea of carrying this experiment further, after dinner on Friday evening Mr. D. and I again sat down to the board, Mrs. D. sitting by with pencil and paper in order to take notes. The board began to work immediately, giving messages from the spirit alleged to haunt the house. But, after a few minutes of this, the following sentences were indicated:—

“Others waiting to talk.”

“Do you mean waiting to talk to us on the board?” [The questions were usually asked by Mr. D.]

[Then followed a confused statement, professedly from a distinguished traveller, ending with the words, “Burton wrong.”]

“Do you mean that Burton is wrong, or that Burton is speaking?”

“Burton. Sorry now. Light shows smallness everywhere. Too long now. Write.”

“Do you mean that Miss X. is to write with pencil and paper?”

“Yes.”

“Will the message be long in coming?”

“Three minutes.”

As directed I took pencil and paper. In a very short time, certainly not longer than three minutes, the writing began. In my anxiety not in any way to

direct the writing, I closed my eyes, but the plan was found to be troublesome, as I was constantly going off the paper. So, after the first few sentences, I wrote with eyes opened, but with the paper placed beyond my range of sight, though well within writing distance. The first few sentences, those written with closed eyes, were all in “looking-glass writing,” and were rapidly produced, and perfectly legible.

They contained a statement regarding a question of African exploration, not necessary to quote, ending with—“The truth is what matters, not the man.”

Then the writing continued.

THE FATAL PROPHETIC.

“Lady B. Look in crystal. Sir Richard's half-splashes. She has not much longer, only eight months. Must not waste time. Tell her to make haste slowly. Pearl necklace the real talisman. Tell her to hold it and watch for me. Richard.”

The next sentences came very rapidly indeed. Perfectly legible, but without punctuation.

THE LOST ORNAMENT AND SOME DIRECTIONS.

“You should not have given away my pin. You would not have lost it. I don't want a grocer's boy wearing my things. Don't give away any more. Put charm around your neck on the string of pearls I gave you. Don't let them be lost. Give crystals to

Seer, not to stranger. Don't lose link with last year. Most precious of all. Don't take off pearls. More than ornament—link with me. More magnetism in them than in all else.”

Then, in different handwriting, came the name Harriet, after which the word Richard was written three times, the last two signatures being apparently an attempt to reproduce his handwriting.

“Z. lost it—pin.” The real initial is not given. “Send money to H. House for prayers for me.”

Then the word “Richard,” written over and over again.



Richard Burton

IN 1880.

WHO EXPOSED MRS. WILLIAMS?

The next day, Saturday, we sat again, this time using the Ouija Board. While we were making our preparations, we were casually talking of the exposure of Mrs. Williams, and speculating as to the real person who deserved the credit of exposing her. One or two names were mentioned, and I said that I believed the idea originated with the Duc de Pomar. When I placed my hand upon the instrument, the following letters were spelled out, *cenetaitpasleducdepomar* [sic]. We dismissed this as mere nonsense, when the sentence was repeated, and we found, after some speculation, that the letters divided into words, thus, "Ce n'était pas le duc de Pomar."

A TEST STATEMENT.

After which the name Z. was produced, and, after an interval, "had no business with my pin."

We asked, "Is this Richard Burton?"

"Yes" [followed by a statement to the effect that Z. had left London].

"Who had it?" [that is, the pin].

"Z."

"Was it stolen?"

"Gave it."

"Who gave it?"

"Isabel. It is in Marylebone Lane, corner bric-à-brac shop, High Street."

"Is it in window?"

[It may as well be stated here that on inquiry it was found that such a shop really exists. Mr. D. visited it, and inspected all the coral, but the ornament was not found. The owner reasonably pointed out that a trinket of this sort was very likely to be readily sold. We none of us consciously knew of such a shop. The neighbourhood is not familiar to me.]

"Go and look inside. Lost it. Grocer's boy found it?"

"Do you want us to tell this to Lady B.?"

"Yes."

"But most likely she is leaving London. Where shall we find her?"

"Where camel bells ring."

"What do you mean?"

"She is there. Lady Burton."

Mr. D. suggested that this probably referred to the mausoleum, where the bells from Sir Richard's caravan hang across the ceiling, and the word "mausoleum" immediately followed. After this the instrument worked so rapidly that we had the greatest difficulty in following it, and some of the sentences were left incomplete.

A CRYSTAL, AND THE LOST BROOCH.

"Turkish ball—boudoir. Look in it."

"Do you mean that some one is to look into the Turkish ball?"

"Yes."

I explained that the reference was possibly to a crystal on its way to me from Turkey—lost *en route*.

"Mr. D. asks, shall X.?"

"Yes."

"Shall I?"

You can try."

"Where are we to look into it?"

"Baker Street."

"But you just said that Lady B. is at Mortlake."

"September end."

"You mean she is back in Baker Street at the end of September, in the Turkish boudoir?"

[Then followed some remarks about the lost crystal belonging to X., containing some information not known to her, and which proved to be correct. It was known to no one in England at the time.]

The Ouija continued—

"Take it there, *i.e.*, to the Turkish boudoir; ask for brooch."

"Do you mean the pin?"

"Pin is brooch."

"What is it like?"

"Coral. Big piece. Pink. Tell her to see Vavasour for headache."

[The real name is that of a distinguished London physician, who has not yet been consulted as to the use of his name. I select "Vavasour" as about its equivalent in unfamiliarity. The name is foreign, and I should have supposed unique in England among doctors.]

At this point, Mr. D. proposed to ask some questions, of which he alone knew the answers, as nothing of the above seemed to us susceptible of proof, unless we could get the help of Lady B.

Accordingly, he asked—

"Can you tell me anything about Alec?" [a friend of his].

"Alec is going to Scotland. Stop there."

[This was later ascertained to be true.]

"Further questions being proposed?"

"Not now. Wait."

After lunch we again sat, a fourth member, an old friend of Sir R. being added to our circle. On this occasion he took notes instead of Mrs. D., and asked a number of personal questions.

[All answers that could be tested were, I believe, correct, but his personal testimony is, of course, necessary on this point.]

LADY BURTON'S OPINION.

I will not dwell upon our discussion of these statements, and as to our duty regarding them. Suffice it to say, that a copy of the above notes was forwarded to Lady Burton by Mr. D. She replied in cordial terms, sending the following comments:—

"Could you induce X. [At this point she had not associated the "X." of the story with my real personality] to come and spend an afternoon here, and dine and sleep at my cottage and see the mausoleum? I believe we should get wonderful results. I am taking a copy of your paper, for which I thank you most heartily." [She then adds the following memoranda, which later she largely supplemented.]

[The first two notes refers to the statement, which I have not quoted, but which she endorses.]

3. I have two half-sphere crystals.

4. I have not much longer, and fret because my time is wasted when I am weak. I understand quite well "Make haste slowly," that my strength may last, and that my work may not be badly done.

5. It is perfectly true that I gave away the brooch of pink coral to a certain Z., who lost it.

6. I sent the money to H. House to-day, for prayers. It is a Roman Catholic convent, where there is, doubtless, some person who can do him good.

7. I am rather puzzled by "Vavasour." I know him, and I shall certainly go to him.

8. I am where the camel bells ring, by the mauso-

leum at Mortlake. But it is like a little chapel, not at all like a "Turkish ball boudoir."

[She had associated together two separate ideas, owing to the disjointed language employed, and which really meant, as she saw later, "Take the Turkish ball to the boudoir."]

9. Tell Miss X. not to wait for my return to Baker Street at the end of September [*i.e.*, for the consultation in the boudoir]. Though I shall return at the end of September to go straight away to Eastbourne.

10. I have got a string of pearls he gave me, and I always wear them at night when I dress for dinner. But they would look very funny in the day-time, as they fit quite tight around my throat. I wish I knew. I wish he would explain better what that means. Ask him if it alludes to a certain key. I don't understand "Harriet."

The following supplementary information is perhaps necessary for the conduct of the story.

(3.) No one present knew that Sir Richard had possessed two half-sphere crystals. I have a great variety of crystals of different ages and countries, but had never even heard of the use of half-spheres for this purpose.

(5.) The brooch, we learnt later, had been made out of a stud formerly worn by Sir Richard, and had been given as a memento to Z.

(10.) The charm proved afterwards to be identical with the key in question, as will later appear.

On Monday, August 5th, I went down to Mortlake, where I found Lady B. and Mr. D. Till this occasion she had not associated X. with me. Mr. D. had arrived before me, and he and Lady B. together had drawn up a list of questions which they desired to have answered. I ought here to mention that these questions were not shown to me till the evening, after dinner. Nor had I at that time read Lady B.'s notes through; I knew in general terms that the statements were correct.

The following are the questions:—

1. What about the eight months, or is longer probable?
- [This question is important for the sake of the work.]
2. What doctor do you recommend?
3. [This question related to an important domestic matter. The advice received was acted upon, and proved satisfactory.]
4. Have you any directions to give as to health?
5. Will you interfere and save publication of a certain book?

Two questions of a metaphysical nature were also suggested by Mr. D. After lunch, about three o'clock, we adjourned to a quiet place out of doors selected by Lady Burton. Mr. D. and I sat at a small table with the Ouija Board between us. Lady Burton took notes. The circumstances were not very favourable, as the day was a Bank Holiday, and there were many people about who naturally were somewhat disturbing.

Almost immediately the instrument began to work, and wrote some curious details of which we knew nothing, but which it is now believed are correct, about a deceased friend of Sir Richard's.

This communication professed to come from another personality, but at a certain point, in answer to our suggestion, "Perhaps they won't like," *i.e.*, an arrangement proposed, the Ouija wrote:—

"That is their look out"; at which Mr. D. and Lady Burton both exclaimed—

"Sir Richard!" as the language was more characteristic of him than of his friend. Then followed—

Burton: "Are you satisfied with the Z. trivialities?"

We all say, "Yes."

"I don't care a hang about the brooch, only to prove to that Sidgwick ridden seer" [*i.e.*, Miss X., the illusion being to her relation with the Society for Psychical Research]. "Hard to convince of what is under her nose. Z., test for her. Now are you satisfied?"



THE MAUSOLEUM AT MORTLAKE.

Where Sir Richard Burton was buried.

[X. says "Yes."]

Lady Burton then asks, "What talisman did you mean?"

"What last touched me?" [Then, after a pause] "You dropped ——."

Lady Burton stopped to consider what could last have touched him, and we suggested was there anything that she had dropped upon, or into, the coffin. She said she had put certain things into the coffin, but had dropped nothing. Then she suddenly asked, "Do you mean the key of the coffin?"

"Yes. You dropped wearing the key."

Lady Burton explains that she had always worn the key on a chain round her neck, until her throat had swelled during the influenza last winter, when she had dropped wearing it. She then asked—

"Do you mean I am to continue wearing the key?"

"Yes; always. Yes, yes."

Lady Burton asked, "The weight of the key might break the pearls. Would it do if I wear it on a gold chain at the same time?"

"Yes."

[A sufficient reason for this request, which I do not feel at present at liberty to quote, was afterwards given by the alleged control.]

Lady Burton: "Who do you wish me to leave the crystals to?"

"I told you ——"

Mr. D. interrupts quoting, "I told you not to let it go to strangers."

[Writing continues.] "I don't want them to be treated as Museum curiosities. Frank has fooled with crystals enough."

"What Frank do you mean?"

"Museum."

[Mr. D.]. "Oh, you mean Franks, the Curator! You are referring to Dr. Dee's crystals in the British Museum?"

[Then followed a detailed statement as to the fate of Dr. Dee's Crystal, as to which I had made many inquiries a few months earlier. It had been sold under mysterious circumstances, to which the statement here made is, at least, a correct clue.]

[Lady Burton then asked a question of too personal a nature for publication, the answer to which she considered useful.]

The writing then proceeded. Lady Burton: "What about headaches? I don't have headaches."

"Head, not aches. Keep head clear."

Lady Burton asks whether he has any advice to give about her mode of life.

"Write in her room as to management of life."

"Will you tell us about [the domestic difficulty]? Go on with questions, can't do much more here."

We had no more questions, and were about to move, when the instrument went on. "Show seer picture?"

[Mr. D. asked if he might show me a certain picture of Sir Richard, referring to a portrait painted, when in the Bashi-Bazouks.]

The instrument, ignoring question, continues.

"Picture you don't like upstairs."

Lady Burton explains this, to refer to a picture by Leighton, and asks "Why?"

"Will teach her what she wants." [This may refer to the fact that, using its dark background as one would the reflecting surface of a crystal, I afterwards read a message, which appeared to be written upon it.]

"Shall she go now?"

"Yes, and wait till dark."

"Where shall we sit—tent or house?"

"Anywhere."

X. was very much tired after the fatigue of using the Ouija, but felt that there was more to be said, and wrote it automatically as at Mr. D.'s house.

"What a hurry you mortals are in about everything! You mortals have no sense of time. Give more time, more, more. I will tell you so much."

Then followed personal directions as to Lady Burton's mental and spiritual condition.

While X. was writing, she heard Lady Burton and Mr. D. speculating as to how long the brooch had been lost. Lady Burton said she would ask Z. Upon which, X. wrote: "She lost it on Sunday, in July, 1894."

[This has since proved to be the case.]

After dinner, I read the above aloud at 9.40 P.M., August 5th, in Lady Burton's study. It was signed as correct by her and Mr. D., as well as by myself.

FINAL QUESTIONS.

Lady Burton was very anxious to put the rest of her questions, and at once began: "Are you sure that I have only eight months to live?"

"It is in your own hand."

"How?"

"If you are wise and obedient, work will be finished."

"What doctor am I to go to?"

"Vavasour."

[Then followed many directions about domestic details, which I prefer not to quote, but upon which I comment later.]

Lady Burton: "Can you give me any rules for my life?"

"1. [Arrange domestic difficulty as already directed.]"

"2. Arrange work generally."

"3. Always have fire in bed-room and sitting-room."

[Lady Burton in commenting on this passage said it was highly characteristic, and that Sir Richard would sit in hot weather with doors and windows open and a fire.]

"What do you mean by the work?"

"Don't waste force on what others can do as well. Have capable literary secretary. Not mere type-writing clerk. Give notes and material and supervision, and secure rest for yourself. You have only got a certain time, don't spend it all at once. The work must take time. Save yourself so that it may go on even when you are ill."

"How am I to get such a secretary?"

"Go on here. In London. Fresh plan will develop itself."

Lady Burton: "Will you interfere with regard to [the book she objected to]?"

"Not now. Why bother?"

Mr. D. asks: "Is it your mind or soul that talks?"

"Question not logical. Cross division."

Mr. D. asks: "How do you live in the spirit world?"

"Live like yourself. When waiting time over. Work begins."

Lady Burton asks whether he is at rest.

He answered, "You are the one in prison."

Lady Burton asks: "Are you in the highest sphere now?"

"Conceptions all wrong. That conception all wrong. Heaven like earth. What we make it."

SOME CRYSTAL PICTURES.

At this point some tea was brought in. After which X. looked in the crystals, and Lady Burton took notes of

what she saw. The portrait of Sir Richard, by Leighton, was placed in front of her, and served as background for pictures alternately with the crystals. Lady Burton wrote description of pictures seen.

A large expanse of sand. To the right is a tent like the mausoleum. In the foreground a gigantic hand, rising out of the sand, points upward. On the distant horizon is the sea, with ships upon it. People are landing from the ships, and nearer, people are coming across the sand, all marching in one direction. All nationalities represented. All turn towards the tent. They go past it, following the directions of the hand. Now I see that the hand is connected with the very long arm which comes out of the tent. The body in the tent is Sir Richard's. Looking back towards the landing-place I see not only ships but canals and a railway train.

Lady Burton explained this allegorically. Its meaning of course can only be conjectured.

2nd picture: Lady Burton in her drawing-room in Baker Street. Long, narrow box in front of her. She is handing out papers to somebody sitting at right-hand corner of fire-place. Coins and medals lie in the box. The gas is lighted, but it is day-time and foggy. Lady Burton could not remember any definite incident corresponding with this.

3rd picture: Writing in crystal. The first statement was a description of a person with whom Lady Burton was associated, and to whom the "control" strongly objected, a person of whose existence Miss X. was not aware.

After this followed in writing in the picture, not in the crystal: "Do all you can for your own life, which means my work. Only narrow stupidity calls that selfish which is not for you, nor for me, but for mankind. . . ." [Here followed a special injunction.] "Remember it is not for you only. Don't separate or scatter your pictures. Take that relic off the mantelpiece. Dead leaves are not pretty, and do no one any good. Keep him alive in your thoughts if you like, but not in dead flowers; and besides, what have you to do with party politics?" [This last phrase perplexed Lady Burton considerably, till she remembered that on her mantelpiece, under a glass case, was a rose gathered on Lord Beaconsfield's grave. This had never been seen either by Mr. D. or Miss X.]

At this point, X. closed her eyes after the fatigue of gazing at these messages, and found that she could now *hear* the continuation.

"Have your crystals mounted on yellow. Yellow is the right colour for seeing me." [Lady Burton wrote to me later that the crystals and Sir Richard's magic mirror were left to me in her will, and that she was having them mounted in yellow.] "Put yellow into your room and around my picture. Not that it matters to me but it does to you."

[Explanation of phrase requested.]

"The question is not how far I can stretch, but how far you can reach, and if it helps you to stand on ever so small a foot-stool don't be above mounting it."

Lady Burton asks: "Shall you have advanced out of my reach before I get to you?"

"Didn't I say I had begun to work? You are my work here as I am yours in your life. Mind that key. When you are gone keep the door of the mausoleum open for thirteen months. You may have something to say, and the same friends will help you. In September and May they will come and listen to you."

"Have you any directions to give about the mausoleum?"

[Some directions were given, with which I understand Lady Burton at once complied.]

After this, in a few minutes, X. heard some supplementary sentences: "Remember I said you could only prolong your life by strict obedience."

[Then followed some very precise statements as to certain domestic arrangements. Lady Burton, I know, obeyed them in part, but I believe not entirely, as exact obedience might have caused trouble to others.]

SOME APPARENT FAILURES.

Shortly after this I left England for nearly three months, during which period Lady Burton sent me the notes to which I have already referred, as well as several letters bearing upon various of the questions at issue. She was greatly disappointed by the failure to recover the lost brooch. Inquiry elicited that it had, in fact, been lost on a Sunday in July, 1894, and in the neighbourhood of Marylebone High Street. As the loss had been advertised at the time, it seemed useless to advertise again after thirteen months' interval, and the owner of the bric-à-brac shop could only say that so many ornaments passed in and out of his hands during the year, that it was impossible for him to be sure whether or no any grocer's boy had ever brought him such an article. Moreover, she had consulted the physician, whom we have called Vavasour, with no satisfactory results. In our Mortlake sittings she had been told to go at once to Eastbourne and to remain there till the spring, but she had already two houses on her hands, and felt that such an arrangement would be an unnecessary expense. So things in general did not seem promising.

THE FAILURES EXPLAINED.

Later, however, she wrote to me again, saying that she had suffered so very severely from a sense of giddiness and brain confusion, that she had been to see a specialist. [It will be remembered that the expression in the writing was that she would suffer from "head—not head-aches."] The specialist had said she had been injured by over-use of strong tonics, that the Thames Valley was killing her, and, in short, she was to go at once to Eastbourne. From Eastbourne she wrote, saying, that she was already better, and quite by accident had come under the care of a doctor of the name I have called "Vavasour." She had taken a house, and decided to remain at Eastbourne for the winter.

I returned to town at the end of October, and Lady Burton expressed a hope that I would try to obtain answers to two or three further questions. Accordingly, I accepted the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. D. early in November, but I found that there were other guests, and considered the occasion unsuitable. For a few minutes, however, one evening, Mr. D. and my friend, Mr. G. (already referred to as associated in my mind with Sir Richard Burton) alone being present, we had a brief opportunity for questioning. Of the four questions so asked by request of Lady Burton, two only need be quoted here. One was as to her domestic arrangements in connection with the advice already given to her, and which had included the dismissal of a servant, to which Lady Burton had promised immediate obedience.

The reply was to the effect that other things were right, but that the servant had not gone. Mr. D. expressed surprise, and said, "Are you sure she is not gone?" To which the answer was, "Goes this week."

Lady Burton wrote later to say that this was perfectly true, that she had kept the maid three months

longer than she had intended, for special reasons of convenience, but that she had left that very week.

The other definite question was as to the hope of recovering the brooch. She was told that it would be recovered on inserting one advertisement in the *Morning Post*.

Lady Burton inserted the advertisement, and within twenty-four hours the brooch was returned to her by a manufacturing country jeweller, who had bought the stones and the setting separately, to be remade into more fashionable shape.

MISS X.'S ATTITUDE AS TO FURTHER INFORMATION DESIRED.

In later letters Lady Burton expressed the frequent hope that we might meet again for further sittings. I should have been sorry to cause her any disappointment, but as a matter of fact I did not desire them. Personally I definitely dislike and disapprove of any attempt to induce phenomena, and the very word Séance is associated in my mind mainly with fraud, vulgarity, and irreverence. Spontaneous phenomena I gladly welcome, other and even more important reasons apart, because I think them of infinitely greater scientific value than those induced. Expectant attention will account for so great a part that one feels suspicious of the whole of the results attained in experimental sittings, however self-observant, self-critical, and conscientious one may be.

In the present case, too, Lady Burton had latterly so freely confided in me, not only as to affairs of daily life, but as to her mental and spiritual attitude, that I should have distrusted, as mere thought-transference or even my own mentation, any communication, unless its purport was utterly unknown to her, as well as to me.

WHAT THE FUTURE MAY BRING.

However, the occasion never presented itself. It had been suggested that I should visit her at Eastbourne early in March, but my own engagements made that impossible. I had a long bright letter from her late in February, written in her own hand, and not, as sometimes happened, dictated to a typewriter. We never met again.

Whether I may be the recipient of the further communications, the probability of which were alleged, I know not. What an attitude of patient receptivity, an obedience to her expressed desires, and a wish to serve any right purpose may effect, I shall contribute, but nothing more.

WAS IT SIR RICHARD?

And—if my personal opinion may be of interest to anybody in this connection—I desire to say definitely, that I am by no means convinced that I have had any communication, direct or indirect, with the spirit of Sir Richard Burton, although in addressing questions of which the replies were unknown to me, it was convenient to assume the existence of some outside entity. The communications received were to me of the most extreme interest, especially in relation to some of the points less obviously striking, but though I hold that the spiritual hypothesis is perfectly thinkable, it is not to my own mind proved. I would point out that though the information received was in many instances—I believe in regard to at least twenty-five statements—unknown to me, it was not, with one exception, unknown to other living minds. It may be, in face of the difficulty of tracing the connection of such minds with my

own, a considerable stretching of the hypothesis of thought-transference, and of sub-conscious activity to suppose this, but until we have more definite proof of spirit communication than we possess at present, I hold that we are bound to consider the question as still open.

OTHER HYPOTHESES.

A few years ago we should not have had even such hypotheses as these to present as alternatives. In these days of inquiry, and the collection of evidence, and of revelation of facts in the physical world, one may daily expect that yet other explanations may be evolved, and that this twilight groping of ours may lead to the morning of a more perfect day.

I should like to say, in passing, that I do not think it necessary to dwell upon any part of the communication, but that which we knew to be in some degree true. In the absence of proof to the contrary, I am content to dismiss such assertions as of the existence of the unknown Harriet, or of the grocer's boy, to a source which I have already referred to, that in which dreams are made—and other waste products of our mental activity.

WHAT ABOUT THE PROPHECY OF DEATH?

The one fact to which I have referred as an exception to those already existing in some incarnate mind, is that of the date of Lady Burton's death. The coincidence was almost exact, but as she had been for some years in a critical state of health, this may be dismissed as the less improbable. I may mention, however, that her own expression on hearing the date insisted upon for the second time was: "I shall have to work faster than I thought. The doctors gave me two years." She was in no sense distressed or alarmed, but rather surprised—one might even say, a little hurt!

I think, therefore, that this suggestion did not come from her own mind, but that it may, nevertheless, have had an influence upon it. The thought of this possible influence struck me at the time we first discussed the question of sending a statement of the case to her, and indeed Mr. D. very thoughtfully, and I think properly, obliterated the phrase. By a curious accident the memorandum nevertheless came into her hands, and we were relieved to find that it caused her no distress. I should not like to think that a life so charming to others, so well employed by herself as was Lady Burton's, had been prematurely ended by Suggestion, but I regret to say I think the idea conceivable, and though not actually probable, at least one to be reckoned with.

THEN WHENCE DID THE INFORMATION COME?

To apply to my story the theories with which this article began, I think it may be worth while to analyse its consistent parts. It will be seen that so far as the automatism was concerned it is extremely varied, that the phenomena were motor, audible, and visual. Two kinds of writing were employed, that by the Ouija, in which I had the assistance of Mr. D., and that by the ordinary use of pencil and paper. The use of an instrument where ordinary writing would suffice, was with the idea of benefiting, as far as possible, from such help as my friend could afford. I am inclined to think, moreover, that material was borrowed from his mind, even when his hand was not actually upon the instrument.

The phenomenon of producing "looking-glass writ-

ing" is not very uncommon in this connection, and has perhaps occasioned the idea held by some, that the apparently irresponsible statements often produced are the work of the less-used hemisphere of the brain. Some left-handed children spell words backwards, such as tac for cat and the like, and I have known several to whom it is a real effort, even at first learning to write, not to turn the letters round in such fashion as to be read most easily in the looking-glass.

VARIETIES OF AUTOMATISM.

It will be remembered, too, that when tried by the long and tedious strain of using the ouija at Mortlake, I was prompted to write in the ordinary manner, and when, later, weary of this, to see writing in the reflecting surface of a dark picture, and after that to hear the conclusion of the message as though a voice were speaking.

I anticipate a possible question, and say that this was not any voice in particular, any more than when we are "haunted by a tune" it is necessarily played by any instrument in particular.

THE SOUL OF THE INCIDENT.

The content of the story, and of most automatic productions, though conceivably spiritualistic in origin, was, as I have said, not unlikely to be in some degree due to one of the three remaining sources which I have indicated.

For example, though, when we sat down to the Ouija Board in the first instance, our immediate interest was Maud Clare, it was known to me that my host was the author of a valuable work, lately published, upon African Exploration. The fact was in the mind, though not consciously, of all three persons present, and the names of Speke, Baker, Stanley, Burton were all produced, as was likely enough.

We did not know the story of the brooch, nor of the details of Lady Burton's domestic arrangements, but I had been in her house, and may have subconsciously, or clairvoyantly, obtained information of her distress at its loss, and insight into the character and habits of her servants, though I am not aware of having remarked them.

I had never, consciously, heard of Lady Burton's acquaintance with "Vavasour," which, I believe, was of the slightest, but it is conceivable that I may have done so, and acted upon the hint of a forgotten memory.

That some two or three details were of "the stuff that dreams are made of" is almost certain, unless Harriet and the grocer's boy should prove to have a real existence.

THE PLACE OF AUTOMATIC WRITING.

In this connection I would again repeat that of all forms of automatism, automatic-writing appears to me, personally, the least valuable. For others it may have a value greater than for me, but I myself find that I inevitably hinder production by my anxiety to avoid expectation and unconscious guidance. The working of the Ouija, and of all mechanical contrivances, is so slow that one cannot avoid speculation as to the words produced, and consequent unintentional direction, perhaps (if one is conscientious) rather contrary to the sense apparent.

In writing, so long as one can *see* the words, one is of course fully aware of what is coming, and even if one

refrains from influencing them it is difficult to feel certain of having done so. So that in any case the process is unsatisfactory.

OTHER OPINIONS.

Mr. S:ead has already given us his experiences in the automatic receipt of messages, both from the dead and the living, so that I need not refer to his theories and conclusions. I think, however, that my readers may be glad to know something of the genesis of this faculty in the case of the author of *Henry Bedruthan*, a story which has already appeared in these pages.

"Ambrose Zail Martyn" has kindly made the following notes, in reply to my request for an opinion. It may be interesting to note that my friend has been for many years a member of the Society for Psychical Research, and is the author of many very popular novels.

THE AUTHOR OF "HENRY BEDRUTHAN."

"My first experiment with automatic writing in 1885 or 1886, was entirely due to the pathetic demand for experiments of Mr. Myers at the Society for Psychical Research. I had a great prejudice at that time against anything savouring of Spiritualism, and I was rather worried to find that, notwithstanding this, my pencil *would* write remarks about spirits. In order to avoid this, I then suggested that it should give me remarks from living authors, whose style might be recognised. It obligingly complied, and the first it gave was Alfred Tennyson, who wrote, as might be expected, in verse, but not quite up to his usual form. The poem was a variant on 'Mary had a little lamb,' in which Mary apparently found that 'everywhere the spirits went Mary was sure to go.' I have lost this document, but that was its style. Then I had John Ruskin, who wrote in prose. This, I think, I can give from memory; it went thus:—

"John Ruskin. Rose of a day! all our life is so 'permeated?' by the past that we cannot now be roses of a day. Be good and gentle, and your past shall answer to your present, and so shall your yearning heart be satisfied."

"This seems to me very characteristic, not so much of Ruskin, though the rhythm is rather like him at a great distance, as of the topsyturviness of the automatic mind. The notion of the promise that 'your past shall answer to your present' is rather delightful. 'Your present shall answer to your past,' whether desirable or not, would be intelligible.

"Then there was a more ambitious attempt under the name of Mr. Myers, in the metre of St. Paul. This was all about spirits. Sometimes my pencil wrote the adventures of some imaginary French ancestors in fluent, but not very good, French. I found it very tiring, and before long I gave it up from ill health [of which, however, these experiments were not the cause].

"After a long interval, I took to it again, in the winter and spring of 1892-3. It began by being very fragmentary, and, if anything interesting seemed ever likely to come, an automatic personality called Jones intruded and signed his name. When Jones arrived, I dropped my pencil; he was too annoying, and always turned everything into nonsense. Gradually it became more connected and very interesting, and the ideas expressed are given in the article in BORDERLAND called 'The Thoughts of Henry Bedruthan.' They were too much mixed up with my own affairs to be given verbatim. When I was doing these, I took up my pencil at regular

times, after breakfast and after afternoon tea, and, if I obeyed the injunction which always came in the words from the pencil, 'Rest now,' I did not feel fatigue.

"One rather curious thing occurred during this writing, which strikes me more because any questions about what people are doing, &c., outside my normal knowledge, seem always to be answered only by clever guesses, with no relation to fact. I was perplexed about a person called Z., and should have been very glad of any information leading me to deal with him; but when I tried to get at information about Z., the pencil would go off and tell me about the moral condition of Y., respecting whom I was comparatively uninterested. In April, I think, I was told that I could do a great deal of good to Y., but that Y. was only half-hearted and not sufficiently in earnest. I am afraid, when Y.'s name appeared, I was extremely bored. However, in the following late autumn, circumstances transpired with regard to Y., which showed me that he had wanted my help all along, but had not been able to express his need. I was able to give him the help he wanted, and set him in the right road.

"I always know what the pencil is writing, and generally can tell a word or two in advance, but not always. Sometimes, if a word comes into my mind—a synonymous word—but not the one I thought of—is written down. Sometimes a salient word, giving the key of the sentence, comes quite unconsciously from my pencil. When the ideas had any value in them, they almost always began with 'A. B. C.' (the name of a deceased friend), ask about the future life or 'the former life of animals,' &c., and then went on with statements. Latterly, A. B. C. has ceased to begin the writings, but I have not been able to do them regularly, having been taken up with literary work. I find I cannot do both at the same time.

"AMBROSE ZAIL MARTYN."

"SPIRIT INSPIRED."

I am glad my correspondent has referred to the imitative class of automatic production. I have seen a Sixth Act of *Hamlet*, a continuation of the *Iliad* (in the English and metre of Pope, as near as the author could get), several extra poems of Tennyson, isolated statements and opinions by Newton, Locke, and Boyle, some prayers of the Reformers (personality not specified), an essay or two by Addison, various extra chapters of the Gospels and Epistles, some platitudes by Longfellow, and even an appendix to Thomas à Rempis. The internal evidence was not convincing. On these occasions Dr. Johnson says "Sir," but he can't spell, the Essayists write in Elizabethan English, or what is intended as such, and the poets forget their own theories of rhyme. Sense one does not look for. One may not expect too much from sources so august. Perhaps in this connection I may be allowed to refer my readers to my article on Shepherd the "Mystic Musician," in BORDERLAND, July, 1894.

PSYCHICAL OR PSYCHOLOGICAL?

In discussing what I have called the body and soul of automatism, it would be well to point out that they do not necessarily go together. One may get pictures in a crystal, automatic-writing, raps in a table, possibly even what are known as physical phenomena, entirely apart from any psychical connection. Often a message from one's subconsciousness—whether it got there by thought-transference, or subconscious activity, or spirit, or what not—may come to the surface, and indeed is very likely

to come to the surface, by means of crystal-gazing or automatic writing; but the fact that one can see pictures in a crystal, or write automatically, does not prove in itself anything, except the possession of a not quite common psychological, not psychical, faculty. One of the most absolutely commonplace and uninteresting women of my acquaintance has quite a gift for reviving remembered scenes in a crystal, and when poor Tradles in "David Copperfield" drew skeletons, which he did whenever a pen or pencil chanced to be at hand, nobody connected the gift with any deceased person, either scientific or artistic.

Yet, had he existed in America a few years ago, or within reach of certain persons now, he might have figured before the public as moved by the spirit of some distinguished surgeon yearning to give demonstrations, or as an Old Master reminiscent of former studies in anatomy—if the Old Masters did trouble themselves about anatomy?

HOW THESE THINGS HAPPEN.

It has been well said by Mr. Myers, I cannot at this moment find the exact passage, that genius, often thought of as "a faculty for taking pains," might be defined in the light of modern conceptions of such matters, as the faculty of externalising the products of one's higher self. Many of the greatest thinkers and artists the world has seen have testified to their sense of irresponsibility for much of their work, and that often their highest and best.

Many among us, even in a humble ordinary way, can testify that in writing, or speaking, or making music, we never feel to have done well unless we have, so to speak, sat down with folded arms, and watched what "the other one" was going to do. Even without allying ourselves, or desiring to ally ourselves, with that, as a rule, very twaddling person the "inspirational speaker," we feel that when we have really spoken from heartfelt conviction something that has spoken to the conviction of some other heart, it has always been when, regardless of prepared utterance, we have been far more conscious of the listening than of the speaking relation.

AUTOMATIC WRITING AND OTHER AUTOMATISMS.

It may, perhaps, be asked why, of all automatisms, that of automatic writing should be the most widely and most easily practised. So-called "inspirational," or, as I would prefer to say rather than beg the question, "automatic" drawings, paintings, and musical compositions are not very uncommon, many of them very pretty and suggestive, but automatic writing, either in its simple or more complicated mechanical form, is the most general of all.

I think the answer not far to seek. Apart from the fact that the artistic capacity is rare, in comparison with the universal power of producing words, the mere habit of scribbling automatically is very general. It is one of the few compensations for the tedium of attending committees that one can go round the table afterwards and construct theories of sub-personalities by looking at the varieties of nonsense the members of the committee have scribbled on the papers before them. All, of course, do not reveal themselves thus. The capacity of being foolish is for the most part as varied in its manifestations as the capacity for being clever, and sometimes quite as interesting to observe. Not that I would allege for a moment that the scribbling habit is not a symptom of genius of the highest order. [

always write "occasion" and draw pentacles myself.] It commonly varies in complexity according to the degree of conscious nervous tension in the subject, and the phlegmatic, as a rule, are those who most easily learn "not to fidget."

UNPLEASANT MESSAGES.

So much more might be said on the subject of Automatism, that I am hopeless of even hinting at it now, and perhaps, instead of opening up new ground, had better reserve what more I have to say for a future occasion.

The recollection of certain piles of letters, which have at different times reached me through the BORDERLAND office, prompts me, in conclusion, to say a few words upon the question of lying, and otherwise objectionable communications, which some correspondents tell me they constantly receive through Planchette or Ouija.

Of course, the obvious common-sense thing to say is, "put Planchette or Ouija into the fire." The world can spare any communications you seem likely to receive.

As to where such things come from?—I do not see that it is necessary—though I do not deny that it is conceivable—to suppose them to be messages from evil spirits.

I cannot speak from experience, for never in any connection, nor by any method, have I ever received a message which was unpleasant, or suggestive of unpleasantness; this, however, enables me to say with certainty that such things are not a *necessary* part of the phenomena, even on the evil spirit hypothesis, for I have no reason to suppose that I am likely to be especially favoured.

I think such things may come out of the mind-waste, the dream-producing part of one's mind, just as any other foolish and useless stuff may come, *if permitted*. The rule of laying down pencil or crystal when this stage is reached, should surely not be difficult to observe.

One ought also to remember that the sub-conscious memory often plays an active part in suggesting these visions and messages. Many people, in the ineffective effort to banish from the memory, only succeed in storing what is disagreeable, and a foul jest or song, or odious language, accidentally heard in the street, may be reproduced in automatism, much as it is at times in delirium. This suggests the necessity of a more perfect system of educating the memory. But that is another story.

I cannot conclude without saying, as often before, that I think we do wrong when we fail to acknowledge our responsibility for the subconscious, as well as for the conscious, workings of our mind; in their externalisation, which should not be for idleness, nor curiosity, nor amusement, nor selfish profit, and in their creation which, in that it is the result of character, is a factor in our spiritual evolution and development. For, as we said of the body of these things, so, too, may we say of the soul, the cumulation of act is habit; and of habit, character; and of character, destiny.

X.

LADY BURTON'S PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES.

It may be well to recall some of the more remarkable facts in Lady Burton's psychical life. Miss X. writes, as will be seen throughout, as a psychical researcher somewhat more in the vein of Mr. Podmore than is natural to her. Nothing is more characteristic of the parties con-

cerned than the impatient scorn with which "the source of the message" referred to "that Sidgwick-ridden seer." Dick Burton was indeed not exactly the man to appreciate the delicate subtleties by which Miss X. has succeeded in convincing herself, that even now his continued existence is not proven. It would be interesting to have his comment upon the foregoing paper on Automatism.

Lady Burton was not a "Sidgwick-ridden seer." She knew that her husband lived after he quitted his body, with the same absolute assurance of certainty that she knew he existed when she married him. The following is the passage with which she concludes her book about her husband:—

"Do not be so hard and prosaic as to suppose that our dead cannot, in rare instances, come back, and tell us how it is with them.

He lives and moves, he is not dead,
He does not alter nor grow strange,
His love is still around me shed,
Untouched by time, or chance, or change;
And when he walks beside me, then
As shadows seem all living men.

MARY MACLEOD.

"He said always, 'I am gone—pay, pack, and follow.'

"Reader! I have paid, I have packed, I have suffered. I am waiting to join his caravan. I am waiting for a welcome sound, 'THE TINKLING OF HIS CAMEL BELL.'

The dedication of the book was not less characteristic—

TO MY HEAVENLY MASTER,
WHO IS WAITING FOR ME ON HEAVEN'S FRONTIERS.

Whilst waiting to rejoin you, I leave as a message to the world we inhabited, the record of the Life into which both our lives were fused. Would that I could write as well as I can love, and do you that justice, that honour which you deserve! I will do my best, and then I will leave it to more brilliant pens, whose wielders will feel less and write better. Meet me soon—I await the signal!

What was there more natural than that he who was waiting for her on heaven's frontier should give her timely warning of the moment of meeting?

But a truce to controversy. Here are a few of her psychical experiences, which I extracted from her biography of her husband in the Character Sketch I published in the *Review of Reviews*, August, 1893—

"Isabel Arundell, who afterwards became Lady Isabel Burton, from her childhood up was a subject of strange experiences, which enabled her to understand better than most women the marvellously complex personality of her husband. Her life, like his, was saturated through and through with what it is the fashion nowadays to describe as the psychical element.

LAID OUT FOR DEAD.

"When a mere child she almost crossed the Borderland, and sojourned for a time on the other side:—

This is what happened to me. In my younger days I had malignant typhus. I appeared to die. I was attended by two very clever doctors, who were with me at my supposed death, which they certified, and I was laid out. My mother's grief was so violent that my father judged it expedient to send for her confessor to give her some consolation. He happened to be the famous large-minded clever Jesuit and theologian, old Father Randal Lythegoe. He consoled my mother for some time, then he knelt down and prayed for me, and then he got up, and put on his stole. "What are you going to do, Father?" said my mother. "I am going to give her Extreme Unction,"

BORDERLAND.

he said. "But you can't; she has been dead several hours." "I don't care about that," he said; "I am going to risk it." He did so, and about two hours after he was gone I opened my eyes, and gradually came to.—Vol. ii., page 414.

"Of what happened during her unconsciousness as of death, she has no recollection, but all her life long she, like her husband, dwelt on the Borderland.

HER MARRIAGE FORETOLD.

"When she was quite a young girl her marriage was predicted by a gipsy of the name of Hagar Burton, who wrote out in Romany the following notable forecast of her destiny:—

You will cross the sea, and be in the same town with your destiny, and know it not. Every obstacle will rise up against you, and such a combination of circumstances, that it will require all your courage and energy and intelligence to meet them. Your life will be like one always swimming against big waves, but God will always be with you, so you will always win. You will fix your eye on your polar star, and you will go for that without looking either right or left. *You will bear the name of our tribe, and be right proud of it. You will be as we are, but far greater than we.* Your life is all wandering, change, and adventure. One soul in two bodies, in life or death; never long apart. Show this to the man you take for your husband.

HAGAR BURTON.

"Every word of this prophecy, and indeed these two volumes, are little more than the unfolding of the fulfilment of the gipsy's vision.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

"She was staying with her mother at Boulogne when she met her destiny. This is how she tells the story:—

One day, when we were on the ramparts, the vision of my awakening brain came towards us. He was five feet eleven inches in height, very broad, thin and muscular. I have since heard a clever friend say "that he had the brow of God, the jaw of a devil."

He looked at me as though he read me through and through in a moment, and started a little. I was completely magnetized, and when we had got a little distance away I turned to my sister, and whispered to her, "That man will marry me." The next day he was there again, and he followed us and chalked up, "May I speak to you?" leaving the chalk on the wall; so I took up the chalk and wrote back, "No; mother will be angry," and mother found it—and was angry: and after that we were stricter prisoners than ever. However, "destiny is stronger than custom."—Vol. i., pp. 166, 167.

"Shortly after they met at a ball; he waltzed with her once, and then departed for six years. Then he came back, proposed, and was at once accepted.

SIR RICHARD'S DOUBLE.

"No sooner did they get engaged than the old passion for travel came upon him, and he departed without even bidding her good-bye, save *en astral*, of which she gives the following curious account:—

We had been engaged for some months. One day in October, we had passed several hours together, and he appointed to come next day at four o'clock in the afternoon. I went to bed quite happy, but I could not sleep at all. At 2 A.M. the door opened, and he came into my room. A current of warm air came towards my bed. He said, "Good-bye, my poor child. My time is up and I have gone, but do not grieve. I shall be back in less than three years, and I am your destiny. Good-bye."

"She never saw him again for three years.

MESMERISM IN MARRIED LIFE.

"After they were married they had many adventures. Soon after his return they chose their burial place in

Mortlake Cemetery. After a tour in Ireland Burton was appointed to Brazil, and there she accompanied him, going through endless adventures. On the whole, she managed to get along extremely well. When she was in Brazil, she mentions the fact that her husband used to mesmerise her, and one result of this mesmerising process was that she never could keep any secrets from him. This is her account of it:—

He used to mesmerise me freely, but he never allowed anyone else, nor did I, to mesmerise me. Once mesmerised he had only to say "Talk," and I used to tell everything I knew, only I used to implore of him to forbid me to tell him other people's secrets, and as a matter of honour he did, but all my own used to come out freely; only he never took a mean advantage of what he learnt in that way, and he used laughingly to tell everybody "It is the only way to get a woman to tell you the truth." I have often told him things that I would much rather keep to myself.—Vol. i. p. 45.

"When Burton was ignominiously dismissed at the age of fifty without a month's notice, wages, or character, Lady Burton was in the Lebanon. She received a hastily-written letter of three lines to the following effect:—

Do not be frightened; I am recalled; pay, pack, and follow at convenience.

A GUARDIAN ANGEL?

"That night she could not rest, and when she heard some one call her three successive times, she jumped up in the middle of a dark night, saddled her horse, and though everybody said she was mad, and wanted to put her to bed, she rode a journey of nine hours across country by the compass, over boulders and black swamps, making for the diligence half-way hence. The diligence was just about to start when she arrived, hot, torn, and covered with dust. By this means she was able to reach Beyrouth twenty-four hours before the steamer sailed. She was conscious in the whole of this wild ride of the presence of an impelling force called out from herself.

I was thirty miles away from my husband, at the top of a mountain in the Anti-Lebanon, five thousand feet above sea-level, and quite out of reach of news or communication, save the three lines I received by a mounted messenger; and my difficulty was to descend the mountain in the dark, cross the country at dawn, to the probable spot where I could catch the diligence on the road. The power that moved me was therefore so much the stronger, and, as I am a Catholic, I attribute its force to my angel guardian, who is to me an *actual presence*, to whom I constantly refer during the day, and who directs everything I ask him to. When I sit with other spiritualists, they say they can see him. I can't; I only feel the power. However, I am quite sure of one thing, that nothing happens by luck or chance: but that we are moved by our good and bad angels, and that those who are in the habit of meditating or reflecting a good deal, arrive at a proficiency in knowing and understanding their calls.

"The story of the communications between Lady Burton and Sir Richard after she laid his remains to rest at Mortlake may some day be given to the world. They may of course be explained away into moonshine, but to Lady Burton they were as real as the letters she used to receive from her husband during his frequent sojourns abroad. The messages which Miss X. received were characteristic enough, and singularly devoid of the flapdoodle elements so unpleasantly prominent in many post-mortem communications. Of those who fail to recognise the evidential value of those communications, all that need be said is that which was spoken of old time by Him who said, 'Neither will they believe though one rose from the dead.'

V.—ON THE THEORY OF THE DOUBLE.

A SUGGESTION BY ALFRED R. WALLACE.

THE phenomenon of the Double, which is one of the most fascinating in the whole range of occult study, is naturally regarded with incredulity not merely by materialists but also by many thorough-going spiritualists.

I have had too many instances of the phenomenon brought under my own notice for me to doubt its reality, but it is well to exhaust every conceivable hypothesis before resorting to one that is so absolutely staggering as the reduplication of the material body. Last issue I reported what is probably the best attested case of a *Doppelganger* on record, pointing out that it could not possibly be accounted for by any of the usual explanations. To this Dr. Alfred R. Wallace replies that there is another explanation which, although not usual, may nevertheless be the true key to the mystery. His suggestion that Mrs. A. may have been instantaneously levitated across London *in propria persona* as was Mrs. Guppy. But here is the article, as Dr. Wallace contributed it to *Light*:

In BORDERLAND for January Mr. Stead gives an account, with full details and proofs, of the appearance of the double of Mrs. A. at a church in a suburb of London, seven or eight miles distant from her own house, where she was at the time ill in bed. She was seen at the church by Mr. Stead himself and by several of his family, who knew her perfectly, as well as by the clergyman, the deacons, and other persons. She remained there from about 7.5 to 8.30 P.M., was offered a hymn-book, which she held as given to her, but did not otherwise use; and when leaving, a few minutes before the congregation, pushed open the swing door and was not seen again. At her own house she was very ill with spasms in the afternoon. The doctor came to see her between five and six, and ordered her to go to bed; her servants and a relation saw her in bed asleep between six and seven, and again saw her asleep about nine, when she awoke, and finished writing a letter in bed to Mr. Stead, telling him of her illness. The whole testimony is, as Mr. Stead says, absolutely conclusive that she could not possibly, in any normal way, have gone from her own house to this distant part of London, and returned to her house and bed at the times when she was seen there. Hence he concludes that this is, perhaps, the most perfectly attested case of a "double" on record.

Now, if we take these facts as perfectly established, it is interesting to ask what they really prove, and by what theory they may best be explained. Mr. Stead gives no theory, except what is implied by the use of the term "double," and by his preliminary statement that it is a problem relating to the "personality," and that "there is no chasm to be bridged in its case between the living and the dead." He apparently believes, therefore, as do most "Psychical Researchers," that the double is really some portion of the "personality" of the individual whose image appears, and is in some unknown way produced by that individual alone.

Now the misfortune of holding so fast by this theory, and treating "doubles" as quite distinct from, and much more easily investigated phenomena than "ghosts," is that the many distinct ways in which the phenomena *may* have been produced are entirely overlooked, or not thought worthy of careful consideration. In this case of Mrs. A., for example, the appearance may conceivably, and in strict analogy with known facts, have been produced in four distinct ways, which may be thus briefly stated:—

(1) A true "double," or ghost, of Mrs. A. produced by the agency of her own spirit.

(2) An apparent "double," or life-like image of her, produced by spirits, as in materialisations.

(3) A real person, who is a medium, transfigured and impressed to act as the double of Mrs. A.

(4) Mrs. A., herself *in trance*, conveyed by her guides to and from the church where she appeared, and impressed to act as she did act.

I myself have not yet met with any sufficient evidence to

prove that the first theory is the true one in this or any other case. The second seems to me to be the most frequent and most probable explanation of "doubles." The third is a possible method, as there are numerous cases of mediums being so "transfigured" as to resemble other persons. The fourth may not be very common, but seems to me to accord best with the phenomena that actually occurred in the case of Mrs. A. My reasons for this belief are as follows:—

(1) It is a most suggestive fact that during the whole period she was in the church—7.5 to 8.30 P.M.—she was seen by no one in her own house, but was believed by all to be asleep in bed from about 6.30 to 9.0. This offered ample time for her trance to be deepened, for dressing herself unconsciously, for her conveyance almost instantaneously (as Mrs. Guppy, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Henderson were conveyed) across a considerable part of London, to and from the church.

(2) She behaved in the church as if in a trance. She did not see or recognise Mr. Stead, although he looked straight at her as she walked out. She sat still during all the service, taking a hymn-book when offered her, but making no use of it, and not noticing the collection-box when held before her.

(3) She entered the church late, and left it before any of the congregation. This would imply that time was limited, it being necessary that her going and returning should be unnoticed. Such a deep trance as was needed for this journey may have been actually remedial, and have enabled her, when she awoke at nine o'clock, to finish her letter to Mr. Stead, and thus lead to the remarkable body of proof he was able to collect.

(4) She had been seized, on the previous Sunday, with "an almost uncontrollable desire" to attend the service in that particular church. She was, however, very ill, and Mr. Stead made her promise not to attempt to go until quite strong. Such an intense desire to go to a particular church by a lady, who, we are told, is very sceptical, was evidently not normal, and may have been induced in her for the purpose of preparing for, and calling attention to, the remarkable test phenomenon that was to be produced on the following Sunday.

These four considerations seem to me to point to the explanation that it was Mrs. A. *herself* who appeared at Mr. Stead's church on Sunday evening, October 13th, of last year. If it is objected, as it probably will be by Mr. Stead and the Psychical Researchers, that this explanation is absurdly improbable and incapable of proof, I reply, that it is not antecedently more improbable than any of the other explanations, and that it is in harmony with well-attested facts. The case of the conveyance of Mrs. Guppy from her own house at Holloway to a room in the centre of London where a séance was being held is, I venture to say, quite as well attested as is the appearance of Mrs. A. at church when she could not have been there by normal means. For the information of Mr. Stead and of the younger Spiritualists, I will briefly recapitulate the facts. Mrs. Guppy and her lady companion were together making up the week's



DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.
(From a Photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.)

accounts, Mrs. Guppy standing before the fire with a pen and paper, putting down items of expenditure which her companion was giving her. Suddenly there was silence, and the lady, looking up, found Mrs. Guppy gone. She was surprised, and after some little time went to look for her, but she was not in the house. About an hour later she was brought home by two friends in a cab. They stated that, holding a séance in a dark room, with the doors locked, they heard a slight noise, and, on lighting up, Mrs. Guppy was found standing on the middle of the table, in her slippers, bareheaded, with a pen in one hand and notebook or paper in the other, *the ink of the last entry being still wet*. The door was locked. Mrs. Guppy was somewhat dazed and frightened. She stated that while engaged as above described she suddenly, without any sense of motion, found herself in darkness and heard strange voices. I knew several of the parties concerned in this strange operation, and had their statements direct. The whole details were at once published in the *Spiritualist* newspaper, and the correspondence of the time at both ends was such that only a few minutes could have elapsed between Mrs. Guppy's disappearance from Holloway and reappearance in the locked séance-room. Now, as Mr. Stead says with regard to Mrs. A.'s double, the only alternative to a real supernormal phenomenon in this case is that there was an elaborate conspiracy of some dozen people, almost all honest, and even enthusiastic inquirers into Spiritualism, to deceive their fellow workers and the public. The evidence for a supernormal transference was here about as complete as it possibly could be; and in the case of Mr. Henderson it was, if I remember, equally complete. Yet such astounding phenomena were then so new that few, even among Spiritualists, believed in them. But many things have happened since that period (I have no reference at hand to the year), and now I presume all advanced Spiritualists who had read the records accept the phenomenon as a genuine one. At all events, my contention is, that the evidence for it is fully as complete as for the appearance of Mrs. A.'s material, force-exerting supposed double; and, this being so, it affords the best and least-difficult means of explaining that appearance. Everything points to its having been real a person in a trance, impelled to act by some outside power, and conveyed to and from the church by some abnormal agency.

NOTE ON THE FOREGOING, BY W. T. STEAD.

We all receive anything Dr. Wallace writes on the subject to which he has given such attention with profound respect, and I am exceedingly glad to have from his pen so interesting a contribution to the discussion of a very obscure subject. I may as well admit at once that Dr. Wallace may be right in his hypothesis. I would gladly accept his explanation if only because it would reconcile the phenomenon with the statement of a psychic authority whom I have seldom found to err, that the figure seen at the church was not Mrs. A.'s Double, but that it was herself.

Mrs. A. herself, of course, has no knowledge whatever of what took place. But another psychic authority, who professes to know what took place on the occasion, says that she was never nearer death than when she appeared at the church. What is necessary to establish Dr. Wallace's hypothesis would be the evidence of someone who, between 7.5 and 8.25, entered the room and saw her bed empty. As no one appears to have entered the room in the intervening eighty minutes, the evidence is not obtainable. There is nothing in the evidence, therefore, to conflict with the theory that this was a case of levitation, like Mrs. Guppy's, rather than an apparition of the Double.

This explanation would not, of course, account for the phenomenon of the Double of Mrs. A. seen clairvoyantly by Mr. A., and photographed by him while the

original was standing, and again when she was sitting in his studio, but it is not inconsistent with the phenomenon of the photograph obtained of her Double when she was in her rooms at Bayswater.

ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DOUBLE.

As this occurred since the publication of last BORDERLAND, I append the narrative here in order to make the story complete. Shortly after the publication of the last number of BORDERLAND, Mr. Z. called upon me and asked if Mrs. A. would consent to make an experiment, merely to satisfy him. He proposed that on the following Monday morning, January 27th, between 10 and 11, she should lock herself up in her own room, and concentrate her thought upon his studio in —— Road — which is distant about a mile or more as the crow flies from her house. He would be alone, and would be ready to photograph her Double if it appeared. He was particular to ask that Mrs. A. should dress herself in the same lace dress in which he had photographed her in the portrait, the negative of which the Double had demanded, as told in our last issue. Mrs. A. readily consented. She caused herself to be locked in her room, in Bayswater, from 10 to 11. She dressed herself, not as requested, but in a loose morning gown, and went in thought to the studio. Next morning I received a report from both Mrs. A. and Mr. Z. as to what had happened. Mrs. A. had imagined all the stages of the journey to the studio, but she did not think she had been photographed. Mr. Z. was quite sure he had felt her presence, but it was not sufficiently visible for him to try to photograph it. Would she try again? Mrs. A. consented to try the following morning at the same hour. This time she was unwell, and was in bed all the morning.

She had no distinct remembrance of anything. But Mr. Z. reported success with great glee, not unmixed with some alarm. He said that on the morning in question he had been in his studio between 10 and 11, when Mrs. A., or the Other One, entered. He always calls the Double the Other One. He proposed to photograph her. She consented, and after she was photographed he was to have cut off a lock of her hair in proof of the objective reality of her presence. The plate was exposed in due course, and Mr. Z. retired to the dark room to develop it, leaving Mrs. A., or the Other One, sitting where she had been posed. He had not been a minute in the dark room before he heard a great crash, which caused him to rush out into the light. As he entered the studio he met his wife, who came running upstairs, scared by the noise, and asking what on earth was the matter? Excepting their two selves the studio was empty. Mrs. A., or the Other One, had vanished. But the screen of thick cartridge paper, which had served as the back-ground for so many psychic pictures, had been violently wrenched from its support, riven into two, and flung on the floor. Explanation there was none. Mrs. A., who at the time was in bed a mile away, had no knowledge of anything that had happened. All that Mr. Z. could do was to regret the occurrence, forward the torn screen to Mowbray House, and develop the portrait, the negative of which is in my possession. Mrs. A.'s dress is the same as she wore on the previous occasion, but the pose is different. She was never photographed in that costume but once, and that by me. In this case, the Other One, unlike the Double photographed when she was present, does not look older or more haggard than the original.

THE EXPERIENCES OF DOUBLES.

CONSCIOUSNESS DETACHED FROM THE BODY.

MOST of the stories of Doubles are the stories of those who have seen them. I have now to publish a narrative not exactly how a Double feels, but of the sensations of a human being detached from its body and making a journey for a definite object without being conscious on the way.

A lady correspondent in Jersey, whose telepathic dream I publish on another page, sends me the following account of her aerial dream-voyage, the peculiarity of which is that the detached *ego* seems never to have taken shape, but to have remained throughout without form and void. She vouches for the truth of this record of her experience.

Some short time ago, my husband, whom I and the world in general thought a prosperous man, became suddenly bankrupt, and fled, to this day I know not where. Almost penniless, and daily expecting to become a mother, I found a temporary home with some friends at Guernsey. My great consolation at this time was a correspondence on books, travels, and kindred matters with an old and valued—though poor—(most true-hearted people are not in affluent circumstances) friend at Jersey.

No wonder that the expected baby was most unwelcome, and in the doctor's opinion most unlikely to survive its birth, my friend in Jersey writing that he prayed God would not suffer the child to live, and be an additional sorrow and care to a penniless mother. However, the baby arrived at seven a.m. one morning, a fine healthy child, evidently come to stay. In a pencil note I hastened to inform my faithful friend, telling the nurse to impress on whoever posted it that it must be at the head post office in the town, as the mails call at Guernsey very early in the morning, and letters not posted at the head office take two days in transit. The nurse assured me my orders should be obeyed; and the next day passed without event—the ninth day of the month.

The morning of the tenth, after partaking of some slight refreshment at 8.30, I fell into a light sleep, when I fancied I must go to Jersey and see how my news was received, a violent trembling, and a shapeless mass that was me and not me, left my body, and hovering in the air, started on its way. I remember taking the exact track of the mail steamers that run to Jersey every day; as I passed near Sark (one of the isles), I thought really I am well on my way; on into, or rather over the harbour and town into my friend's office, and over his head went this shapeless mass that was me and not me. I saw him open my letter, saw him cover his face with his hands and murmur, Oh God! a little girl. That which was me and not me, that mass that hovered over his head, thought, I must make haste, or I shall not get into my body.

Back again, out over the harbour, past the coast of Jersey, skirting the Island of Sark, over Guernsey harbour; all the course was so plain. Then the mass hovered over my body, and I must, must get into my body, or it will be too late. A mighty effort, a great trembling, and I awoke, to find my nurse with a letter from Jersey, which, by making no allusion to baby's arrival, plainly showed that my letter had been delayed in transit; and on afterwards comparing notes, we found that my friend was reading my letter at the time the mass which was I and not I hovered near or rather over him. I offer no explanation of the above; I was perfectly free from fever. Moreover, I believed the news had reached my friend a day earlier. My nurse declared I had slept, to use her expression (as sound as the dead), throughout the time the dream lasted, about two hours as nearly as I can estimate. The letter with date, post-mark, now greatly valued by my friend, would verify the truth of a strange experience.

CONNIE FORBES.

A similar experience, although in this case the Double was not a shapeless mass but was dressed for the outing,

is thus recorded by an Irish correspondent, signing himself "Laputan."

"That there are two individualities, the Substantial and the Spiritual, I am firmly convinced of. That your diagnosis of it is quite true, I am convinced, for the following:—I took fever in Belfast about sixteen years ago; mother lived one hundred and five miles away. I did not let her know of my illness. One night I fell into a profound slumber, no sound scarcely at all came from me; I was as if motionless, I was told. Suddenly I thought I found myself walking into mother's house, walked upstairs and entered her bedroom, looked at her for a minute or so, walked away, and when at the front door felt no more. Now, sir, comes the proof positive. I got convalescent, went home, and mother surprised me by telling me that one night she awoke and saw me looking at her, and surprised, asked me how I had got in, or why I didn't write, and that I walked away without replying. I compared the date and found it tallied with the departure of my second individuality; I felt I was dressed as usual, top coat and all as I used to wear. Now, this mysterious second-self of every person is no myth. It seldom leaves its associate of substance—'friend and associate of this clay'—but decidedly it left me on that night to visit that parent of both it and me. I lay as if lifeless—so the nurses told me. I was not conscious of how the journey was made, but it took some time to go and come."

DOUBLES APPEARING BEFORE DEATH.

THE old belief was that the Double only appeared when the original was nearing death. "Laputan" sends us a case that tends to support the popular superstition. He says:—

"I shall now tell you of the great Dr. Doyle's father-confessor, a Father Joyce, a Franciscan. My mother had an old servant who lived with Father Joyce. He was out visiting Dr. Doyle (J.K.L.), and did not return till twelve o'clock, midnight. She was sitting in the back kitchen when suddenly Father Joyce came to the kitchen window, and kept looking anxiously in. How he had got to the back yard mystified her exceedingly, as he'd have to come in through the front door. She went to the back door and said, 'Are you coming in, sir?' He silently walked away, and in a few minutes a violent knock was given at the front door, which, on being opened by her, Father Joyce staggered in, threw himself on a sofa and expired. From coming out of a hot room into a bitter cold atmosphere his throat swelled so much that, being a man of full habit, it brought on a collapse and death. His wraith had come before him in perturbation at the impending demise of its loved associate. How touching are H. Adrian's words as translated by Byron—

"Ah, gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn."

Another story of the same kind appeared in the Plymouth papers last quarter. It ran as follows:—

"The little schooner Pilgrim left Neath for Penzance on December 20th, and has not since been heard of, having undoubtedly been a victim to the heavy gales of the 22nd and

following days. On Sunday the 22nd, a female relative of one of the crew declare; that she saw him in the backyard of her house at eleven o'clock in the morning 'as plainly as ever she saw him in her life.' So certain, indeed, was she that she called the household and they came out to welcome him, but 'he had vanished.' The apparition appeared to be dripping wet."

A DOUBLE IN DISTRESS.

A CURIOUS story of a Double was told me by a friend of mine who, as I have reason to know, is capable of these excursions in duplicate. She had been very much out of sorts one Sunday, but she had attended the meeting as usual, and had done her best to conceal her sickness from her friend, Mrs. C., who set her home, and parted from her at the door at 10.30. This was in July or August, 1894. Mrs. C. went home and sat up reading till just after twelve o'clock. My friend went to bed at eleven, and was asleep in about fifteen minutes, my friend thinking, just before she dosed off, that when dying she would prefer to have Mrs. C. with her when she passed over. She knew nothing more, and woke in the morning as usual. Shortly after she met her friend, Mrs. C., who at once began to tell her the following strange story—

On Sunday night, after we parted, I got into bed and was going to read a bit more before going to sleep when, to my very, very great surprise, who should pop in all of a sudden but you. I was quite surprised, for you never came before, but, my dear, there you were, as plain and as real, and just yourself as ever you could be, dressed and all just as you are now. And, oh dear! you were so excited and began talking at once. We talked for fully half an hour. I heard all you said just as plain as I hear you now. You said "Oh dear I do feel so bad—I don't know whatever I shall do—oh, do let me come where I can rest awhile. I must rest for a little bit here on this bed." I replied, "all right, then, come along here and get on the bed, and don't fidget about like that; you will be better soon." Then, my dear, in you got into bed at once, and (laughing) mind, you just squeezed yourself in between me and the wall, so I moved over a bit to give you room, and you lay down, clothes and all, and drew up your knees and lay just like that."

"I do go to sleep as a rule," says my friend, "with my knees up or rolled up in a ball."

We talked about ordinary things for a long, long while, and then you said, "Oh dear, my body is so bad, I don't know what to do." Then I turned around to get something off the table, and when I turned to you to ask you something so and behold you had vanished. It was very curious for I've never seen you before, but perhaps you will come again.

Of course the easiest way to explain this away is by saying that Mrs. C. being in bed went to sleep and dreamt it. Mr. C. denies this stoutly, so I give the story as she told it.

A DOUBLE IN WANDSWORTH.

MR. PETERS sends me the following story of a double which he saw:—

In the year 1885, I was working at Mr. Burleigh's, at 97, High Street, Wandsworth. I was newspaper boy and collector in the summer months. The business was managed by a Mr. Satch, the master's nephew; he, Mr. S., being in the shop alone the greater part of the day. When I was done, which was about five or half-past, he would get me to mind the shop for him while he had a smoke and washed. One Saturday he had been upstairs rather longer than usual, and on coming down paid me my money, and I had run as far as the last of the bridges which crosses the Wandle, when I heard his voice, which was peculiarly high, calling me. I turned round and saw him beckoning to me

then saw him running back. I stood thinking for a moment, and the words I thought of were "b ther him, he wants me to stay longer." I stood and thought a moment, then knowing if I did not go he would be cross on Monday, I went back, but with not so much speed as I came away. When I got to the shop he came out of the little room at the back, and said in an astonished voice, "What do you want?" "Why," I said, "you came after me and called me." "No, I did not; for you know I cannot leave the shop now you are gone," he answered. "But I do want you;" and he asked me about a book I had not brought from town, which was for a particular customer. Then he told me again he had not left the shop, and that I was mad, and should not read so much, or else he did not know where I should end my days. He has forgotten all about the incident, for it was to him only one of my so-called mad freaks; but to me it has made a lasting impression which I shall never forget, because I heard a voice, saw a form, and only went back to escape a lecture on the following Monday.

A DOUBLE REHEARSING.

THE following communication from a gentleman signing himself Derf Roines describes an interesting dream scene in which he saw, as in a dream vision, his servant setting the tea things on two consecutive Saturdays immediately before the original made her appearance for that purpose. He writes:—

"Your article on 'Doubles' has attracted my attention, and as you are deeply interested in the question, I send you two experiences I had about six months ago.

"First of all, I had better tell you that I am clairvoyant, a little clairaudient, and that I have, and do, gain much experience while the body is asleep.

"Man's body is like a steam-engine, which must be managed and kept in order by the engineer (the spirit). When the machine is in working order it will do its part automatically, and the engineer can leave it and divert his attention to other things for a few minutes. It seems to me that this kind of thing takes place with all persons of strong will, for the experiences I refer to lead me to that conclusion.

"I occupy a bed-sitting room, and sometimes on a Saturday, being fatigued, I take a sleep before tea, which the servant brings up, and lays the tablecloth, &c. One afternoon while laying in a sort of sleep, the girl came in and arranged the table and went away. I heard her footsteps, partly saw what she was doing, but there was one peculiarity which she did not do, and that was to knock at the door. I then began to try and rouse myself, but, it seemed to me about three minutes afterwards, there was a knock at the door. I called, 'Come in,' and the girl then brought in the tea and laid the cloth.

"I did not think much of that at the time, but when it occurred again on the following Saturday, it set me thinking, and I tried to solve the question. Remember on both occasions she came in without knocking at the door, and that I heard her on the stairs and while walking about in my room, but on the second occasion I did not hear her leave it, if I did on the first, and the door was shut all the time.

"It is generally believed everything which takes place in matter occurs in spirit first, hence there is much that is foreseen and foretold because of this law.

"I do not know if the girl knows what spiritualism is; she is a good worker and a person of very strong will, and, I should say, about seventeen years of age.

"DERF ROINES."

VI.—THE LATEST REPORT UPON EUSAPIA PALADINO. HER RELATIONS WITH THE S. P. R.

AT the general meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, on March 13th, the question was asked by Mr. Page Hopps, in view of the fact that the celebrated professional medium, Eusapia Paladino, had been practically introduced to the notice of the public by that society, whether any more information as to her subsequent proceedings were to be furnished, and whether, in particular, any account would be published of the séances recently reported in the *Annals des Sciences Psychiques*.

To this Mr. Myers replied that though such an account might be of interest to the public, it would appear more suitably in some organ other than the *Proceedings* of the Society.

The Hon. Secretary of the Society had obviously some underlying principle in his reply which, doubtless, for official reasons, was not stated, but a notice in the recent *Journal* makes the position clear. Professor Sidgwick writes, in his capacity of editor of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*—

It will be seen that at our last meeting a question was asked with regard to "phenomena" obtained by Eusapia Paladino subsequent to the exposure of her frauds at Cambridge. It may be well that I should briefly state why I do not intend to give any account of these phenomena.

It has not been the practice of the S. P. R. to direct attention to the performances of any so-called "medium" who has been proved guilty of systematic fraud. Now, the investigation at Cambridge, of which the results are given in the *Journal* for November, 1895, taken in connexion with an article by Professor Richet in the *Annals des Sciences Psychiques* for Jan.-Feb., 1893, placed beyond reasonable doubt the fact that the frauds discovered by Dr. Hodgson at Cambridge had been systematically practised by Eusapia Paladino for years. In accordance, therefore, with our established practice, and in order, as far as possible, to avoid encouraging a nefarious trade, I propose to ignore her performances for the future.

H. SIDGWICK.

While entirely bowing to the authority of Professor Sidgwick, and realising that his position in regard to this matter is the only one consistent with his particular relation to the public, I agree, so far, with Mr. Page Hopps' point of view, that, considering the degree of interest which the Society was responsible for creating in regard to Eusapia, it is only natural to suppose that there may be many whose judgment (or shall we say whose opportunities for judging?) was less final than those of the Cambridge investigators, and who may feel it due to the medium to watch her further developments for good or evil. It is conceivable that, to quote the American poet, "And subsequent proceedings interested him no more," may be the final attitude of the reader as it is of Professor Sidgwick.

THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY.

The report of the Commission which met at the house of Colonel de Rochas, at the Villa de l'Agnélas (hence known as the l'Agnélas Commission), occupies some fifty-five pages of close print; and though I propose to

translate verbatim all supreme points, it is obviously necessary to summarise the account of many of the séances.

The Commission consisted of six gentlemen of recognised position—M. Dariex, the editor of the *Annals des Sciences Psychiques*, Count d'Gramont, Colonel de Rochas, M. Sabatier, and the Baron de Watteville, well-known men of science, and M. Maxwell, a lawyer of prominent position in Limoges.

Eusapia Paladino was, they considered, a phenomenon worthy their investigation, as she had already been considered worth investigation in her own city of Naples, at Rome, at Milan, at Warsaw, at Carqueiranne, and quite recently, at Cambridge.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE COMMISSION.

The point of view, which is moreover subjected to four pages of analysis, of the investigators, is sufficiently evident in the following paragraph:—

"The Commission said to Eusapia both by word and deed—

"You are, as we know, the subject of very remarkable phenomena which have been observed under conditions of control by men of science whose testimony is of value beyond suspicion. [It is not recorded whether the recent Cambridge inquiry is here referred to!]

"We are therefore disposed to believe in the reality of the phenomena you produce. They interest us in the highest degree, and we desire to see them for ourselves. We shall be very grateful to you for reproducing them before us. We shall consider it a great privilege if you will do for us what you have already done for others. We are men of good faith, and we are prepossessed in your favour, but we are also men of science, who observe not for idle curiosity, but in order to know the truth and to make it known to others. The astonishing and striking nature of the facts which you produce, as well as our respect for truth, for our scientific position, and for the care of our dignity and of our credit, require that our observations should be made under such conditions of control that it may not be possible to raise the objection that our observations have been superficial, and that we have not taken all the precautions necessary for avoiding all fraud and error . . . For our readers, even more than for ourselves, it is necessary that all possibility of objection should be suppressed, and that we may compel their conviction by the rigour of our control. Understand, then, that we wish during the whole time to take such precautions as are necessary to good observation, and that we shall regard as facts only those acquired under such methods of control as are desirable and necessary."

THE TEST REQUIRED.

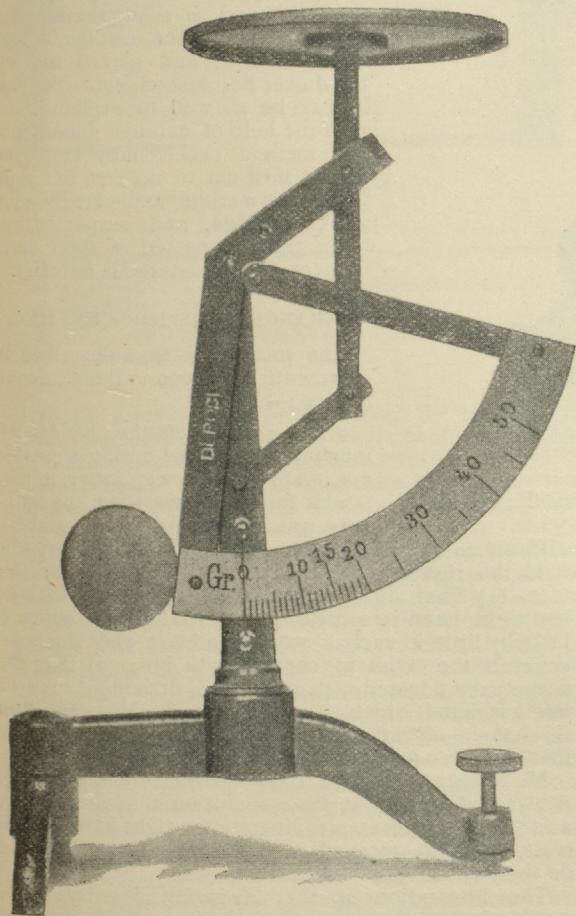
The following paragraph is of especial interest:—

"We ought to say very emphatically that, in the midst of all these experiments, often complex, sufficiently diffi-

cult to observe, and which require the concourse and the testimony of several witnesses, we have considered it a condition of capital importance to obtain one experiment, simple, demonstrative, in which the control should be perfectly rigorous, from which all suspicion of fraud is excluded, and which each one of us could clearly observe for himself, in addition to the concurrence of the others, throughout the conditions of production."

This is asking a great deal, and it is startling to learn that the Commission are of opinion that they have not asked too much, and that they have succeeded in their ambition.

"This experience we have obtained; we have repeated it many times under the eyes of several observers, and we have not been able to find the slightest ground for doubting its sincerity and fairness."



THE LETTER-WEIGHT USED IN TESTING EUSAPIA.

In the report of the Commission we have to wait for twenty-seven pages before the history of this success extraordinary is revealed to us, but as it is avowedly the culmination of the entire inquiry, it may affect our opinion of the value of the rest of the evidence, and we proceed to it at once.

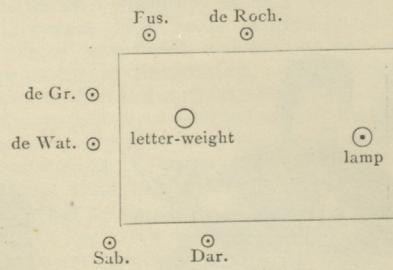
A STRIKING SUCCESS.

It was an impromptu and spontaneous occurrence. It happened at six o'clock in the evening of the 28th of September, the seventh day of the Commission. The scene was the drawing-room in Colonel de Rochas' villa. Eusapia was in her normal, not in her trances condition; the room was brightly lighted by a lamp. All the gentlemen were present except Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Dariex. Two ladies, Mme. and Mlle. de Rochas, were there also, and they were all waiting to go in to dinner.

That is a moment when, as a rule, no one is very brilliant; but on this exceptional occasion it occurred to M. de Gramont to ask Eusapia if she felt capable at that moment, in her ordinary state, and in full light, of affecting, by the simple imposition of hands without contact a small weighing machine which he chanced to have in his portmanteau.

She said she did not know, but she would try; and regardless of the feelings of cook and hostess, M. de Gramont went up to his room and brought down his travelling letter-weight, which it is needless to describe as its portrait is before us.

The scale being empty the index, of course, pointed to O. Eusapia stood up (see plan), the others disposed around, watching her attentively. First she placed one



hand over the scale, nothing happened. Then joining together in a point the fingers of both her hands, she placed them right and left of the machine at 3 or 4 centimetres at least of distance, and absolutely without contact with it, and seemed to concentrate her will upon this point. Then, as her custom is when moving distant bodies, she very slightly indicated in the air a movement downward of the scale, just as it would move were a letter laid upon it. At first it was motionless, then it oscillated, synchronising with her up and down movements. Finally, Eusapia having lowered her hands the scale went down to the bottom and at once rose again, during this time the medium moving nothing except her hands; there was no shaking of the table.

One such incident would prove nothing, as surprise might have confused the observers, but, on M. Dariex's entrance, the experiment was repeated, all present watching most carefully.

"It is evident," we are told, "for *all* the observers whose attention was very acute and who watched from very near, that the fingers of the medium remained throughout at a distance of 3 centimetres from the weighing-machine." (3 centimetres = $1\frac{1}{5}$ inches.)

It is to be remembered that the experiment was impromptu, the light brilliant, and the observers close to the medium and standing in various directions, so that she was under observation on every side. It did occur to them that a very fine hair stretched between the two hands would have sufficed for her purpose, but M.

Dariex demonstrated later that this would have been quite visible under the conditions.

THE TEST REPEATED.

Later, in presence of the same observers, the experiment was repeated under even more strict conditions. M. Sabatier, obviously throughout the most wideawake of these good gentlemen, placed himself behind Eusapia and held her hands firmly in his own, allowing only the



HOW EUSAPIA LIBERATED HER HAND.

himself opposite to Eusapia and to the weighing-machine, so as to secure a new point of view. He then requested her to make horizontal, not vertical movements, with the result that the whole machine, and not the balance merely, began to move, first slowly and with hesitation, finally accelerating its speed, and throwing itself on to the floor at some feet from the table.

Of course we take for granted that nobody pulled the cloth.

finger-tips to project. He believed that he could thus observe with certainty whether she touched the scale or whether her movements were vertical, only preserving a constant distance. Under these conditions, the weight was depressed to the extreme point.

Then, yet again, the indefatigable Sabatier placed

Taking this, then, as the climax, the reader is in a position to decide whether from the point of view of Spiritualism or Psychical Research, or the phenomena of the Borderland in general, these things when established are interesting, and whether he is disposed to follow the accounts of the séances in detail.

THE PRECAUTIONS OBSERVED.

Two preliminary séances, not with a full house, some of the investigators not having arrived, sufficed to establish the conditions. Eusapia had been met on her way from Cambridge by M. Dariex, and by him conducted to l'Agnélas in Isère. Two photographs were taken during one of these séances, showing the organisation of the control over the medium. One sitter held the right, another the left hand, a third, seated on a low stool, held the medium's legs with his own, and placed his left hand over her unshod feet. Perhaps it may be as well to explain here, with the help of another illustration, the method occasionally employed by the medium to set free her right hand, a method undoubtedly used at Cambridge, and suspected, or more than suspected in these later séances, by the astute M. Sabatier.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR CHEATING.

The process is thus described in commenting upon the second séance :—

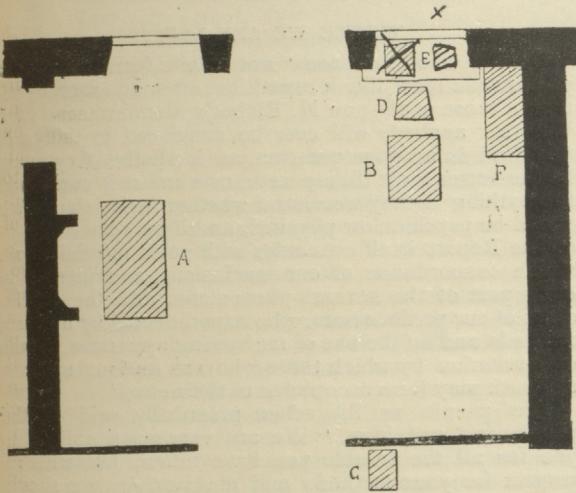
"The control of the hands left much to be desired during a notable portion of this séance, dating in particular from the time when the darkness was so complete as to make it difficult to distinguish the hands. M. Sabatier, who held the right hand, was particularly struck by this fact—(1) That Eusapia refused to allow him to take her right hand into his own; (2) that she withdrew it little by little in such a way as to leave only the palm or even the wrist in contact with his; (3) that she perpetually fidgeted with this hand, drawing it towards her left hand, which was held by M. Maxwell; and (4) that she often directed the extremity of those fingers that were free towards this left hand."

M. Sabatier followed these movements very attentively, and arrived at the conclusion that their object was to enable Eusapia to liberate the right hand and to replace it with the fingers of the left, thus making one do the work of two.

The illustration in the *Annales Psychiques* is much more to the point than the text, which makes it appear that Eusapia wanted to liberate her *left* hand, which is unlikely, not only because her manœuvres tended to the liberation of the right, but because the right is obviously the one most likely to be of use. The writer, moreover, blunders into commenting on the impossibility of doing certain things, even if she did get that left hand loose, such as tweaking the coat-tails of M. Sabatier, or pulling away his chair when he was seated to her right—tricks not at all difficult, under the circumstances probable.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE SÉANCES.

The first recorded séance was on September 25th, at half-past eight in the evening (for arrangement of the room see plan). The report describes, with elaborate



HOW THEY SAT.

- A. Table upon which the lamp was always placed at the opening of the séances.
- B. A light table at which the experiments were conducted.
- C. The reporter's chair.
- D. Eusapia's chair.
- E. A chair used in the experiments, placed in the window recess behind very heavy curtains.
- F. Chest.

detail, the arrangements for detecting the existence of fraud. Such arrangements are never conclusive to any but those who make them; those interested in investigation being, as a rule, divided into two companies, those who do the work, and those who want to know why they didn't do it another way. These arrangements, however, were elaborate and painstaking, and the sitters were, as a rule, satisfied that the precautions were continuous. M. Sabatier, as usual, was on the *qui vive*. When the table left the ground he satisfied himself that Eusapia's knees didn't follow it, and he held her hand on a system of his own, surrounding her wrist with a ring made of his thumb and first finger, his remaining fingers keeping guard over hers. Later, after he changed places, and was holding her feet, a heavy arm-chair placed in the window recess behind her, was violently displaced, and a toy-piano resting upon it, played itself. Later, again, in complete darkness (by request of Eusapia), the curtain swelled out into the face of M. Maxwell, who was sitting to the left of Eusapia, and who felt as if something hard were behind it; the foot of the arm-chair rapped three times; notes were heard on the toy-piano, and then it passed over M. Maxwell's head and alighted on the table. The toy was white at the bottom, and M. de Gramont saw the light on it as it passed. He saw with it what seemed to be the white lining of the curtain, as if the two were held together by a hand, M. Maxwell also observed the same detail. The table leg struck three blows upon the floor, M. Maxwell was poked in the back, Dr. Dariex felt a hand with five fingers on the top of his head; he being under the table at the time in attendance on the medium's inferior members. The

piano got up and banged itself down again. M. de Gramont was conscious of a cold draught which emanated from the medium's hair. M. Maxwell was pinched under the right arm (which was next to the medium, he being seated on her left), the piano got up and alighted on M. de Gramont's head. M. Sabatier was pinched in the left shoulder, which was next to the medium, he being seated on her right. Poor M. de Rochas seems to have been neglected, as the master of the house he ought to have had a pinch or two.

THE LEVITATION OF A CHAIR.

Then came the real excitement of the evening. They seem to have been sitting for about two hours. M. de Rochas and M. de Gramont were, at the moment, responsible for the medium's hands, Dr. Dariex for her feet. Eusapia had just released her hands to use her pocket handkerchief (not, of course, that this had anything to do with the phenomenon, but it is well to be accurate) when the curtains arrived upon the table. Attention was doubled, and hands and feet carefully controlled. The medium's trance deepened; she twisted herself so as to push her chair from under her. It rose slowly over her left shoulder, turned over and alighted gently, upside down, on the hands of M. de Gramont, resting the top bar of its back on the knees of M. Sabatier. Happily, it was only a light cane chair. Eusapia had been originally placed in a heavier one of velvet and walnut, but had effected the exchange earlier in the evening. Then, the rest of the curtains came forward and enveloped M. de Gramont, who had only just recovered from their first assault.

Lights were brought and the scene photographed. Unfortunately, M. Sabatier had to move away, as he obscured the view, but the invading chair rests upon the seat of that he vacated.

No artifice nor trick was discovered. The limbs of the medium were perfectly under control of the observers. The head, previously looked after by M. de Gramont and Dr. Dariex, had escaped direct control, but indirect observation, by the continuity of legs and arms, revealed no general and important movement of the head and trunk.

LATER PHENOMENA.

It does not seem worth while to dwell in detail on each séance. This, the first, was a fair specimen of the whole. On the following evening a plate of flour, which happened to be on the table, performed the same gymnastics as were habitual with the little piano. M. Sabatier's chair was tipped at an angle of 45°, and he was pinched in the back. It was after this that he began to notice the medium's hands as already reported. M. Maxwell had an undue share of pokings and pinches, and complained that the medium's feet were not properly looked after.

LEVITATION OF THE MEDIUM.

The special feature of this séance was its dramatic conclusion. The room was in almost complete darkness when Eusapia and her chair arose together. The observers started to their feet, but not quickly enough to preserve control of the medium. M. Sabatier, who was "on the spot," though not one of the persons responsible, tried to ascertain, as well as he could in the dark, whether she contrived to effect the performance with the help of her knee, but he could not satisfy himself on this point. In the excitement of the moment the observation was not continuous, but the next thing they knew was

that Eusapia was *on* the table, and apparently mounting higher, but M. Sabatier passed his hands under her feet, and found that she was resting on tip-toe.

OPENING A DISTANT DOOR.

One other phenomenon deserves special mention. It will be remembered that a big chest stood against the wall to the left of Eusapia, and a good yard away. Her feet were at the moment under careful and separate observation; her hands were free, and there was sufficient light coming through the half-open door to render them perfectly visible. M. de Watteville was to her left with his back to the chest, so that—it is alleged—she could not have touched it without his being aware of it.

Sounds of ineffectual struggle with the lock were heard, which continued till, with the consent of all present, M. de Watteville himself turned the key. Eusapia made the gesture of opening a door—the door of the chest opened. Then, leaning to her right, she placed her hands right and left of the face of the unfortunate M. Sabatier, and beat time on his cheeks to the violent banging backwards and forwards of the cupboard door! Finally she jerked his head briskly towards the chest, and the door shut with violence. Eusapia, if she ever sees M. Sabatier's little illustration of her methods, may reflect with satisfaction that she is already avenged.

THE MEDIUM'S COSTUME.

These observers had the sense to take note of Eusapia's costume, which was simple, tight-fitting, and black. A gymnasium dress strikes one as suitable for

the occasion, and one would recommend that it should be white. Madame de Rochas dressed her, on at least one occasion, and M. Sabatier "felt her down" afterwards. Yet, at that very séance a good-sized pebble, of the local formation, was thrown upon the table. We are not told how her hair was dressed that evening.

WHERE WE ARE LEFT.

On the whole, we are "not much forrader." The phenomena read like a repetition, often an exact repetition of those of 1894 on M. Richet's Mediterranean islet. Whether anybody will ever be convinced by things of this kind is an open question, as is whether they would be the better for it if they were, or whether it would lead to anything if they were, and whether their information would be psychical or physical, and if so, what?

The Report itself concludes with some indefiniteness. "The concordance of our conclusions, as expressed in our report of the several phenomena, with the conclusions of our predecessors, who experimented by different methods and by the use of registering apparatus, is the only criterion by which those who are anxious to know the truth may form an opinion of their own."

The people at l'Agnélas practically said to the people at Cambridge, "We are very much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken, but with all respect for your methods and observations, we should like to try our own." And that is what the Cambridge people said to the people at Naples, or Milan, or Rome, or wherever the investigation was carried on last. And if we care about the matter at all, that, I fancy, is what we say to the patient investigators at l'Agnélas.

VII.—SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY. THE PSYCHIC PICTURES OF THE MEDIUM FIRMIN.

"I SEND herewith," writes Mary J. Billing, from 304, West 34th Street, New York City, on Dec. 19th, 1895, "specimens of Spirit Photography, numbered from 1 to 43, for your consideration and such exposition in your magazine, BORDERLAND, as you may think proper.

AN UNIQUE COLLECTION.

"They have come into my possession, indirectly, from the representative of the estate of the late Hon. J. S. O'Sullivan, who was at one period Minister of the U.S., at Lisbon. They are, probably, the most remarkable collection of their kind that the world has yet seen. They stand alone, too, in the circumstances under which they were produced. They were taken in Paris during the years 1877, 1878, and 1879, under the direction of the late Comte de Bullèt, Alfred H. Firmin being the Medium. The Comte de Bullèt, was, I believe, an American, from Baltimore, but of Spanish-Cuban origin and title, who had taken up his residence in Paris in the seventies, and who, for a series of years, investigated with an exclusive privacy and great pertinacity, occult manifestations. He was, at that time, a gentleman of large means. He devoted his time, it may be said, without any distraction for about ten years to the closest examination and consideration of Spirit manifestations. He was a man of high intelligence, as well as integrity of character, and was as far above being deceived as he was incapable of deception; and, for a scientific enthusiast in that Mystic Realm, he was in temperament and action cool and deliberate to a stoical degree. He was known, I believe, to English investigators, among others, I have heard, Professor Sidgwick and wife. He adopted unusual means of safeguarding his investigations, not only to secure him from imposition—but to take away the motive for it.

FIRMIN THE MEDIUM.

"Firmin was a young American of robust physical strength, who, with his mother, had became celebrated in the French capital for his Mediumistic power. At that time there was quite a colony of English Spiritualists in Paris under the lead of Madame Dufay, married to a Russian Count, the Countess of Caithness, and others. Comte de Bullèt engaged Firmin for his own private service at a handsome rate of compensation, secured a comfortable residence for him and his family, and surrounded him with all the accessions of luxurious prosperity. The Comte spent several hours of each day in his investigations, and they were made in a room specially fitted up for the purpose. The often-pictured Alchemist in pursuit of the art of making gold, could not have been more devoted to his purpose. Mr. O'Sullivan, above referred to, was for a considerable period associated with the Comte in the daily pursuit.

"Mr. O'Sullivan furnished contributions to Mr. Harrison's *Spiritualist* in or about the years 1877-78, in which some aspects of the séances were described with the literary ability for which Mr. O'Sullivan was distinguished.

"JOHN KING" AS DEUS EX MACHINA.

"As is usually the case with established demonstrations of this character, the séances were dominated by a

master Spirit—in this instance, John King, so well known to English Spiritualists. After a long series of Materializing experiences it appears that John requested the Count to enter upon an experimental effort in Spirit photography. The Comte thereupon purchased a photographic instrument and instructed himself in the science or art of Photography in all its departments. On each occasion he brought to the room the plates in his sole possession, placed them in the instrument, opened and closed the lens, and developed the plates then and there at the end of the séance. The progress of the experiment appears to have been slow, and the first productions are unique, for a certain ghost-like appearance, so remarkable as not likely to be paralleled on earth; and, as it would be reasonable to suppose, not common in the "other and better world." The first appearances look like awkwardly-formed plaster images. Those of John King, while at the beginning possessing the hardness in question, as they became more human, show a make-up, which to the uninitiated would be suspicious. For example, John, as I am told, wherever he appeared, always presented himself with a heavy beard, quite in keeping with the Buccaneer career on earth, or rather on the high seas, with which he was credited. In some of those photographs I think you will see the evidence of false whiskers. This may have been done to save the expenditure of the force required for materializing.

"The ultimate developments, as you will perceive, however, are very beautiful in posing the subjects and in execution. My knowledge on the subject is derived from a gentleman who had means of becoming cognizant of the general circumstances, and from publications in Mr. Harrison's *Spiritualist* of the period.

THE ARTICLES IN THE "SPIRITUALIST."

"In or about the month of January, 1879, you will find a long communication in the *Spiritualist*, from Comte de Bullèt himself, giving a full account of his photographic experiences. I was in England at the time, and well remember the deep impression his article made on spiritual investigators. I strongly recommend you to read that paper. The photographs are placed at your disposal so far as you may desire to use them for your magazine, or otherwise—only stipulating that they be returned to me when you have accomplished your purpose."

Referring to the *Spiritualist*, a file of which is kept in reference at the valuable library at *Light* office, I found a long and interesting report by Comte de Bullèt as to the conditions under which these photographs were produced.

THE COMTE DE BULLÈT'S EXPERIMENTS.

In the number of October 11th, 1878, the special correspondent of the *Spiritualist*, writing from Paris, says:—

The Count de Bullèt stands almost alone in France in following up the English or experimental method of advancing spiritualism. The Count de Bullèt informs me that he has guarded against anybody anywhere impressing an invisible image upon his plates. He uses dry plates and develops them himself. They are exposed upon the spirit forms in a camera in total darkness. He finds that there is a line relative between



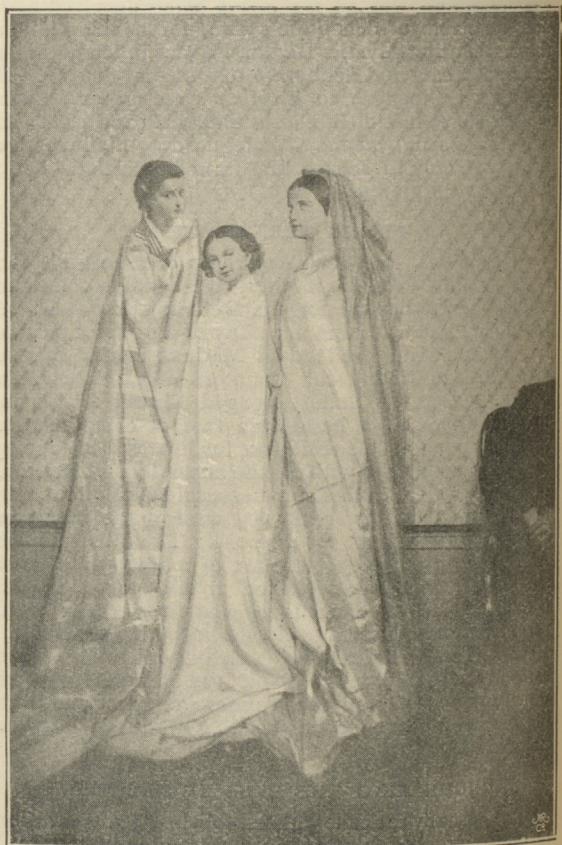
JOHN KING WITH FALSE WHISKERS.



FEMALE FIGURE WITH ROSE.



THE BABY.



THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS AND CHILD.

FOUR OF THE COMTE DE BULLÈT'S PSYCHIC PICTURES.

the forms and the sizes of the images produced, according to the position of the forms and the way in which they were focussed. One of Dallmeyer's excellent lenses is used for the purpose. Count de Bullèt tells me that if he puts the lens out of focus a blurred picture is obtained, showing that the lens actually plays a part in the operations. Count de Bullèt pays Mr. Firmin a regular salary on condition that he shall give séances to himself alone. Count de Bullèt's experiments necessarily involve him in great expense to occupy his time for two or three hours a day nearly all the year round.

In the same number the Count himself gave a long and extremely interesting account of his success in spirit photography in the dark.

The Count referred to a previous series of reports as the "records of Mr. O'Sullivan," and said that the effort to secure spirit photography in the dark continued to be crowned with success, and that daily regular and marked progress is being made towards at least measurable perfection. Parisian photographers declared themselves utterly bewildered. Frequently the spirit face melts or limbs slide down out of position from defect of power. The particles of the spirit form fall away when the power ceases to hold them together. Imagine a pitcher of water without the pitcher, and you have the idea of the spirit form built up for materialization.

A TEST WITH A WATCH AND CHAIN.

The Count says that "John King" was his chief spirit assistant, and that the two of them were devising fresh tests and new experiments. Here, for instance, is one of these tests.

I suggest variations of form and positions of posing from day to day, in consultation with John King, which suggestions are almost invariably adopted, as shown in the results. He exhibits an alert enterprise and a pains-taking zeal to do the very best possible. When a proposed effect is not accomplished a good and sufficient reason is given at the time, and what fails on one day is generally done on another. I sought a few days ago to have produced in a picture materialised objects which would survive the spirit materialisation, and be producible exhibits of the purpose to which they had been applied. So I suggested to John King to utilise my watch and chain for this purpose, and to have his portrait taken while holding them in his hand.

On the next day the watch and appendages were placed in the cabinet, and John King duly posed for his picture, conversing—or rather conferring with me—during the preparation, in regard to the process and the difficulties which he encountered in producing the effects. On developing the plate it was found to contain a very good portrait of John King, corresponding with his materialised appearance, so often before shown to us in the light—the first we have had of him in this form—holding the watch on one of the fingers of his hand, with the locket suspended from it. The watch is shown with such distinctness that the very minute when the photograph was taken can, with the aid of a glass, be seen. I have the watch, chain, and locket thus represented solidly in my possession—convincing evidence for any tribunal—but who can produce the body or presence, thus strongly pictured, which wore them on this occasion?

I should observe that the watch was found after the séance, when the light was produced, by my side, on the table at which I sat, having been silently placed there without my knowledge, subsequent to its use as a supernumerary in the performance. This demonstration has been repeated several times since, to the exclusion of

other spirit representations, John King remarking that he thought it better to continue his own stronger power for the present in that line of development, each succeeding impression proving more perfect than its predecessor.

JOHN KING, PHOTOGRAPHER.

John King is always master of ceremonies—a very useful and handy assistant to have.

When photographs are taken of other spirits, John King is the directing artist or manager and manipulator in materialising the spirit, as far as necessary, and in producing and casting the light on the form. Frequently we hear him conversing with the spirit, and giving counsel and encouragement in what seems to be, at first, a severely trying ordeal to spiritual stamina. But when he exhibits himself he has no manager or assistant; he has to do all "the business"—to personate the past, provide all accessories, and shift the scenes without help. I asked him why he did not provide assistance, he answered that to materialise it would take power that he needed. He has, therefore, been compelled to agree with me on certain signals by which I am to know when to uncap and when to close the camera, so that no movement would be necessary that might blur the picture. Thus it was understood between us that when he was duly materialised behind the curtain, I was to consider the drawing open of the curtain, which is done usually with a vigorous effort, as a sign that he was in a position to be taken, and that he is finished is usually known by raps or thumps on the floor, made, as he says, with his foot, and at one time by a muffled exclamation, as if between his teeth, of "There."

THE TESTS EMPLOYED BY THE COMTE.

It seems somewhat strange in view of the protests that are made from time to time as to the lack of careful test examination of spirit photography to read the following account of what was actually done no further away than Paris eighteen years ago. Here, for instance, is the Count's description of the tests which he employed when these photographs were obtained.

"Mr. O'Sullivan has so fully set forth the many safeguards and the long-continued incidental and incontrovertible tests which have been from time to time adopted to secure absolute verity that I need not repeat them here; but the following points may be noted:—

"1st. That I have exclusively employed the medium, Mr. Alfred Firmin, for nearly four years, holding nearly all that time, with rare exceptions, one or more daily séances, realising advanced results in all the forms of spirit manifestations, which have been partially described from time to time in your columns. The suggestion of photographing in the dark was first made by John King, as "a possibility," months before the attempt, and it was finally tried, as an experiment, at his repeated request.

"2nd. I manipulate the apparatus entirely myself, and arrange the focus with reference to the particular point at which the figure is to pose, which I designate specifically on each occasion, after an experimental trial with Mr. Firmin, according to the length of the form to be taken, and other varying conditions.

"3rd. I bring with me each day the plates that are exposed.

"4th. The conditions of the pose are proposed by me immediately preceding the process, and are generally found to correspond with the result.

"5th. Articles placed in the cabinet a few minutes before the photographs are taken appear on the materialised forms, male and female, shown in the pictures produced.

"6th. It was only after probably a hundred attempts that success appeared possible. Then it was but the promise of the coming event—partial forms, dimly defined, sometimes considerably "melted"—mere splashes of dissolving materiality. And even now we do not succeed on an average more than half the time, slight influences defeating the work of the day. But all this uncertainty, I am assured, will be overcome with experience. I may add that the feeling of mortification in taking so many plates to the photographer's rooms to be developed, that had no development in them, induced me to acquire the art of developing negatives, and thus it is that I have entire command of the process from the beginning to the end.

"7th. The plates are developed by me on the spot before any of us leave the séance room.

"8th. The whole process, except developing, is in pitch darkness, without one ray of natural light."

The Count de Bullèt maintains that any one can achieve success in spirit photography if he goes the right way about it. That right way is thus described:—

"Procure a powerful medium under your exclusive direction, guard him from all disturbing influences, devote days, weeks, and months to arranging and rearranging your apparatus, preparing and destroying sensitized plates innumerable over apparently ineffectual efforts, and at the end of months you may be rewarded with a shadow of success, which you are to follow up with the same patience to the ultimate end I have accomplished."

The Count's photographs are not portraits, or recognisable portraits, of persons who we know to have existed. They are, however, very interesting, and the whole story to which our American correspondent calls attention is very important as a reminder of the pains-taking study that has been bestowed on the subject long before most of us began to deal with the question at all.

"Z. AND HIS SHADOW PICTURES."

I have not had any time last quarter to experiment with Mr. Z., and he now writes me he will not take any more photographs. Here is Z.'s letter, with the orthography adjusted to the usage of the majority, for the spelling of Z. is original—what Mark Twain would call variegated. I had written to him asking him for a report of his experience on shadow photography last quarter. He replied—

I am very sorry that you're not well. You have too much on your mind. It is wearing you out, like as it has done me.

As regards my photographing I will tell you in a few words. There has been some recognized and some not. Those that are not recognized cause grumbling, they say they do not know them.

On Thursday night I was away at Cheltenham. Three or four women came to our shop and told Mrs. Z. that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, as we had made their poor sister very ill. This is how it happened.

A week or two ago a young woman came to get her portrait taken. She was recommended to me being a spiritualist. She was in mourning. I took it. When she came for it she cried and kissed it and went away crying. There was a shadow of a little girl on it, and she has been crying, so they say, ever since, they think it will be her death.

They told Mrs. Z. we ought to be ashamed of ourselves to drag a child out of the grave and photograph it with its mother. They of course are not spiritualists.

You see whichever way I take I am wrong, and it has made Mrs. Z. ill, and me miserable, and my son sulky.

What am I to do?

I say hold, enough.

If I can do no good, I will do no harm.

Yours respectfully,

Z.

Pity the sorrow of a poor psychic photographer! So it is not very wonderful that for the moment Mr. Z. is not taking any more shadow photographs.

AN OFFER OF £100 FOR A SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH.

This is to be regretted because if Mr. Z. and Mrs. Z. would but consent to see whether they could produce recognized shadow forms under best conditions, they might claim, if successful, £100, which has been offered by a gentleman, whose friend, who makes the announcement, signed himself "Truthseeker," for a genuine spirit photograph. The offer was, it seems, made in the first instance to me, but I had forgotten all about it when it was repeated in the columns of *Light*.

"Truthseeker" writes (*Light*, December 14th, 1895, February 1st, and April 4th) to the following effect:—

My friend and I are very anxious to form a small committee and apply the scientific method to the investigation of so-called spirit photography.

The conditions which my friend considers reasonable are (a) that the so-called spirit photograph shall be produced on a plate procured direct from the manufacturer and duly marked; (b) the use of my friend's own camera and dark slide; (c) the medium to handle camera, dark slide, and, if desired, to be present during the whole course of the experiment, but the dark slide containing the marked plate never to be out of sight of my friend, either in the studio or dark room, until the plate be fully developed and fixed.

If any medium is willing to submit to these conditions and assist in carrying on experiments, an agreement can be made to pay the fees usually asked. We know perfectly well that a medium cannot guarantee results, but should we be successful in obtaining what is claimed to take place in favourable circumstances,—the production of a recognised representation of some one who has lived on this earth-plane—then £100 will be paid.

I shall be very pleased if you will undertake to receive any so-called spirit photographs with a detailed history of their production; and if you consider them worthy of investigation, then arrangements can be made to carry out a series of experiments, by a small committee, under what are to be considered by both parties as reasonable conditions, including those above stated, and not excluding the observance of those psychic conditions which we know are so essential for the production of supernormal phenomena.

That offer seems not to be clogged with any unreasonable conditions, and I should like Mr. Z. to win the £100. It would probably remove many of his wife's scruples if he won the money. The conditions are not any stricter than those which Mr. Traill Taylor imposed, and under which eighteen years ago the pictures taken in Paris were produced.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. DAWSON ROGERS.

The *Photographic Review* for April is a "special" devoted to Spirit Photography. It contains an interview with Mr. Dawson Rogers, an article on the subject by Hall Edwards, and a paper "My Recollections of Spirit Photography," by F. A. Bridge.

VIII.—SPIRITUALISM AND CHRISTIANITY. EXHORTATIONS AND EXPERIENCES.

A WELL-KNOWN Christian Minister, who has devoted special attention to the subject of Spiritualism, wrote to me a private letter, from which I make the following extract :

A WORD OF EXHORTATION.

Suffer the word of exhortation from a sincere and earnest admirer of the most part of your work in life. But this number of BORDERLAND is too terrible an apocalypse of the *daunova*, now at work in sapping the religion of Jesus Christ, to make it easy to keep silence while such unworthy revelations are set forth under your authority (so justly gained in other fields of labour) as fair specimens of the intellectual and spiritual work done in the invisible realms.

Are you not yourself struck with the total absence of Jesus Christ Our Lord from the minds of all these "spiritual beings"? And can any believer in the New Testament writings think that such "dumb devils"—dumb in that respect—form part and parcel of the God-governed world of glorified spirits beyond?

I don't think I am afraid of any new revelations, and quite steadily believe in the reality of these spiritual communications of your friends; but, taking the contents of this wonderful number, as a whole, is it not shocking to observe the silence of all these familiars as to that which we know—and you yourself believe to be—the greatest facts of the Unseen, viz., the Reign and Glory of Our Lord Jesus Christ?—that Christ who warred so steadfast a warfare on earth against such "familiars." I rely on your kindness to accept these few sentences, with a full assurance of the loving and loyal regard of yours faithfully.

The "silence" to which my kind correspondent calls attention was due probably to the fact that the number in question was largely made up of notices of books written by non-Christians and an account of a demoniacal possession, the victim of which could hardly have been accepted as a valuable witness either way. But that was a mere coincidence. Some of the oldest and most experienced Spiritualists are the most emphatic in their testimony as to Jesus.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS.

Mr. Enmore Jones, one of the oldest Spiritualists in England, has repeatedly testified to the value of spirit teaching from the Christian point of view. Only this January he wrote the following letter, and sent it to all the Christian papers, which, for the most part, did not insert it:—

EVIDENCES OF ANGEL LIFE AND POWER.

Sir,—How it would fire ministers in their pulpit appeals if they knew personally, or otherwise, that angel visits to Christ's disciples could be as easily enjoyed in 1896 as His disciples enjoyed them at the Day of Pentecost. The records of the Psychological Society and the Spiritualistic journals, conducted mainly by Unitarians and Swedenborgians, prove that angels still exist and act. If so, why not for Trinitarians? The Churches ought to contain hundreds of members enjoying conscious angel help, and also possessing the Spiritual gifts referred to in the New Testament. Let the weekly press teach the pulpit by asking for evidences, and inserting attested facts; and the knowledge thus given to the Churches would invigorate the officials, and produce a rapid increase of members.

I am, yours truly,

J. ENMORE JONES.

South Norwood, S.E., January, 1896.

A Christian minister in the North of England, who

has had considerable experience on both sides of the Atlantic, writes me in the same sense. He says:—

I was a Christian minister for a quarter of a century, and held positions of great influence and responsibility, and think of returning to my work. There is no disharmony, as you have so well shown, between an acceptance of the Bible as a revelation from heaven, and a belief in Spiritualism as you teach it. On the contrary, there is the completest harmony. I have often wondered how it came to pass that Theological Professors in colleges began to shut their eyes to some of the prominent teachings of Scripture. Their eyes are open only to certain others, *i.e.*, Christ's atoning Death, Faith, Salvation, Rewards, Punishments.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that, as in my own case, years after I left college, there is no range traversed by ministers beyond that. I congratulate you on your arranged investigations of subjects so little known, and yet of such infinite importance and interest. We have mere glimpses as yet of worlds of knowledge across "Borderland" hitherto undreamt of, just as photography is showing itself only to have, in its own sphere. A good deal more of that mysterious territory will be conquered by the intellects you have set to work, I fully believe. You now are in possession of the Hispaniola of a continent, the possibilities of which no one can imagine, but the discoveries in which in a few years, in my belief, will open the blind eyes of Christendom, and of the intelligent world outside.

SPIRITUALIST FREETHINKERS.

On the other hand, the organized Spiritualists, being for the most part men and women who have broken with Christianity, and therefore compelled to supply by independent organizations the Spiritual needs which Christian Spiritualists find in the Churches, are largely anti-Christian. The Conference of Spiritualists which was held last February in New York, under the presidency of Mrs. Cora Richmond, of Chicago, passed the following resolutions, which are not very sympathetic, although to a Nonconformist they contain nothing very dreadful:—

Resolved, That we, the Spiritualists here convened, use our influence to have American citizens cast their ballots for public officials, national and municipal, who will on all occasions be true to American principles, free public schools, the constitution of the United States as originally drafted by our patriotic fathers, the stars and stripes and all they represent.

Resolved, That we protest against the introduction of God and Jesus Christ into the constitution of the United States, as such an introduction would disfranchise every free-thinking person in America, and change our secular government to a union of church and state.

Resolved, That we protest against the unjust imprisonment of Seventh Day Adventists for conscience sake, and against the imprisonment of honest mediums for the exercise of the gifts with which they have been endowed.

Resolved, That we demand the repeal of all laws which have in view the arrest and imprisonment of mediums and all laws regulating the practice of medicine, as we deem it a constitutional right to employ such physicians as we please. We also demand the repeal of all laws attempting to dictate to free American citizens in regard to the observance of the first day of the week, known as Sunday.

Resolved, That the time for concerted action has come, and we urge all true Spiritualists to organise to sustain the national association, defend honest mediums, and thoroughly to unite for teaching the truths of angel ministry and the defence of liberty and progression.

A WORD OF CHEER FROM HOLLAND.

HERE is a semi-autobiographical paper by the editress of a Spiritualist paper in Holland, which speaks for itself.

"I am a quiet worker of advanced years, living in a small country which is too much separated from the great current, on account of its language, which is so little known abroad. I rejoice to read your frank avowal of your Christian belief, a thing I look for in vain in the powerful organs of this universal Spiritual movement.

A WITNESS AGAINST FALSE CHRISTIANITY.

"I do not want to be too severe on the Spiritualists and Spiritists who only understand by religion and Christianity and old-fashioned doctrine of the Church, and for that reason rebel against everything calling itself Christian. From my youth upward I fought against this false Christianity in all my works, but the spiritual communion with my beloved dead has given me a higher insight and a loftier conception of the inestimable value of the person of our Redeemer in his coming on this planet. In His union with humanity He has become the greatest medium between heaven and earth, between God and men. The manifestations which I received through a very superior medium closely resemble those of Stainton Moses in his Spirit teachings, and those of 'Julia,' which I translated in our language. Had I not received similar manifestations the same in every country under well-guided mediums, I would have turned away sorrowfully from this science as anti-Christian and not from God, not suited to elevate and purify mankind. From my modest study I reach out my hand to you over the Channel, praying: 'Let us stand up for the holy banner of the Cross!'

WHAT SPIRITUALISM HAS PROVED.

"It is true, much has been made clear; the process of death—the living working on the other side—the impossibility of the resurrection of the flesh—the glory of the spiritual body—the keeping of our individuality in all its characteristics—the continuing and growing in strength and light and purity—the re-union with those who went before us—the pursuing of our studies and talents—the possibility of the coming again of spirits on earth—the reciprocal working of the two worlds—the task of the guardian angels—the power of magnetic healing, etc.—all this has become *familiar* to us, but they deceive themselves who declare to have *understood* and *explained* all this. And going on we discover new things unknown, new things inscrutable! Much remains to hope for, to wait for, to believe in!

"Your responsibility is so great, while you possess such a clear insight and receive such beautiful spiritual instruction. I hope that you may remain still for many a long year firm as a lighthouse on the sea-shore, and I pray that the Father of lights will let pure rays go out from you from shore to shore, and in every country where the English language is known.

"My days are almost spent, as I am nearly 73 years of age, but you have a long time before you to work of the Dispensation of the Spirit. I beseech you to bear evidence against all those useless intermixtures that defile Spiritualism, such as Astrology, Chiromancy, Fakirism, and everything that has the least resemblance to fortunetelling or necromancy, which is so attractive to mankind and has been the reason that people in all times were

led astray by low mediums and impure spirits, who allure people to all kind of superstition and black magic.

WHY IT HAS NOT DONE MORE.

"More than twenty years ago I was inspired to edit a monthly magazine. At first I rejected the idea as absurd not knowing how to realise it. But the sensation of being pressed did not leave me. I began writing my biography in order to show how I had been guided to this mystic study, and for nineteen years I have edited my work at my own expense. The title was also impressed on me. It was to be called 'On the Borders of Two Worlds: investigation and experience of the higher life.' I wished to explain to my readers a line of pure spiritual interpretation from my own rich experience and restless studies of old and new things. I worked with hundreds of mediums, and I collected thousands of communications by which I came to the conclusion that the reason of the trifling influence exercised by Spiritualism since 50 years must be sought in the imperfect direction and use of mediums. They will rarely be fit without having been magnetised for some time by a noble magnetiser; failing this, they remain imperfect and untrustworthy, a sport for wandering lower spirits. It is very difficult to form proper circles and trustworthy mediums, and yet that must be our principal aim, for continually badly-formed mediums spoil everything. I live in the quiet companionship of spiritual friends who are sent to mankind in this period of transition to support and protect them. These good friends are generally well instructed men and women from this century, authors, artists, preachers, or souls sainted by suffering and many struggles, who enlighten me and help me on in all my works.

A PILGRIMAGE ACROSS THE BORDERLAND.

"My grandparents possessed great Spiritual gifts, as well as my mother, therefore I have always been familiar with the unseen world, and since my childhood I had prophetic dreams. When I was 21 years of age I was one night transported to the spiritual world. I did not feel ill, but I felt that all the strength from my arms and legs was concentrated on my chest; I did not lose consciousness properly speaking, but felt slightly giddy. I was lifted up out of my body and I stood before my bed, looking attentively at my sleeping self. Is this death? I asked myself—How much more easier it is than I thought; yes, it seems that I am dead, for I stand here fully conscious, perfectly formed, and there is my dead body. But now I wish to leave earth. All at once I was lifted up into space, leaving earth with the utmost speed. Presently a great fear took possession of me, and I prayed: 'Great God, do not leave me to wander alone into this limitless space!' I discovered then that I was not alone, and that I stood on solid ground in front of a large building. I was conducted in a vast hall, where a glorious company was gathered round a long table. I thought that I stood before a tribunal, for everyone was looking at me. I felt that they discussed my destiny, and I ventured to say to those who had let me in: 'I would rather be taken to Jesus.' But they told me that I was not yet fit; that in a short time I should have to return to the earth to bear my Cross and to fight my battle of life, that after having accomplished my career, after much suffering and struggling and working, they would come again to fetch me, but I would have to try and bring a great many souls with me, helped and instructed by me. In great sorrow and tears I returned

to my earthly body, and for a fortnight I looked as white as a corpse, and I felt silent and grave. But afterwards I completely forgot this vision, and I would never have thought of it any more if a friend to whom I had disclosed this at the time had not written down everything accurately, and when she read it to me afterwards I perfectly remembered everything.

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

"During my childhood, and as a young girl, I saw myself speaking sometimes before a large congregation, and then someone said to me, 'Do not be surprised, you can improvise about every subject that interests you.' I often laughed about this foolish always-returning dream, until once at a congress I felt compelled to express my opinion about pedagogy. I was invited afterwards to speak for a large club at Amsterdam. While leaving the platform after my improvisation, the vision recurred to my mind and I remembered my prophetic dream. Every remarkable incident of my life was preceded by a dream or vision. In my dream I saw the most minute details, and I knew every word that would be uttered.

"Visions are metaphorical, and sometimes I understood the meaning only later on, not at the time when it happened. I see now how my path has been traced out and how Spiritual leaders have guided me from station to station on my difficult course through life. My Spiritual guides did not wish my natural disposition for somnambulism and second sight to be developed, for, being very sensitive, it would have injured my intellectual labours.

WHY I TOOK TO SPIRITUALISM.

"Besides, when American Spiritualism made its entry into the world by knocks and turning tables, I found it a miserable profanation, as by my own serious experiences I thought very highly of Spiritual communion, and for a long time I would not allow any experiments to be taken in my presence. My aversion was heightened by the reincarnistic system of Allan Kardec, whose acquaintance I made in Paris, and who was not very sympathetic to me. I turned away from all this and pursued my own studies until, having lost a very dear friend, I took greater interest in it; this friend appeared to me as she had promised. She told me that I would not die, though the doctor had given up all hope, and she said that I would be cured by the assistance of a medium to be able to work for many years longer. It was then that by her communications and those of many others, I discovered that a new era for psychical observations had opened, and as I felt great preference for the study of mankind as a spiritual being, I devoted myself to the propagation of the newly-found treasure—this widely-opened door leading to the next sphere.

HOW IT IS PROPAGATED IN HOLLAND.

"As I showed my conviction in all my works it was spread that I had become insane; I was thwarted in everything—there was no editor who dared to publish my works, even if not a single word of this subject was mentioned in it. At last my husband resolved to act as my editor; he published my three latest novels, as well as my monthly magazine. Spiritualism is making great progress here, but in the peculiar manner of our serious national character. We do not speak openly about it, but it is carried from one family to another, from friend to friend. I corresponded formerly with Mr. Stainton Moses about his scheme of a universal Spiritual *union*, in order to tell him why I objected against it; I did

not consider the times mature enough for it. The plants are too young yet for laying out a wood with them—first let them grow in their own soil to get strong and pure. I do not see the advantage of committees, rules, and statutes.

ITS RELIGIOUS MISSION.

"Spiritualism has not come for one religion, party, or nation; it comes to *all*, according to our needs and capacity, as the Gospel did not come to reject the law and the prophets, but to fulfil, or rather, to make them more spiritual. So Spiritualism does not come to pull down every religion, but to purify them and make them more spiritual. The Spiritualist agrees even less with the modern Sadducees than with the ancient orthodoxy of the Pharisees. The last is like a pyramid full of mummies, the first like an empty grave. God took compassion on us. He gives us fresh bread of life, wholesome manna from Heaven, but we must be careful while gathering it not to let too much ashes and dust come between it.

"Farewell, dear fellow-combatant for holy truth—let us remain faithful at our post, knowing that we shall have to give account, when the Lord calls us. I hope to give a new series of conferences or causeries in the autumn if God gives me strength. I shall always look out with great interest for your works."

A FRIENDLY WARNING FROM AFAR.

A FRIENDLY correspondent in a far-distant colony sends me a long letter of warning concerning the perils of investigating BORDERLAND. His letter is not written for publication, but he expresses so frankly and with such evident sincerity the fears entertained by many, that I quote, I am sure with his permission, the leading passages in his letter:—

I feel that I need not apologise for addressing one whose frank and facile pen has introduced himself to hundreds of thousands of Anglo-Saxon readers the wide world over. When I read your articles in the *Review of Reviews*, with many of the sentiments of which I cordially agree, I recognise that, though widely apart, we are very much akin; and it is for this very reason that I now obey an impression that I ought to write to you and warn you of a danger to yourself and family which I see looming ahead, if your eyes are not providentially opened to the gravity of the situation. I allude to your acceptance of the views of spiritism or spiritualism. When you read this far, I beg of you not to pitch the letter into the waste-paper basket, but rather to re-double your attention to the facts I am about to relate.

MY FORMER FAITH IN SPIRITUALISM.

I am a barrister-at-law of the Supreme Court of this colony. Up till June, 1894, I was a most devoted spiritualist. I studied the subject of occultism in almost all its available forms for about fifteen years with the utmost enthusiasm. I regarded spiritualism as a new Gospel, and I must say that it had upon me, for the time being, a morally good effect. Previous to my acceptance of spiritualism, I had lost belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures; but when I saw that the Bible was full of spiritualistic manifestations, my faith in its inspiration was partially restored. It would be tedious were I to record to you my experience with the "spirits" and the experience of many with whom I was associated; but when, at the time I spoke of, my eyes were opened, I clearly saw and most heartily thanked God for the deliverance I had had from the very arms of Satan. While I was a spiritualist the "spirits" taught that the Bible was to be interpreted on the Swedenborgian system—in fact, the "familiar spirit" of the medium gave him-

self out as "Swedenborg," and in that character uttered, I must say, some grand and noble sentiments—at the same time repudiating the necessity of an atonement.

WHY I ABANDONED IT.

Early in 1894, I met a friend interested in kindred topics, who put before me such objections to the Swedenborgian method of interpretation, and in favour of the literal, that after months of discussion and careful examination by myself, I was convinced that unless the Bible is interpreted just as one would an Act of Parliament, ascertaining the meaning of ambiguous or equivocal expressions by others less obscure, it simply becomes no Bible at all, for there is no standard by which to interpret it. One of the first passages my friend brought under my notice was the verse in Ecclesiastes: "The dead know not anything" (Eccl. ix. 5 and 6). It was no use my replying that our deceased friends are not dead but living, for the meaning was obvious by the contrast: "The living know that they must die; but the dead know not anything." I was then placed face to face with the possibility of the Bible statement being true, and if it was true what had I been doing during the fifteen years I believed in spiritualism? A careful revision of the phenomena made it quite clear to me that the Bible explanation is the only correct one. The manifestations I could not doubt: this was impossible. That being so, only one explanation, and that the Bible one, is feasible—the explanation given in 2 Thess. ii. 8-11. I then remembered the lies the spirits told us: how they outraged our most sacred affections by personating those who were most dear to us, who, according to the Scriptural statement, are *asleep* and *will sleep* till the resurrection.

NO MONEY IN SPOOKS.

I also remembered that financial loss of a serious character (in some cases worldly ruin) had been the experience of *everyone* who had trafficked with the spirits. On reflection I saw how Satan, through his angels, who had never been incarnated, but who could mimic most successfully any of our deceased relations we wished to communicate with, had studied the dispositions of each of us, giving to him or her just the deception suited to them. Alas! many of my dearest friends are still infatuated, and the only consolation the devils now give them in their distress is that poverty is a blessing in disguise.

As I know I am writing to one who has studied the Bible much more deeply than I have done, I anticipate the objection you may make to the statement that "the dead know not anything" as being inconsistent with the fact that Moses and Elias were seen on the Mount of Transfiguration. The explanation of this phenomena is that Moses and Elias (or Elijah) were resurrected men, having glorified bodies, and there are a number in heaven who were raised after Christ arose, but this number is comparatively small—among whom are the "four-and-twenty elders" of the Revelation.

I do not write this to you in the spirit of controversy, but in the spirit of Ezekiel 3, 21. I can say without the slightest hesitation that if you continue to communicate with the "spirits," and listen to their advice (for *they will advise you*), they will ruin you financially, even if you had a dozen *Review of Reviews* at your back. If you take my advice (or rather, I should say, read carefully the Scriptures on the subject), give up the publication of BORDERLAND, and make no reference to spiritualism in the *Review of Reviews*, except it be to expose its lying pretensions. You may exclaim that I am impertinent, but you have enough knowledge of mankind to see that I have no axe to grind in saying this. I ask you to believe (which is the truth) that I am animated solely by the desire of saving a man having immense public influence from being ruined as so many thousands have been by giving heed to these "seducing spirits and doctrines of devils." Only the other day in Melbourne a maiden lady lost £3,000 by boring for coal in a place where the spirits indicated it was to be found, but which the bore showed to be utterly fallacious.

Had I been blessed with a friend who, fifteen years ago, had pointed out the road I was drifting to, and had I listened to his warnings, I would not to-day have had to regret the loss of

so much valuable time, not to speak of large monetary losses, which are only, however, of secondary importance.

MY CONTROL A SWEDENBORGIAN.

The worst of the whole matter was that I had almost lost faith in Jesus Christ, for to me spiritualism was a religion. "Swedenborg" taught that every man must be his own Saviour, thus denying the atonement. Thank God! I now see the diabolism of this teaching. With perfect peace and assured confidence I have got back to the simple faith I had as a youth, that the Bible is its own interpreter, and that outside its covers, except in the science of pure mathematics, there is no such thing as *unalloyed truth*. Verily, the "Word of the Lord" (and it alone) "endureth for ever!" I turn away from the phantasmagoria produced by the heterogenous ideas of Roman Catholicism, Protestantism, Mohammedanism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Buddhism, and all the other isms, with their webs of truth and error, to the simple contemplation of God's Word and especially of the Ten Commandments. To Pilate's question, "What is truth?" I reply that truth is embodied in Jesus Christ, and that we cannot get the truth until we get Christ into us, and we ourselves get into Christ.

Knowing by bitter experience how fascinating spiritualism is, I feel it my duty, although I may never see you in this world, to send to you this note of warning.

Your zeal is world-wide in perseveringly prosecuting what you believe to be right, in spite of every human obstacle. In your many fights for righteousness you had God and His angels for your helpers, and He has blessed your efforts by giving you worldly prosperity; but so sure as you coquette with spiritualism you are on dangerous and enchanted ground, and the divine blessing will leave you. "Try the spirits." "Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God." And every spirit that denies or vitiates the work of Jesus Christ is of the same character. We are surrounded by so many delusions in these last days that we have only one safeguard: the careful and prayerful and daily study of God's Word, and the honest endeavour to bring "every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." The phenomena of modern spiritualism are undoubtedly: they are supernatural, but devilish, and will surely entrap in one way or other, everyone who is not prepared for their "lying wonders" by a living union with Jesus Christ.

AN EDITORIAL REPLY.

Now what have I to say to all this?

First and foremost, that if the loss of money or financial embarrassment is to be regarded as a token of Divine displeasure or Diabolical origin, then I am afraid there is no cause which was so manifestly cursed of God and originated by the devil, as Christianity itself. From of old time this has been so clearly recognised that the lure of increased wealth has always been regarded as one of the favourite resources by which the enemy of mankind has tempted men to destruction.

I think my correspondent is correct in believing that I should have been much better off to-day than I am if I had taken his advice and given the BORDERLAND a wide berth. But the sons of Zebedee would have made more money if they had stuck to their fishing-nets, and refused to listen to the call of Christ to leave all and follow him. The loss of worldly gear is no proof that they did not choose the better part.

Secondly, if we are to obey our correspondent and try the spirits, as the Apostle says, how can we do that without investigating Spiritualism?

And further, if we find spirits like "Julia," and those who controlled "M.A." of Oxon, and many others, all confessing that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, what are we to do then? Our correspondent having condemned the spirits as devils first, proposes to try them afterwards. But that Jeddart justice hardly commends itself to our

ideas of fair play. And let us have fair play even for the much maligned spook.

Thirdly, I altogether fail to see that there is anything in that text of Ecclesiastes to justify such a sudden wholesale recoil from the admittedly good and noble teachings of the spirits. Swedenborg may not agree with our correspondent, or with me. But Swedenborg was immeasurably nearer Christ than the somewhat cynical sceptic who wrote the book of Ecclesiastes. The ideas of our correspondent as to Biblical interpretations are almost grotesque in their infantile simplicity. The Old Testament is a compendium of the literature of Israel. It contains beautiful love songs like Canticles, leading articles, like the utterances of the Prophets, sceptical dramas like Job, dramatic monologues, intended to represent the world-weariness of a sated voluptuary, like Solomon, as well as summaries of Hebrew chronicles, and exquisite poems expressive of all the moods of the religious, and sometimes of the irreligious, soul. To say that such a library in miniature, reflecting the spiritual and political development of a nation from slavery to civilisation, must be interpreted as if it were an Act of Parliament, is to express the exact opposite of the true principle of interpretation with a quite astonishing precision. Whatever we may think of the Bible, one thing is quite certain, it cannot be interpreted like an Act of Parliament. I do not, for a moment, accept the text "the dead know not anything" as intended by the author to convey the truth as it really is. Nor do I believe it to be the truth for a single moment. Neither does the Christian Church now, or in any age. What the author of Ecclesiastes intended to do, was to express what he believed the sated voluptuary, who had exhausted the delights of sense, would have said, and possibly have believed, under the imagined circumstances under which he is supposed to be speaking.

Finally, I would repeat once more to my friendly correspondent the oft-repeated and always-forgotten warning. Remember, that when Jesus of Nazareth came teaching and preaching in Galilee and in Jerusalem, (1) no one who followed Him made money by their discipleship, while most of them lost all; and (2) the Scribes and the Pharisees, the recognised authorities of the Church, dealt with Him and His miracles exactly as our friendly correspondent would have us deal with Spiritualism; they said He had a devil, and was mad, and that He cast out devils by Beelzebub the prince of devils.

WHO MAY THIS BE?

The following letter reached me some time since. But the card, if it ever was enclosed, is lost, and I have no means of tracing the writer except by publishing his letter and saying how glad I should be if he would let the readers of BORDERLAND have the record of his experience.

My experiences date back more than twenty-five years, and my theoretical knowledge at least fifteen years before that. I hope it may be possible for you to make some use of them. I may premise that I have had a great deal to do with the development of the movement, indirectly, for although I was seldom seen or heard of, I had charge of the "development" of several mediums, two of whom, Frank Herne (now deceased) and "Mis. Olive" (still extant) as Madame Greck, left an indelible mark on the progress of what they call "Spiritualism," but which I prefer to dub "Psychology."

The range of phenomena included, (1) rappings and movements of material objects; (2) trance and automatic writing; (3) writing in closed and sealed boxes and slates; (4) materialisations, under strict test conditions, in the light, and in semi-darkness; (5) test communications from departed friends and strangers; (6) healing at a distance, one or two of which might well be called "miraculous," and others matters which may form the subject of a short interview, when you have the time or inclination to meet me.

I may mention that I was present at a séance with F. Herne, who I was then "bringing out" (through the aid of a Mr. Robert Harper), when Mr. W. Crooke's brother Alfred, controlled Herne, and spoke so effectually to his relative as to move him to tears and conviction. He at once took up the investigation, with results all the world knows. This is only a little sample of what I have to tell.

I tested Slade thoroughly, and the Christian world had a narrow escape of printing results, as I took one of the editors with me. But the time was not ripe. I had plenty of money then, and did not begrudge a guinea or two to make such a shot—for my friend got a long message from his father, John Harrington—*whilst sitting on a folding slate*, which we had purchased on the way, and which Slade never even saw, much less touched.

If you would like to have a true record of some of my most remarkable experiences, including spontaneous, or induced predictions of events so dissimilar as the return to England of Napoleon III. long before the war, and the warning I was told to send him (and did)—and the winners and seconds in five horse races, at long intervals apart, I will tell them to you if you will see me. I may say your agnostic attitude excites my admiration; it has always been mine. And I am not sure even now that old Moses was not quite right in prohibiting promiscuous intercourse with the "Dead."

IX.—WHAT IS MEDIUMSHIP ? INSPIRATION, OBSESSION, TELEPATHY, OR DREAMING ?

MRS. EDWARD MAITLAND, whose biography of his friend Anna Kingsford was noticed at some length in the last number of BORDERLAND, is now well advanced in years, but he is as devoted as ever to Anna Kingsford, with whom, he told me a month or two ago, he is still living in constant and affectionate relations. The vehement condemnation repeatedly pronounced by Mrs. Kingsford on spiritualistic manifestations, and the elaborate demonstration by which she sought to prove that spirits do not return, read somewhat curiously in view of the fact that the gifted seeress no sooner puts off her body than she finds it indispensable to continue, without a break, her communications with her earth friend.

MEDIUMSHIP AND INSPIRATION.

The answer to this question, "What is Mediumship?" Mr. Maitland says, was given once for all in a revelation given on "that wondrous night" when the heavens were opened before her and for the first time known to history was given a definition of the nature and method of inspiration and prophecy at once luminous, reasonable, and inexpugnable, to the full and final solution of this stupendous problem. Here is the famous passage for our readers to profit by it as best they can:—

I heard last night in my sleep a voice speaking to me, and saying—

"You ask the method and nature of Inspiration, and the means whereby God revealeth the Truth.

"Know that there is no enlightenment from without: the secret of things is revealed from within.

"From without cometh no Divine Revelation: but the Spirit within beareth witness.

"Think not I tell you that which you know not: for, except you know it, it cannot be given to you.

"To him that hath it is given, and he hath the more abundantly.

"None is a prophet save he who knoweth: the instructor of the people is a man of many lives.

"Inborn knowledge and the perception of things, these are the sources of revelation: the soul of the man instructeth him, having already learned by experience.

"Intuition is inborn experience; that which the soul knoweth of old and of former years.

"And illumination is the light of wisdom, whereby a man perceiveth heavenly secrets.

"Which light is the Spirit of God within the man, showing unto him the things of God.

"Do not think that I tell you anything you know not; all cometh from within: the Spirit that informeth is the Spirit of God in the prophet.

"What, then, you ask, is the *Medium*; and how are to be regarded the utterances of one speaking in trance?

"God speaketh through no man in the way you suppose; for the Spirit of the prophet beholdeth God with open eyes. If he fall into a trance, his eyes are open, and his interior man knoweth what is spoken by him.

"But when a man speaketh that which he knoweth not, he is obsessed: an impure spirit, or one that is bound, hath entered into him.

"There are many such, but their words are as the words of men who know not: these are not prophets nor inspired.

"God obsesseth no man; God is revealed: and he to whom God is revealed speaketh that which he knoweth.

"Christ Jesus understandeth God: He knoweth that of which He beareth witness.

"But they who, being mediums, utter in trance things of which they have no knowledge, and of which their own spirit is uninformed: these are obsessed with a spirit of divination, a strange spirit, not their own.

"Of such beware, for they speak lies, and are deceivers, working often for gain or for pleasure's sake; and they are a grief and a snare to the faithful.

"Inspiration may, indeed, be mediumship, but it is conscious, and the knowledge of the prophet instructeth him.

"Even though he speak in an ecstasy, he uttereth nothing that he knoweth not.

"Thou who art a prophet hast had many lives: yea, thou hast taught many nations, and hast stood before kings.

"And God hath instructed thee in the years that are past; and in the former times of the earth.

"By prayer, by fasting, by meditation, by painful seeking, hast thou attained that thou knowest.

"There is no knowledge but by labour; there is no intuition but by experience.

"I have seen thee on the hills of the East: I have followed thy steps in the wilderness: I have seen thee adore at sunrise: I have marked thy night-watches in the caves of the mountains.

"Thou hast attained with patience, O prophet! God hath revealed the truth to thee from within."

WAS MRS. KINGSFORD A MEDIUM?

I suppose it is my fault, but I fail to understand the difference here drawn between Mediumship and Inspiration. Mrs. Kingsford herself frequently received in sleep, which is a kind of trance, things of which she had no knowledge. The very first indication of Mrs. Kingsford's clairvoyant powers, as told by Dr. Maitland, might be condemned by this rule. He says—

It was in the course of the spring of 1873 that she gave me the first indication of her possession of clairvoyant powers. She called upon me while suffering from an attack of incoercible sickness, which had lasted for several days, and, at my suggestion, took a few drops of chloroform on a lump of sugar. A few seconds afterwards she passed into the somnambulistic state, and, becoming lucid, exclaimed, "Oh, how curious! I can see all my inside, and what it is that is making me ill. Just below the stomach, between the pylorus and the duodenum, there is a small abscess filled with black matter, caused by some metallic substance which I have swallowed in my food, and which has lodged there." On the influence of the drug passing off—which it did very shortly—I told her what she had said, but only to find her quite unaware of it, and regarding the utterance as a delirious fancy. The event, however, proved the accuracy of her diagnosis; for in an unusually severe spasm which presently followed, a quantity of black matter was ejected as from a newly-burst abscess, the seat of which seemed to her to be exactly where she had located it; and in the *ejecta* was a small piece of jagged metal, such as might have come out of some tinned vegetables of which she had partaken. And with this the attack ceased.

Here she uttered in trance or the "somnambulistic state" things of which she had no knowledge, so much so that she refused at first to believe what she had said when it was repeated to her by Dr. Maitland. Was this "obsession with a spirit of divination"? Surely not. Dr. Maitland may reply that her spirit knew what in the revelation is called the "interior man." But every trance medium may claim the same thing. For what the interior man knows is as if it were not known, if, as in Mrs. Kingsford's case, there is no commun-

cation of its knowledge to the outer or physical consciousness. The stress laid upon consciousness may be all right; but it is rendered worthless for practical purposes by the admission that the consciousness may not be that of the physical outward plane, but the interior sub-consciousness.

IS MEDIUMSHIP MERE TELEPATHY ?

The explanation of the mystery of mediumship contributed some months ago to *Light*, by a correspondent signing himself "Vir," while inadequate to account for all the phenomena, nevertheless is more lucid and luminous, so far as it goes, than the mystic revelation of which Dr. Maitland speaks so highly. "Vir" writes—

I believe some experiments I made many years since tend to make the matter quite clear.

Mediumship is simply sensitiveness, which is always accompanied by a condition (1st) of fluidity of mental impression and (2nd) of bodily subsistence.

By the first condition, mental images of real persons who live or have lived, or of imaginary persons, paintings, engravings, words, music, &c., &c., can be transferred from any mind to the mind of the medium, who has no knowledge of the source of the images. It is not necessary that the mind which is the source of the images should be fixed on the object at the time; indeed, in many cases this destroys the conditions necessary for the transference.

These mental images attain sufficient materiality to affect the sensitive p'ate by the second condition of sensitiveness, viz., fluidity of bodily substance, by reason of which the mental impressions assume physical forms more or less visible by substance issuing with the thought form, and drawn from the body of the medium. Unless the medium have sufficient of this quality no psychic photograph can be obtained. Some sensitives have the first quality and very little of the second. When this is the case the medium is clairvoyant, that is, receptive to the images of persons and things in other minds and which he really sees as if they were physically present.

As I have hinted, I do not give these as views, opinions, or theories. I know that this is so. As a result of experiments, I conclusively proved that sensitives see the images in our minds of imaginary persons who never had a real objective existence, better than they see the images in our minds of our dead or living relatives, and they can be more easily materialised. Photography and clairvoyance are really things of the same kind, and help to elucidate one another. The first is the reception and objectivation on a sensitive plate of a picture conveyed from the object by the agency of light; the second is the reception and objectivation by a sensitive mind of a picture conveyed to it by the agency of thought.

This explanation accounts for much, but by no means for everything. It leaves untouched all the wide range of phenomena, when manifestations, clairvoyant and photographic, are obtained which are in no way present to the mind of the sitter, and it does not account for the persistence with which the best mediums fail to receive telepathic impressions and receive other impressions quite inexplicable on the score of telepathy.

A lady correspondent in the north of Scotland raises much the same question as "Vir." She writes—

I have had some strange personal experiences which strengthen much of what is related in the last number of BORDERLAND. I have had several "messages" always unsought, and from reliable sources—reliable, I mean, in intention—not paid for. Some of these remain unfulfilled at this date; others seem to have been natural sequences to natural causes.

What I have puzzled over is this—Were the messages really from the persons indicated, or did the seers only see in my aura the images of my thoughts?—which I think

may have been the offspring of my wishes, since I can see the germs of each in my own memory, as also I can see the germs of my sleeping dreams. These memory germs, or picture-words, seem to be acted upon as in a kaleidoscope, and form new picture-combinations in every change of position. This does not make the matter less wonderful, but it may bring it under *natural* and *scientific* law; and also it may account for the mistakes which appear so frequently by mediums.

OR IS IT DUE TO THE DREAMING OF THE DEAD?

As no one knows what dreaming is, the suggestion that it is due to dreams of the dead does not help us forward very much. But a correspondent in Glasgow, who has bestowed much thought on the subject, has come to the conclusion that the phenomena of communications from the dead are due to the dreams of the disembodied soul. Mr. Myers, it will be remembered, wrote a remarkable article on the dreams of the dead, which fits in with our correspondent's theory fairly well. The following is an extract from his letter which is interesting and suggestive—

Once incarnated, the soul never returns to that absolutely spiritual potential existence, but after death remains in a state of suspension with a physical, though ethereal, body—a state of semi-potentiality akin to the state of being experienced when one dreams. In this condition the soul acquires far greater powers of sympathetic intelligence than when confined to the flesh, and with increased experience must come, of course, to a great degree, increased rationality of thought. But the soul forfeits that critical sense which protects the really earnest thinker in the flesh from intricate sophistry and humbug, so that they (the departed souls) talk largely of "angelic circles," "the great white throne," &c., which are more or less the subjective imaginations of the spirits themselves, to my thinking. In fine, I think the souls of the dead experience a state of suspension, and do not pass on to a really actual higher existence. They retain a physical though ethereal identity, and this enables them to manifest themselves to us through physical means.

To establish my opinion, I may mention some of my own experiences in dreams. First of all, I suppose it is a common experience to have taken means, such as pinching one's self and other devices, to convince one's self while actually dreaming that one is not dreaming but awake, being vividly aware in one's dream of having been deceived as to reality in former dreams. And this acuteness and caution in dreaming I have often carried even a stage further. My sister often wakes herself up through pinching herself while dreaming to make sure she was awake. And except one wakes one's self so, one always finally decides in the dream that one is awake. Again, I have dreamt that I have been giving a speech and have been utterly surprised at my own eloquence and depth of reasoning and have actually remembered a little on awakening. Similarly, being very fond of poetry, I have composed at great length in my dreams, surprised at my own powers and being vaguely conscious that I was dreaming, have actually in my dream taken the trouble to repeat a few lines over and over, to commit them to memory, which on awaking I was able to recall. Now when awake I have very little capability either for speech-making or poetry. Thus it is easily seen how very vividly the dreaming state mimics the waking state, and in some respects surpasses it. My sister, too, used almost invariably to talk aloud whilst dreaming, and it was easy for any one to join in and soon lead the conversation, she dreaming all the while.

In a spiritualistic séance I am of the opinion that the medium and the spirit usually control one another, the medium giving the spirit what it needs through lack of the flesh: the power of concentration, application, and consecutiveness, to prevent it rambling—but the spirit supplying all the materials of the subject of discourse, so that the opinions and doctrines given are often at variance with those of the medium. The fact, too, that the spirits retain for a considerable time their old prejudices, passions, weaknesses, and dogmatic opinions, is rather in

avour of the dreaming hypothesis, for one would think such a thing as the experience of death would sober any man in a waking state and make him more philosophical than to ask for the whiskey-bottle and to use bad language. Now I do not propose that the existence which departed souls experience is simply dreaming, but that it may be a state something similar to it and not a critically conscious life.

I ask you whether you could get the following series of questions answered for me by some dependable method of spiritualism which you would have no hesitation in advocating and, in part, relying on, using your own judgment in dealing with the answers given :—

(1) Are you really a dis-embodied spirit having a distinct and clear remembrance of your former existence on this earth?

(2) How is it that you in particular have answered, more than the millions of souls who share your state of existence?

(3) Bearing in mind your experience of life on this earth, can you positively assert that you are now participating in a really higher phase of existence—more critically conscious; or, might it not be that your present state is one of suspension, akin to the state of being one experiences while dreaming—happier, perhaps, even as dreams are often most pleasurable—and possessed, no doubt of almost infinitely greater powers of sympathetic intelligence such as is exhibited in the phenomena of thought-reading, clairvoyance, &c.? But is it not just possible that you are deceived in believing yourself to enjoy an active conscious life, whereas the truth may be that you are rather in a state of potential being?

(4) Seeing that you acknowledge being ignorant of knowing more concerning the Deity than we on earth know, are you not open to receive the opinion that there is no personal Deity above us, but that we ourselves constitute the highest form of being, though as yet only in a potential or semi-potential phase?

(5) Is not the number of human identities finite, limited by some absolute property of our being, and does not reincarnation support and prove this? If finite, how many are there, and how related to one another? Do the sexes per'st? If so, has marriage the same indefinite chance character as on earth, or are not pairs rather connected by some absolute properties of their being?

(6) How did life originate on this earth, and when? On what does difference of species depend? Does one species develop from a lower simply in accordance with a natural law; or does it require divine interposition at the conception of the offspring?

Account for the millions of years apparently taken in the evolution of life on this earth.

(7) May it not be possible to communicate with the divine intelligence by means of evolving one species from a lower as a sign of affirmation or other agreed sign?

(8) If an attempt were made to communicate with the divine intelligence by means of evolution of species, as above indicated, would there be any likelihood of interference in the results by the actions of such spiritual intelligences as yourself?

(9) Which would be the best animal to experiment with in such an endeavour?

You will no doubt notice that the questions are put in a very suggestive and perhaps long-winded form; but this I have thought advisable from my experience of dreaming. Also some of the questions partly repeat the substance of others. This is because the spirits may be able to answer one form of question better than another. Thus they may not be able to tell on what difference of species depends, but may think the proposal in question 7 decidedly feasible.

The interrogation of mediums would, I fear, help us but a little way. The series of interesting articles which have recently appeared in *Light* and the *Two Worlds* do not throw much light upon the subject. Scattered here and there through Dr. Maitland's book there are hints on the subject, sometimes derived from spiritualistic sources. For instance—

In answer to a question respecting the secret of mediumship, a control to whose medium Dr. Maitland had resorted, said: "Spirits go through many changes of form. My

medium has been both male and female; it is that which makes mediumship possible. Only they can be mediums who have been incarnate in both sexes."

CLASSES FOR PSYCHIC STUDY.

In the *Two Worlds* for March 27th, 1896, Mr. A. J. Smyth proposes that, by way of making a beginning, preparatory classes should be founded for speakers and students. His idea is to form a preparatory educational section, with classes to be taught by tutors working under the District Councils of the Spiritualist federations.

That the following subjects be recommended for consideration and study :—

- a. The experimental and scientific basis of mental, psychical, and spiritual phenomena.
- b. Elementary knowledge of physical sciences, with special regard to their bearing upon the doctrine of evolution and the law of progression.
- c. The doctrines of Christian and other theologies; their place in history and relation to Spiritualism.
- d. The social conditions and environments of human life, with practical measures of reform.
- e. The fundamental teachings of Spiritualism, its ethics and philosophy.
- f. Mediumship: its nature, phases, and development, and the methods of spirit control, and such other subjects as are deemed advisable.
- g. The constitution and life of the spiritual universe.

That three subjects be taken during each term.

- a. Monday: Verbal exposition, with illustrations from text books.
- b. Wednesday: Study from automatic works.
- c. Friday: Short original papers and discussion.
- d. Quarterly meetings for social and intellectual intercourse.

Summer session should meet not less than twice each week.

THE THURSTAN INSTITUTE AT WORK.

"Notetaker" who is describing the work of London Spiritualists in *Two Worlds*, gives the following description of what he saw at Mr. Thurstan's place at Battersea :—

Two rings at the little electric bell bring a page boy to answer our summons. We are shown into a handsomely-furnished room and introduced to those present. The attendances are not large, and ladies are in the majority. Mr. Thurstan believes in the "positive" education of the spirit, as the best means of developing mediums—I beg pardon—"psychics." The following details of procedure may be useful to private workers, and possibly some societies may utilise this form of development more largely than hitherto. The need for "positive" as well as "passive" development undoubtedly requires emphasis. Its value has always been persistently pressed forward by our spirit friends. But as the measure of the power to control and sensitiveness varies so greatly, it must perforce be left to individual judgment as to whether this field of inquiry receives all the attention it merits.

A short invocation commences the proceedings. The form of practice desired by the majority is first ascertained, and every one presented with pencil and a small note-book wherein to record their impressions. One form of practice consists of dividing the sitters into two rows, and placing a screen between them. One half become "positives" and the other "negatives." The positives strive to project their thought, which may be either a mental picture, name or number, to the negatives seated on the opposite side of the screen. The "polarity" of the sitters is then reversed. The positives now try to render themselves negative, and become the passive recipients of the positive thought. The ordinary method of thought transference is practised by holding the sensitive's hand, or placing it on the forehead or nape of the neck.

Psychometry is practised by means of carefully closed boxes, filled with strong-smelling scents. They are placed under a

cloth, and the sensitive handles them without being permitted in any way to gauge or smell the contents. Letters from known individuals are placed in plain numbered envelopes and "sensed" in the usual way, precluding, as far as possible, the sight of the handwriting, which might give a clue to the characteristics of the writer. Relics are also psychometrised in the usual way. For the development of clairvoyance, an object of concentration is first found in order to induce passivity, and then, instead of waiting for the spirit world to reveal its own powers, the undivided will force of the student is devoted to penetrating the spirit spheres by sheer endeavour on his own part. Visualization is practised by gazing at a picture, flower, or symbol, and then, with the eyes closed, striving to reproduce the picture to the "mind's eye." Automatic utterance and writing will be practised by the spirit "in" the body taking the place of the spirit "out," and endeavouring to control the hand or tongue of the passive sitter: positive and negative always reversing positions during one half of the lesson in order that both phases of development may occur simultaneously, and the possible effects of a passive acceptance be held in check by the positive power of the recipient. Failures are, of course, many and frequent, but the results are all tabulated, and an effort will eventually be made to find out the causes and the means whereby they may be lessened.

EVIDENCE AS TO SPIRIT RETURN.

THE CASE OF MR. NEWTON.

ON the 21st of last December Henry J. Newton, a well-known American photographer, met his death by accident in New York. Mr. Newton had been for years president of the photographic section of the American Institute, and at one time he was president of the Society of Amateur Photographers of New York. He was an inventor, a manufacturer, a successful man of business. He was besides a convinced spiritualist and septuagenarian.

His friend, Judge Nelson Cross, ten days after Mr. Newton's sudden taking off, went to the medium P. L. O. A. Keeler to hold communication with some friends on the other side. The *Banner of Light* of January 11th thus describes the result—

In order to prepare for this séance he pencilled some names and perhaps a greeting on slips of paper, folded them carefully, and deposited them on the table in the séance room. When thus placed he could not distinguish one from the other.

He then seated himself opposite Mr. Keeler, having two new slates bound together in his hand, and the slips of paper before his eyes. They sat some forty-five minutes without any indications of a visitor from the other world. Judge Cross writes: "My vis-à-vis, the medium, was perfectly quiet and apparently indifferent to his environments. There were no others visibly present."

After a protracted suspense he places, as if at random, one of the paper slips on the slates and resumes his former attitude. We still wait. No sound is heard, and no stir is perceptible in the half-score of prepared slips, including the one on the slate. Then word is brought to the medium, in some mysterious way, that someone has written. We carefully uncouple the slates, but not a scratch is there. Now word comes that the writing is "on the paper." We for the first time unfold the slip laid upon the slate—it is the one addressed to Henry J. Newton—and find it written upon the inside, in bright red across the pencilled words, "I am reconciled H. J. N." That slip was the one addressed to Henry J. Newton, and this was the pencilled writing on it: "The manner of your going was a shock to the whole spiritual world on this side. Are you reconciled?"

We continue to sit, and wait till it seems we are to get nothing more, when all of a sudden the writing on the slates begins.

Judge Nelson Cross says that then there was a lively time with the slates, made apparently by the scratchy sound of the atom of pencil left between them, which was kept up until two

couples of slates had been filled with distinct individual spirit-messages to the number of fourteen, nine whereof were responsive to questions, and five voluntary ones.

The invisible communicants, he says, embraced, amongst others of a private nature, messages from Luther Colby, Henry Kiddle, Wm. R. Tice, S. B. Nicols, John C. Bundy, J. M. Roberts, James A. Bliss, and Henry J. Newton.

It seems that Judge Cross had been quite familiar with Mr. Newton, and for that reason, he did not hesitate to address him in that way, for he thought that his sudden entry into the spirit world might prevent him from almost immediate manifestation. Judge Cross adds: "As a result, the entire inner surface of one of my slates was filled with Spirit Newton's response. It is in a plain hand, and reads as follows:

JUDGE NELSON CROSS: Don't let my taking off be a shock to you. It was, momentarily, an awful experience to me, but ere I could half think, it was over, and I was out of suffering. Any opportunity you may have, try to impress upon my friends the fact that I had no time for suffering, and I came quickly awake from a terrible calamity into the most serene condition imaginable. For some moments I felt sure I had aroused from a hideous nightmare.

My mortal life would soon have been over anyway. I am glad I passed out without a lingering illness—the dread of my mortal life.

I find the spirit world the reality I believed and knew it to be. I shall still work on interestedly. I never experienced so sudden and unexpected an event as my demise was.

I have seen Bros. Brittan and Kiddle.

I wish Mrs. Newton would not be so depressed, but I can't blame her, poor woman.

Health and happiness to you is my wish, so be careful when crossing the streets. We are but children.

Truly, HENRY J. NEWTON.

On the left hand corner of the slate, occupying a space about four by four inches, was drawn in pencil, with dark shade lines as of India ink, a likeness of Mr. Newton, and over the picture is written, "Hunt has tried to pencil-sketch me. H. J. N."

A BUREAU OF COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. R. E. Smith writes me from 41, Princess Street, Leicester, as follows:—

How is it that you do not institute a "Bureau of Communication" so urgently asked for by your correspondent "Julia"? Somewhat after the fashion of the circle held at the office of the *Banner of Light*. It would be gratefully welcomed by hundreds of inquirers.

You London Editors have no idea how rapidly the belief in the fact of spirit intercourse is spreading in these large country towns, and that chiefly amongst the working classes I often find Spiritualists where I least expect to find them. These conversions are chiefly owing to the clairvoyant tests given at Sunday lectures. At the Spiritualistic Hall here, when a known lecturer occupies the platform, hundreds of people cannot find admission.

The harvest is ripe—no portion of BORDERLAND is so acceptable to its readers as the articles from "Julia," and if she might be allowed to give the names of those around her who desire to communicate, so that those of their friends in earthly life would be able to identify them, it would be a vast step in advance.

My answer is twofold.

First, want of time; and secondly, want of mediums who could be relied upon. Unless such a Bureau is very carefully attended to by very competent people it would be worse than useless.

A LANGUAGE TEST OF SPIRIT CONTROL.

A SWEDISH correspondent in Minneapolis sends me the following very interesting account of his experience, which seems to prove that the medium under control

loses command of his own language when controlled by a spirit of different nationality.

Last summer I happened to visit a party of ladies and gentlemen, young and old, that were camping out for the summer. I give the particulars that it may be seen that it was the merest incident and not premeditated nor intended for a test.

Among the ladies was one alleged trance "spirit" medium. All in the party, myself included, were of Swedish birth, and all were well familiar with either the Swedish or English language. But to return to our medium. She went into a so-called trance, and among the many alleged intelligences that appeared, of whom there must have been at least seven or eight different ones, about evenly divided, English and Swedish speaking.

While an alleged English spirit was talking and laughing, to the amusement of all present, there appeared an old gentleman, "an American," who made himself somewhat too familiar and obnoxious, particularly to the spirit-control, who subjected him to all kinds of ridicule, but all to no avail. So, "to induce him to leave," we began to converse in the Swedish tongue, when it was observed that it became impossible for the alleged spirit to understand our conversation, and repeatedly inquired about what we were saying. But as even this had no effect on our intruder, we finally induced this control to leave, and let a Swedish control, "that was known by the name of Amalia," come, which she did; when the alleged Amalia appeared, who spoke Swedish to the gentleman, until he finally got up and left. But in the meantime, we had drifted back to an English conversation, when it was again observed, that this control was in turn as utterly unable to understand the English as the first one was unable to understand the Swedish language, and also repeatedly inquired to know what we were talking about. By the way, this last control claimed to be thirteen years old."

Now, taking in consideration that the medium was well familiar with either language, if it was her "so-called" subconscious self, why did it not understand that which was familiar

PSYCHICS AS DETECTIVES.

EVERY quarter brings me letters from persons who have lost things by theft or otherwise, imploring for occult aid in the recovery of their property. I cannot undertake the utilisation of psychic power in this way. But for the encouragement of those who are in the quest for missing articles, I publish the following narrative that reaches me from Mr. C. O. Pierson, of Washington, D.C. He says:—

The narrator, Mr. C. Bankes Brookes, is a native of London; is a gentleman of integrity, and a well-known citizen of Washington, being Secretary of the St. George's Society in this city, and having for many years held a responsible position in the office of the Secretary of War.

The story, which is given in Mr. Brookes' own language, is as follows:—

"When anything happened to be lost or mislaid, my daughter, who was a good medium, would interrogate Brother Morgan (for so we called a deceased friend of ours), and, without delay, her hand would be influenced to write down the place where it could be found.

"On leaving a friend's home one evening it was noticed by several there present, including myself, that she wore a gold neck-chain outside the collar of her waterproof coat, and when she reached home it was missing. With slate in hand she inquired of Brother Morgan its whereabouts, and a minute later scribbled his reply—'You will find it telescoped between two hats on the rack in Mr. Y.'s house' (where we had spent the evening). The next morning early she repaired thither, and, taking one hat out of the other, was made glad with the sight of the chain that had been lost."

The following corroborative statement has been presented to me, in connection with the mysterious disappearance of the gold chain, by Mr. Thomas Y. Yeates, the Mr. Y. referred to in the above narrative. Mr. Yeates is an employé of the War

to her normal consciousness? The same argument, it seems, would hold good if we suppose it to have been the sub-conscious self of any one else of those present. To me it seemed like evident spirit control.

To those who may shake their heads and deem it mere accident, I will state that I have observed similar incidents dozens of times.

AUGUST WIKLUND.

Another medium writes to me that he constantly is controlled in foreign tongues, and wishes me to find him a linguistic expert to interpret his messages.

In the *Harbinger of Light*, of February 1st we read—

Similar phenomena, perfectly well authenticated abound in the annals of Spiritualism; and there is lying before us, at this moment, a document, written by a clair-audient and clair-voyant medium in Brisbane (Mrs. Burbank) under the control of the late Dr. John Merewether, Dean of Hereford, in which five languages are quoted (Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Anglo-Saxon and French), with only one of which—the last—that lady has any acquaintance. What is more extraordinary still, the Hebrew words are written in the Hebrew character; and in the following sentence, "Read all the *hagiographa* and you will there discern that they were given to the mediums of the time by Jehovah," the word underlined was given in the Greek character. Presently occur in French the words "avant que Abraham fut, je suis," (before Abraham was, I am); then the control gave the Hebrew root of the word "Jesus," in the Hebrew character, showing that, etymologically, it signified "a tried messenger"; traced back our English word "Lord" to the Saxon "Hlaford;" and finished by saying—"I will conclude in the words of Virgil:—

Aspice, convexo nutantem pondere mundum
Terrasque, tractus que maris, cœlumque profundum
Aspice, venturo lœtentur ut omnia seculo."

Department, being one of the principal clerks in the office of the Adjutant-General of the Army. He is also General Secretary of the North America St. George's Union; and his integrity is beyond question. He says:—

"The case of the gold chain referred to by Mr. Brookes came under my own observation, and the immediate facts are these. Having invited a few friends to meet at my house, among them Mrs. Brookes, Miss Brookes, and Miss Morgan, the daughter of the deceased Brother Morgan, I made room on my hat-rack for the increased supply of wraps by placing one straw hat inside of another, both the property of my two children, aged respectively ten and six years; this before the arrival of the guests; and one hat being larger than the other, the outside one completely hid the inside and smaller. I am confident that the fact of the two hats being together was entirely unknown and unsuspected by either of our guests, who departed from the house about 11 P.M.

"At 6 o'clock the next morning I was aroused by the ringing of the door-bell, and on going to the door found Miss Brookes, who said she came to look for her gold chain, which, she stated, she had missed from her person on arriving home the previous evening; and that on consulting her familiar spirit, she had been informed that the chain would be found between two hats on my hat-rack. She then asked if I had found it, and if I knew what was meant by two hats. I immediately took down the two hats, which were apparently as fast together as I had forced them on the previous evening, and on pulling them apart, the chain was found by me just as stated. It was a valuable one, worth at least \$75. The impression made upon my mind was startling, as I could scarcely conceive so foolhardy a thing as the lady deliberately leaving a valuable article over night to chance; besides, in subsequently relating the occurrence to another of the guests, a near neighbour, she informed me she had seen the chain on Miss Brookes' neck, while we were all outside the house on the doorstep saying good-night. This was conclusive. The question remains, How did the chain return to my house?"

X.—THE MODERN DEMONIAC.

I HAVE received letters from the unfortunate gentleman whose evil case I described in our last issue begging me to say no more about him. I have no idea who he is or where he is, but it would seem that he is still a prey to his obsessing demon.

IS EXORCISM EXTINCT?

The attention drawn to the question by his tragic story has, however, naturally caused me to receive many communications from sympathetic correspondents whose suggestions usually pointed to exorcism. From these letters I select the following:—

The method any reliable Romanist might use would be the old one of Prayer with the afflicted person, but I imagine that an Italian or Spaniard of high attainment in spiritual things, would be able to exorcise. There is, no doubt, that the secret archives of the Vatican contain much white-magic lore, but the Demoniac could only avail himself of it if he joined the Romish Church, confessed, preferably at Rome, and was put into the hands of the Italian, not the English priesthood. I repeat that I myself am not a Roman Catholic, but one may gather this from the earlier theosophical writings, which at one time I read with interest. A Brahmin ascetic, at one time my greatest personal friend, and now in hiding in India, where he is being (he tells me) persecuted by his co-religionists for his advanced views, told me that in extreme cases of such Black-magic possession, where the victim had originally made the blood-sacrifice, the only escape was by means of some altruistic white-magician, who wiped out the Black with his own life, as in the Arabian Night tale of the Second Royal Mendicant. Maybe, Sir Richard Burton could have done something if alive, with his strong will and his rank as Sufi. But the Arabian wisdom seems at best to be less religiously potent, than other eastern inner knowledge. I think, the Romish Christian the only accessible chance. Your Demoniac would not know where in Tibet or India to go to find help, nor do I know, nor does any Western, I believe.

I am afraid Cardinal Vaughan, being English, would deny the spiritualistic aspect of the case; from accounts, he is exclusively theological and non-psychic, despite his Celtic name. At any rate, the Demoniac would not harm his case by strenuous prayer in some sanctuary like St. Winifred's Well, and there may be some religious woman whom he knows, mother, sister, or nun, who might pray with him. But the drawback of the officer's life, is that it does not attract the highest kind of woman to it, and the ordinary woman would not be strong enough, however pure, when it is a question of battle. Prayer certainly is the most repellent atmosphere imaginable to such a bad being, as that now surrounding this man's soul, and might give intervals of pause in the attack, which might allow the dying will some chance of rest, and thence recuperation. It is a process of years, no doubt, but I do not believe that one being can finally absorb another. The threat of Hell, I consider mere bombast uttered by an ignorant spirit.

OTHER EXPERIENCES.

The possibility of unpleasant consequences following the surrender to "spirit" control is not to be lightly overlooked. Here, for instance, is a letter from Vancouver's Island, which bears brief but cogent testimony as to some possibilities of the occult world.

I have had, during the past six years, the most horrible experience. I hear distinct voices addressing me; the phenomena is and has been during that period almost continual; at times they tell me what I shall or shall not do, which invariably happens, but as a rule, they jabber the most absurd nonsense.

Hands take hold of me, and nothing is visible, although the sensation of being held is as palpable as if a strong person had hold of me. This may happen under any circumstances. I may be sitting with and talking to a dozen persons, and the phenomena will occur, and I dare not mention it to anyone, or I should undoubtedly be considered insane.

Would it not be possible to consult some medium of repute, to ascertain the cause of this phenomena?

The power is used with the utmost malevolence towards me, and all my schemes are frustrated by it in the most miraculous manner, but perhaps, if you could place this letter in the hands of some powerful medium, some results might follow.

I do not tell you half the extraordinary experiences I have under this malevolent influence, as it would make this letter interminable; but, perhaps, some noted Spiritualist could unravel the mystery; but under its powerful spell, I know I am impotent. I may add that other mysterious things have happened, that I dare not even write.

A lady correspondent in the north of England, who has cultivated automatic writing, and whose hand is controlled to execute curious and fantastic drawings, writes me as follows:—

I have been rather unsettled since reading "Demonic Possession," in BORDERLAND, and about "Astrels," etc.

I see (or fancy I see) hideous faces in some of the drawings, and I find drawing mediæval gargoyles or devils, the last thing at night, is not conducive to calm repose, so I have been thinking seriously of giving up.

I must say, the writing gives me the kindest and best moral advice, and encourages me in every way to do what is right.

I asked "Hælæ" if she confessed that Jesus Christ came in the flesh, and my hand wrote "Yes."

It may be added the influence was asked to tell the surname of "Julia." It wrote "Somers," which was wrong. Why spirits which give excellent and good advice should attempt to answer questions which they cannot answer correctly, is one of the mysteries of mediumship.

THE LOSS OF SELF-POSSESSION.

Automatic writers seem to be liable to become possessed against their wills. A friend of mine writing to me interpolated a long passage, not by any means of the most agreeable nature, in the middle of a letter. "I could not help it," she added, "my hand would write nothing else. I stopped, but when I tried to go on writing it began again, just where it left off."

Another automatic writer of my acquaintance, who wrote hours together, was warned by her "control" to desist, or she would be liable to terrible consequences. She narrowly escaped what looked like brain fever or delirium. Not for months after would her former control use her hand. He said that the excessive and continuous use of the automatic faculty exhausted the elements—a material through which alone the spirits could influence her. When this was used up, the automatic writer was left, as it were, psychically unskinned, and liable to the control of intelligences of a lower order operating on a different material. These intelligences were malignant and mischievous, and the result of their operation was usually insanity.

Long ago, a Fellow of the Royal Society and an eminent medical man, expressed his belief to a friend of mine that most lunatics were the victims of obsession. In order to test this, I took Mrs. Russell Davies to one of the largest lunatic asylums under the London County Council. Most of the likely cases were inspected, but the net result of the examination was that none of the patients, so far as could be ascertained, was the victim of spiritual or demoniacal possession.

In the following article Miss X. expresses her opinions about Obsession from a hypnotic point of view. "The Modern Demoniac" had, however, found hypnotism ineffective.

XI.—OBSESSION.

FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW. BY MISS X.

I.—ITS NATURE.

THREE are times when it happens to all of us to feel like the man who learnt with surprise that he had all his life been talking that hitherto unknown, unstudied language, Prose. Now and then some quite familiar idea is clothed for us in a new garment, and at once assumes an importance never accorded to it before. Some of our wise men, in the world of science, have lately been debating about a serious but unconsidered danger in our midst—not a new microbe, nor an extra daring adulteration, not the last thing in influenza, but the danger of *fads*. That *fads* are tiresome, and time-wasting, and exhausting to the patience of others, is a fact often present to our consciousness, but that the *faddist* is himself in real danger, demanding all our help and sympathy, is an idea with which few of us have seriously dealt. We have pitied his house-mates and those, of necessity, his companions; we have good-naturedly allowed ourselves to be victimised, to give them a temporary relief, but till our neurologists took to calling the *fad* "an Imperative Idea," we did not realise that it was a disease like eczema, or peritonitis.

THE DANGER OF FADS.

One must differentiate as carefully between a *fad* and a hobby, as one would between sentiment and sentimentality, or emotion and emotionalism. A *fad* is the diseased condition of those energies which might be wholesomely expended in hobby-riding. My hobby may be cycling, or crystal-gazing, or collecting engravings, or Jacobitism, or cats, and any one of them may be degraded into a *fad* as soon as I allow myself to bore other people by my enthusiasm. It is part of the grand law of compensation that if I don't do unto others as I would they should do unto me, in the long run I get the worst of it. When we cease to have control of the hobby it becomes a *fad*, and the *fad* becomes an Imperative Idea, and (so we are told by Neurologists) that way madness lies!

THE TREATMENT OF FADS.

It has been Dr. Milne Bramwell's concern, in a recent number of *Brain*, the organ of the Neurological Society of London, to discuss this evil that is in our midst, and to show how in Hypnotic suggestion we may find a powerful weapon and means of self-defence.

Rather more than a year ago, Dr. Hack Tuke opened a discussion in the pages of *Brain* upon "Imperative Ideas," in which Dr. Hughlings-Jackson, Dr. G. H. Savage, and Dr. C. Mercier have taken part. Now it has come to Dr. Bramwell's turn to speak from his own particular point of view and experience as a Specialist in Hypnotism.

THE NATURE OF OBSESSION.

The pages of *BORDERLAND* have recently presented accounts—from other pens than mine—of certain morbid conditions, of the nature of obsession which are, rightly or wrongly, ascribed to the relations of the patient with matters occult.

Perhaps we may gather from Dr. Bramwell's paper some light upon a subject which has already been discussed in its religious and social aspects, but which, in

the opinion of the present writer, is in most cases, rather a question for the physician.

HEALTH AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

After nine years of systematic study of matters, which, for want of a better name, we call *Psychic*, and a lifetime of experimental familiarity with the phenomena concerned, I can definitely assert that I have never seen any clean-minded rational person the worse for such interests—very much the contrary. On the other hand, I know of no subject, unless it be that of religion, so much degraded by association with persons of ill-regulated mind and unbalanced judgment, in short, with "cranks." But such people would have been "cranks" under any circumstances, and it is a mere accident that they are crazy about Spiritualism instead of the Bacon-Shakespeare problem or the New Woman, or any other public nuisance.

To all such, only one form of advice is, to my thinking, possible. If you believe yourself "obsessed," if Planchette swears, and your table-raps give lying messages, and you fall into trances at unreasonable moments, *drop the subject*. Get a bicycle, or learn Hebrew, or go a walking tour, or weed the garden. If you are sane you can do as you like with your own mind, if you can *not*, consult the staff of Colney Hatch! Want of self-restraint is either sin or disease.

Every year dozens of letters reach me from persons who would "like to experiment" in psychic matters, but it always makes them feel queer about the arms or the legs, or they are pursued by voices, or haunted by spirits, and they think experiments and séances are not good for them. What are they to do?

With every wish to be polite and sympathetic, I have on most occasions a desire, which, of course, I suppress, to quote the old story of Dr. Abernethy, when a lady came in great distress, because she always felt a pain if she raised her left arm; to whom the great surgeon replied, "Then, why the blank, Madam, do you raise your left arm?"

In most cases the pain is only "a fixed idea," and we could probably raise our left arms as well as other people if we could only get rid of the idea. But, any way, as they say in America, the world will get along, and so shall we, without such gymnastics.

THE LIMITS OF SANITY.

Obsession, by a fixed idea, is not, after all, a very uncommon phenomenon, the difference between a *fad* and a mania is only one of degree. The rational investigator can distinguish between self-suggestion and objective phenomena, between the morbid effects of fatigued attention, and apart, even, from the important question of evidence, the genuine super-normal Message, whatever its origin. Those who cannot, are not fit, even if useful, for Investigation. So long as the patient is conscious of his disease, and perpetually at war with the Imperative Idea, so long is he sane. The question has been recognised by doctors, we are told, since the beginning of this century, and in 1853 Brierre de Boismont wrote—

"There is a distinction to make, namely, that ideas may make one ill when they dominate the mind, but one is not really mad except when the will has become powerless to control the impulsions."

Again, Marcé, in 1862, clearly described the origin of Imperative Ideas—"In a predisposed person," he says, "feeble of character, endowed with keen sensibility, a word, an emotion, a fear, a desire, leaves one day a profound impression. The thought, born in this manner, presents itself to the mind in an importunate way, takes possession of it, does not leave it, dominates all its conceptions; during this time the individual may have consciousness of all the absurdity, unreasonableness, or criminality of this idea; the acts themselves soon conform to these unhealthy preoccupations, and become absurd and extravagant." A clear distinction between these diseases and recognised forms of insanity was made for the first time in 1886 by Morel, and he stated that patients suffering from imperative ideas did not interpret their obsessions after the manner of the insane; that they neither experienced hallucinations nor illusions, nor underwent those transformations which change the personality of the insane and make them radically different from what they were before.

In 1877, Westphal published an important contribution to this subject. According to him, the obsession never becomes a true "idée fixe délirante," but always remains a stranger to the patient's ego, while the insane conform logically to the deductions of their fixed ideas.

Thus, for example, a person obsessed by an idea might believe that people in the street mistook him for the Great Mogul, whereas the insane "conforming logically" to the deductions of his ideas would say, "I am the Great Mogul. Kiss my toe."

THE ATTITUDE OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.

The Roman Church, always more familiar with, and therefore more logical on, the subject of supernormal phenomena than our own, has always expressed herself clearly on this point, and has distinguished between the subjective phenomenon of obsession, and the alleged objective fact of devil-possession.

THE OBSESSION OF INQUIRY.

Sometimes obsession takes the form of diseased mental activity, often expressing itself in perpetual questioning, a common form in particular of religious craze. Dr. Bramwell quotes the case of a young woman who worried herself about the Creation. Did everything make itself? Has God created all things? Is there a God? How can one divide objects into infinitely little parts when each part can still be divided? How is it that an object infinitely divided, can still be divided, notwithstanding that one cannot divide it any more? and so on. There is no "honest doubt" in this. If she arrived at any answer, it would do no one any good. It is mere mental restlessness, well called by the French *folie du doute*, and a recognised form of obsession.

Perhaps, in the case of those who are "obsessed" with ideas relating to the occult, a morbid desire for revelations from the Unseen may be taken as the equivalent of this phrase. The subject with which the diseased mind concerns itself, is not necessarily the occasion of the disease.

OBSESSION IN ACT.

Then, again, there is the obsessing idea which reveals itself in certain actions, called by the French, in conse-

quence of one particular form of its manifestation *le délire du toucher*.

This is a common enough sort of "fad." We all know the tiresome woman, who is always setting things straight, the man who begins a letter over again, if it be necessary to cross out a word; who is always picking up invisible crumbs from the floor or fuming unduly about ventilation. A step further, a little lack of self-restraint, and the attitude of mind becomes a disease. Dr. Bramwell quotes one patient, whose life was a burden to him from fear of contamination, and who washed his hands from morning till night, and another who lived in terror of soiling her food, and also washed her hands persistently, like another Lady Macbeth.

OBSESSING IDEAS IN DAILY LIFE.

A third kind might be taken to include both the others, that of obsessing ideas.

"The patient is not able to escape from the obsession to think constantly about a certain subject or question. Here it is neither a question of a perception or emotion, nor of an impulse to commit an act; there is only one isolated idea—a word, a phrase, incessantly pursues the patient and continually occupies his thoughts."

Most of us know, in some degree, the effect of this sort of obsession. When we are tired we are worried or haunted by some particular tune, or perhaps phrase, but, happily, most of us are able, with an effort, to banish it, however insistent.

I know a woman, of considerable strength of intellect, who, nevertheless, has a tendency, when overdone, to count. The action is so automatic that she has often reached three figures before being aware of what she is doing, but the moment she finds herself enumerating the articles she handles, or the steps she is ascending, she accepts the warning and seeks rest in idleness, or in change of occupation. It is in the yielding to the impulse, the becoming its slave instead of its master, wherein lies the danger.

People who live much alone, or who limit themselves to a very small range of ideas, or who lose sight of the relative value of the circumstances of life, have a tendency to obsession of this kind, and make life thereby disagreeable to those about them. I know a man, of University education and brought up in delightful and elevating surroundings, who has become a terror to his friends and a bore to all he meets. His wife declares that his period of decadence began with the purchase of some new dining-room fire-irons, which he proceeded to take under his protection. He lived mainly to enforce the use of a curate poker, and his mind having sunk to the level of such interests, he is unable to recover his former platform.

We all know invalids who will spend a morning considering whether they shall lunch on sago or tapioca, women who make an afternoon hideous by wondering—aloud—whether someone (who didn't listen) thought something they said this morning "queer," men who pursue reluctant acquaintances with considerations of Bradshaw, and whether the 2.45 or the 3.10 train will best serve a purpose which might be safely relegated to the week after next.

One person is a slave to a digestion which needs nothing but a little wholesome neglect; another is "nervous" and non-gregarious in consequence; another yields to imaginary terrors and can't drive in a hansom, or sit in a gallery, or cross a bridge, and the lives of all are crippled and dwarfed in consequence. Chil-

dren in their early teens are specially subject to "fads" of various sorts, and we all know the graceless tricks, mental and physical, of schoolroom life.

OBSCESSING ANTI-PATHIES.

These are all inconvenient and disagreeable enough. But worse possibilities await those who allow themselves to be enslaved.

According to Dr. Gélineau a crowd of sentiments of repugnance, &c., which the laity group as aversions closely resemble the conditions we are discussing. Henry III., for example, who showed his bravery at the Siege of La Rochelle and elsewhere, could not bear the sight of a cat. The Duke of Epernon fainted at the sight of a young donkey. Ladislas, King of Poland, got frightened, and ran away when he saw apples, and Favoriti, a modern Italian poet, could not bear the smell of a rose. Dr. Pierre d'Apono was so frightened at the sight of milk and cheese that he fainted. Montaigne says: "I have seen more people driven to flight by the smell of apples than by arquebuses, others frightened at a mouse, made sick by the sight of cream, or by seeing a feather bed shaken."

THE WORKING OF THE "FIXED IDEA."

Ribot applies the term "fixed ideas" to the states we are discussing, and regards them as "chronic hypertrophy of the attention"; the fixed ideas being the *absolute*, attention the *temporary* predominance of an intellectual state or group of states. The fixed idea is attention in its highest degree and marks the extreme limit of its power of inhibition. There exists, he says, both in normal attention and in fixed ideas, predominance and intensity of a state of consciousness; this is more marked, however, in the fixed idea, which is permanent and disposes of the important psychical factor—time. "In attention this exceptional state does not last long; consciousness reverts spontaneously to its normal condition, which is a struggle for existence between heterogeneous states. The fixed idea prevents all diffusion. There is no antagonistic state that is able to overthrow it. Effort is impossible or vain. Hence the agony of the patient who is conscious of his own impotency."

RELIGIOUS AND SPIRITUALISTIC OBSESSIONS.

Once let ourselves get obsessed by any one idea, to the exclusion of all others, and we become its slave. There are certain ideas more likely to absorb the human mind than others. Eternal salvation and all that may advance or hinder the life of the soul, for example, is an idea of immense importance to all who believe in its possibilities, and one, moreover, which presents a wide field for wonder and speculation, for fear, uncertainty, and self-consciousness, all those emotions in fact which most tend to the overthrow of the judgment. Religious mania, in varying degrees, is perhaps the most common form of insanity (apart from that caused by intemperance, heredity, and vice). The problems of spiritualism, again, in certain aspects, have particular attractions for the egoist and the person of ill-balanced judgment. All can pose as seers and as prophets, and even the absence of evidence will not *prove* that they are only yielding to the pleasure of talking about themselves and trying to be interesting. Hence, unfortunately, the spiritualistic bore and the spiritualistic maniac are specimens only too common of the working of that most dangerous of all obsessing ideas—the idea of self.

WHY INVESTIGATION MAY BE DANGEROUS.

The induction even of genuine psychic phenomena demands a degree of expectant attention, which to a certain class of minds, possibly a very large class, is a really dangerous physical effort. There are many for whom it is conceivably a serious danger to attend dark séances, "sit for raps," attempt automatic writing, crystal gazing, or other induced phenomena, just as it would be really dangerous for them (if it were possible, which it probably is not) to study quadratic equations, or the laws of acoustics, or in fact anything which demanded sustained attention. Five minutes' talk with an adept in mathematics would suffice to prove their physical incompetence for such studies, but nothing will convince them that when at the end of a séance they are half sick with fright, exhausted with the strain on their attention, giddy with gratified vanity at a self-suggested "message," that all these are not part of the phenomena, but only physical sensations demanding attention of the same kind and on the same level with damp feet, or a back that aches from overwalking.

IS IT WORTH IT?

That they have got nothing in spite of their labour is a fact not likely to occur to them, nor that such experiments, besides being unwholesome, are useless, nor that the seer has "to live the life," not merely an idle afternoon, nor that true phenomena are not to be had for the asking, nor that such are mainly spontaneous in their manifestation, nor that, in short, if they had mown the lawn, or taken a good walk, or studied the cookery book, they would probably have been better employed.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE FIXED IDEA.

To quote Dr. Bramwell again:—"The following is Ribot's conception of the probable physiological condition associated with fixed ideas:—'In its normal state the entire brain works; diffused, activity is the rule. Discharges take place from one group of cells into another, which is the objective equivalent of the perpetual alterations of consciousness. In the morbid state only a few nervous elements are active, or, at least, their state of tension is not transmitted to other groups. Whatever may be their position in the cerebral organ, they are, as a matter of fact, isolated; all disposable energy has been accumulated in them, and they do not communicate it to other groups; whence their supreme dominance and exaggerated activity. There is a lack of physiological equilibrium, due probably to the state of nutrition of the cerebral centres.'"

Obviously, therefore, exciting psychic experiments and occult studies demanding strained attention are precisely what should be avoided by those with any tendency to lack of physiological equilibrium, just as a man with a weak heart should avoid playing foot-ball, not because foot-ball is unwholesome, but because he is unhealthy.

Obviously, too, such as they are, these experiments and studies have a special attraction for the morbid, and the self-conscious, and the ill-balanced, and "where the bee sucks honey the spider sucks poison." The studies are not to blame.

OBSESSIONS OF SUPERSTITION.

Van Eeden regards what he calls "manias of superstition" as an interesting variety of obsessions. One of his patients, a man aged forty, of healthy constitution,

has since childhood attached prophetic signification to puerile facts and events. To wear a certain necktie promises him happiness or unhappiness. If he does not touch a certain boundary he thinks evil will happen to him. If he does not re-read a certain line or make a certain letter thicker when writing something horrible will befall him. At first his strange ideas were insignificant, or he was able to resist them, but, as he grew older they filled his life and rendered it intolerable. For twenty years he made a pilgrimage every Sunday to the railway station in order to kick a certain post three times with each foot. If he did not do this his father would die. In order to rid himself of these obsessions he makes vows and associates threats with them. He says for example: "If I yield to one of my caprices in the course of an hour I shall have apoplexy before twenty-four hours have passed." At first this succeeded, but soon the effect of the vows diminished, and he was compelled to make them stronger. The unhappy man now stands sometimes for a quarter of an hour muttering the most fearful imprecations in order to get the strength to go an errand. If he omits them he is forced to obey the most absurd impulses. He must stop before a certain house, retrace his steps, touch boundaries, stop passers-by or touch their clothes; in a word, he is obliged to act like a maniac.

This, of course, is an extreme, though not unhappily an uncommon, case. "The whirligig of time brings its revenges" is only another form of the old familiar, often despised saying that "Virtue is its own reward." A little self-restraint in youth would have averted the terrible tragedy of age. That one sentence might be inscribed over many a prison cell, many a miserable home, many a neglected grave. "At first . . . he was able to resist them, but, as he grew older, they filled his life and rendered it intolerable."

II.—ITS CURE.

Where, however, obsession has really become disease, the patient, no longer able to help himself, has every claim upon our sympathy and protection. There are also, no doubt, certain cases in which from special causes, a struggle has been made in vain, or made too late. The patient may be suffering for the sin or idleness or lack of restraint of a parent, or his mind or body, diseased from other causes, may be physically incapable of the effort of resistance.

Perhaps no triumph of our own day is so encouraging to the true philanthropist, the real lover of his kind, as that of the discovery of a means of cure for the diseased will.

For, after all, the strengthening of the weak will, the giving of an impetus to that unable of itself to make a fresh start, is the real value of hypnotic suggestion, whether applied to body or to mind.

WHAT DR. BRAMWELL SAYS.

Yet even here the outlook is clouded, and even when talking of the possibilities of cure, we receive fresh warning as to the danger of a lack of self-restraint. After reporting in detail eighteen cures of severe cases of diseased will and imagination exhibited in imperative ideas, some of which shall be quoted immediately, Dr. Bramwell writes:—

"My chief difficulty in such cases has been the induction of the primary hypnosis. Various continental statistics apparently show that the majority of mankind can be hypnotised. Schrenck-Notzing's 'First International Statistics of Hypnotic Susceptibility,' published

in 1893, gives 8,705 cases by fifteen observers in different countries, with six per cent. of failures. Wetterstrand reports 105 uninfluenced out of 6,500 cases, and I formerly found patients drawn from my own practice equally susceptible.

"For the induction of hypnosis the patient's attention is necessary, and in cases of imperative ideas, this is usually otherwise occupied as the result of the nature of the mental affection. Many also belong to the class the most difficult to influence, *i.e.*, the nervous and emotional. That such patients are the easiest to hypnotise is the conviction of all those who have no practical acquaintance with the subject, but this opinion, unfortunately, has no foundation in fact. Moll says: 'The mentally unsound, particularly idiots, are much more difficult to hypnotise than the healthy. Intelligent people and those with strong wills are more easily hypnotisable than the stupid or weak-willed. Sex has no particular influence.' According to Forel, 'every mentally healthy man is naturally hypnotisable.' Mr. Wingfield hypnotised 152 Cambridge undergraduates at the first attempt, while Esdaile found no difficulty in inducing hypnotic anaesthesia among the coolies and felons of Bengal, and these, as he justly remarked, were by no means nervous persons. The fact that many of my patients had read sensational newspaper and magazine articles on the subject did not render my task easier."

A CASE IN POINT.

Out of the eighteen cases which Dr. Bramwell describes I shall quote only four, two of which I can speak of from my own personal knowledge. The first case was one which he most kindly undertook at my request, and I can testify to the unbounded gratitude of the patient and the apparent completeness of the cure. I have received fresh and satisfactory accounts from him, even since Dr. Bramwell's article was in print. He is a young man of considerable ability and of exemplary conduct, quiet, steady, of habits and tastes refined beyond his class. At the age of fourteen he had many religious doubts and fears, and believed he had committed the unpardonable sin.

The following is taken from the letter of a friend to whom he confided his troubles: "On October 1st, 1891, he told me that he had attempted to commit suicide, as his life was so miserable [he had taken poison]. He had read of a case of poisoning through eating chocolate and connected himself with it, though it was five years since he had helped to manufacture any. He now believed he might have been careless with the moulds and thus have produced a poisoned chocolate, which years afterwards has caused the child's death! The grotesque absurdity of the story, as he related it to me, would have made me laugh, had I not felt how terribly real it was to him. His vivid imagination had pictured every incident of the tragedy; the child buying the chocolate, running home full of happiness, then becoming ill and gradually sickening in awful agony till released by death. The keenness of mind with which he sought to prove the reasonableness of his belief that he had poisoned the child was extraordinary. He wrote: 'Yesterday I was unscrewing some gas burners in a provision shop and got some white lead on my hands, and I have been thinking that it may have got amongst the food.' I found that brooding over this fancy had brought him to the verge of despair and for weeks his life was a perpetual agony. He worried himself about his work of fixing advertisement plates to walls and can never persuade himself that

they are securely fastened. He fancies the nails are bad, or the mortar loose, and makes himself ill over it. I have pointed out to him that if a plate fell it would almost inevitably slide down the wall. This has not prevented him from painting a most elaborate mental picture of the decapitation of an unfortunate youngster, who happened to be playing marbles with his head against the wall. To enumerate all his troubles would take a small volume. I have a great pile of his letters before me now, and I suppose they constitute one of the most extraordinary analytical autobiographies it would be possible to find. In reading them I cannot help marvelling at the strange unshapely wonder of such an imagination. He makes every incident in his life the foundation stone of a castle of fancies, and of late years each castle has become a prison--a torture chamber in which he has dissected his motives and his actions until he has ceased to believe in himself at all.

"When I first saw this patient the 'folie du doute' and 'délire du toucher' were constant and most varied in their manifestations. If he accidentally touched persons in the street, he began to fear that he might have injured them, and exaggerated the touch into a more or less violent push. If the person touched were a woman, he feared that she might have been pregnant and that he might have injured the child. If he saw a piece of orange peel on the pavement he kicked it into the road, but soon afterwards began to think this a more dangerous place, as anyone slipping on it might strike his head against the curb-stone, and so he was irresistibly impelled to return and put it in its former position. At one time he used to bind himself to perform certain acts, by vowed he would give God his money if he did not do them. Then sometimes he was uncertain if he had vowed or not. Owing to this he gave sums to religious objects which were quite disproportionate to his income. Apart from his peculiar fancies I found the patient perfectly rational and intelligent, and though his 'délire du toucher' hindered him greatly in his work, he generally managed to execute it, though on some occasions he was compelled to abandon the attempt. At this time I tried to hypnotise him on twenty-four occasions, but apparently without success, and he was then compelled to leave town. He returned on April 2nd, 1895, for a week's further treatment and told me that since his former visit his morbid ideas had not been so frequent and marked, and were accompanied with less mental agony. He has since recovered."

It may be worth adding that a change in his work and surroundings have probably in some degree contributed to the recovery, instituted by Dr. Bramwell's patient kindness and by the young man's desire, not only for improvement for its own sake, but also to gratify the doctor, his gratitude to whom, is touching in its intensity.

A HAUNTER EXORCISED.

Another case personally known to me is as follows:—

A lady of high cultivation and intelligence has suffered since childhood from occasional fits of depression, and certain circumstances in her life have latterly increased the tendency. Dr. Bramwell thus describes the case—

"Four and a half years ago, after the death of a relative who had exercised an unfriendly influence on her life, she constantly thought that various misfortunes that were happening to her would give him pleasure; this idea increased and developed until she felt that he

knew everything she did, and gloated over her troubles. Finally, she became possessed of the idea that she was haunted by him, and felt conscious of his presence. Her whole life was filled with these thoughts, and she ceased to care for society or intellectual pursuits. She was constantly depressed, slept badly and was weak physically. I first tried to hypnotise her on November 26th, 1892, and repeated the attempt a hundred times without success, until April 25th, 1893; her condition meanwhile growing steadily worse. Slight hypnosis was induced on April 26th, and repeated twenty-three times up to July 21st, 1893. Immediately after the first induction of hypnosis she rapidly improved, and the morbid ideas and depression entirely disappeared. She quickly regained strength and interest in life and up to the present date there has been no relapse."

SHYNESS CURED.

The following case is one in which many will sympathise. Happily it was more easy to treat than the preceding—

"Mr. H., aged 33, tall, strong, and athletic, first consulted me March 7th, 1894. He stated that he had always been of a sensitive disposition, and inclined to be morbidly self-conscious. Of late years this had greatly developed and made his life a burden to him. He had the fixed idea that he was constantly making mistakes in business, and that all those with whom he was brought in contact considered him a fool. During a business interview he was embarrassed and unable to speak, and felt that everyone must notice this. He had the same feelings in reference to society, and shunned it as much as possible. He also had morbid and entirely unfounded fears about his physical condition. Hypnotised ten times to July 11th, 1894, when his morbid ideas had entirely disappeared. He has just reported himself, April, 1895, as well. If he has any anxieties about his business, he says, these are only natural ones, and he has lost all his morbid fears and embarrassments. He is now fond of society and at his ease in it."

MORBID FEARS BANISHED.

One more case is worth quoting in detail from the nature of the fixed Idea. It is that of a young man who had received a shock from the sudden death of a relative, and had developed insomnia, and even when he did sleep constantly was tormented by dreams of his own death.

"The insomnia continued, and he was haunted by constant fears in reference to himself and his family. He dreaded that he would lose his employment, and that he would find his wife and children dead when he returned from work, &c. He became afraid of open spaces and was unable to cross the road without assistance. One day, when sitting alone in his parlour, he believed he saw two men bring his coffin in. He never had a moment's freedom from his fears, and was so miserable that he had strong suicidal impulses. About this time he commenced to have frequent attacks of giddiness, and felt that he would fall down if he did not catch hold of something. On one occasion only did he lose consciousness. He was hypnotised five times up to November 12th, upon which date his morbid fears had almost entirely disappeared, but as he still had attacks of giddiness and sometimes felt depressed, I continued to hypnotise him once or twice a week up to the present date (April 26th, 1895). Present condition:

He sleeps well, has had no giddy fit for two months, no agoraphobia or return of his other morbid fears, and deep hypnosis can now be easily and quickly induced."

Other cases are quoted of recovery by means of hypnotism of a patient who had been six months in his own room for fear of catching cold, of another who thought his fiancée didn't love him ; of another who could not go into the country for fear of thunderstorms ; of another who couldn't travel by rail ; of another, a lady, who spent hours over her dressing, but could not satisfy herself that she was clean and tidy. All fads, doubtless, at the beginning, which a little self-restraint might have cured, ending in disease which a few years ago would have almost inevitably have brought them to the madhouse.

HOW IMPERATIVE IDEAS BEGIN.

Dr. Bramwell concludes with some suggestive remarks on the genesis of the disease :—

" The transition from the normal state to imperative ideas is almost insensible—the repetition of an insignificant saying being, according to Ribot, the slightest form, and pre-occupation, such as anxiety about an examination, a degree higher. Most children, too, have suffered at one time or another from imperative ideas. This, as a popular writer, has justly remarked, appears to arise from an exaggerated sense of the importance of what they say and do, and also from an exaggerated fear regarding the notice taken of them by others. He says, ' How miserable we sometimes make ourselves over some silly remark we have made. * Some of us even keep a little store of foolish things we have said or done at various times, and take them out occasionally and blush over them. As a child I blushed for years at the thought of having piped out a response in church in the wrong place, before the clergyman's turn was over. I felt as if the whole congregation turned and gazed at me with scornful ridicule. As I walked away everyone who glanced at me I felt sure was thinking : There goes the child who made that extraordinary squeak in church.' "

It is interesting and encouraging for many to note that the capacity for cherishing a fixed idea, when under proper control, is in itself desirable.

" Every one cannot have fixed ideas, as for example idiots, who possess little spontaneous and no voluntary attention, while, as Ribot says, ' In every sound human being there is always a dominant idea which regulates his conduct, such as pleasure, money, ambition, or the soul's salvation.' Some of my patients were physically far above the average, and many of them possessed mental endowments of high quality, and their morbid ideas did not prevent them doing valuable work. Most of them, it is true, were of an emotional, nervous type, but is the sensitive, mobile brain necessarily degenerate ? May not the accidents to which it is liable be the result of its higher and more complex developments ? The thoroughbred is more emotional and nervous than the cart horse."

SEVEN DOCTORS ON THE " DANGER " OF HYPNOTISM.

There is one fixed idea which remains with many who have not studied the subject in question, a not un-

common source of obstinacy, namely, that hypnotism is dangerous and a means of cure sometimes worse than the disease. Here is the opinion of Dr. Bramwell and seven other of the first hypnotic doctors in Europe :—

" Personally, I have never seen the slightest untoward symptom result from the skilled use of hypnosis, nor any evidence that its dangers, under these circumstances, have any existence save in the brain of the novelist. Forel says : ' Liébeault, Bernheim, Wetterstrand, van Eeden, de Jong, I myself, and the other followers of the Nancy school, declare categorically that we, supported by the material of many thousands of hypnotised persons, have never observed a single case of mental or bodily harm caused by hypnosis, but, on the contrary, have seen many cases of illness relieved or cured by it.' "

It is interesting as exhibiting the growing interest in curative hypnotism that the twenty-seven books referred to by Dr. Bramwell in the course of his pamphlet all have been published since 1888, and all but four between 1890 and 1894 (inclusive).

X.

MUSIC AS A HYPNOTIC.

ON several occasions we have referred (says the *British Medical Journal*) to the efforts of the Rev. F. K. Harford and others to bring music within the sphere of practical therapeutics. The St. Cecilia Guild—excellent as its intentions were—worked somewhat fitfully and aimed too high. It is difficult to believe that music will ever take a place among recognised antipyretics, though its influence in calming the delirium of fever may to a certain extent be allowed. Of its real usefulness as a sedative in certain forms of nervous disorders there can be no question. As a hypnotic it was tried—if we remember aright—in the London Temperance Hospital with a fair measure of success ; indeed, on one occasion a physician who was present at one of the experiments in the character of the " devil's advocate " found the soporific influence of the music so powerful that he had difficulty in keeping awake. It would, perhaps, be indiscreet to inquire too curiously into the exact significance of this testimony ; but there is ample evidence that there is in music what Molière's immortal Bachelor would call a *virtus dormitiva*. We may be allowed to cite Dr. Beschinsky, a Russian physician, not as the strongest but simply as the most recent witness. Having to treat a little girl, aged three, who was made sleepless by night terrors, and having tried various recognised methods of treatment, he at last be-thought himself of music. He ordered Chopin's waltz, No. 2 (dose not stated), to be played on the piano by the child's mother ; the effect was immediate and satisfactory. After four nights of this medication it was suddenly interrupted, and the last state of the little sufferer was worse than the first. Then Chopin was again administered, at first nightly, then every second, and lastly every third night. The cure was complete and permanent. Dr. Berberff used the same treatment in a similar case with equal success ; it is not, however, stated that he used Chopin, and indeed, we are almost inclined to think that a simple hushaby sung by the mother would bring sleep to her child's eyes as effectually as Apollo's lute.

XII.—RETRIBUTION AFTER DEATH.

SOME STATEMENTS FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

IT is rather curious, if so be that all spiritualistic communications are the work of the Evil One, that Spiritualism, separating itself from the optimist views of those who teach that the Christian doctrine of future punishment is a mediæval superstition, should always insist upon the terrible reality of retribution beyond the grave. The statements made by the "spirits" may be grotesque, fantastic, horrible, or ridiculous, but to one thing they are always constant, viz., that in the life which is to come there is retribution, and that however we may shrink from the fact, the future is a state of punishment quite as much as a state of blessedness. Many years ago a Presbyterian minister, who was expelled from his denomination because he was declared not to be "sound on hell," told me that so far from seeking to destroy belief in future punishment, he regarded it as one of the most urgent of religious duties to rehabilitate the idea of hell which had become discredited by the inhuman exaggerations of doctrinaire theologians. To make hell thinkable as a practical reality in our day, its definition must be readjusted to the mental meridian of our time, and with the idea of retribution must be associated the idea of redemption and evolution. In the three articles which I print under this heading, the salient idea of each is retribution. The first represents retribution, as the shape of a fixed habit, tyrannizing for torture long after it has ceased to minister to the lust of life; the second, an imaginative picture by a novelist, shows retribution in the compulsory contemplation of the working out of our sins and shortcomings; the third, the dream of a medium, displays retribution in the perpetual renewal of the horror and alarm that follow the crime. But it is always Retribution.

I.—OF THE FIXED HABIT.

"IN BORDERLAND, July, 1894," writes a Chicago correspondent, "you publish some of my experience in connection with our visit to Dr. Rogers, the slate-writing medium. In your report of my experience with my writing spirit, you made a mistake in saying that he represented himself as Vice-President Morton. He said he was a brother of Mr. M. Since that time he has progressed sufficient to give me his real name and history, which was not Morton. He was a New York man, and as his life was bad, I withhold his name at his request. He has been my writing spirit for about four years. For two years I was not aware that it was he that was deceiving me, until I was notified through a medium in Cincinnati. For a time I could not understand why my higher spirit friends permitted this deception to go on, even to the danger line for me, for my experience sometimes worked me up into a high state of perplexity. Sometimes under influence of my higher control I would get good advice, which often protected me from the writers' falsehoods. The medium, Mrs. Slossen, whom you recommended, proved through her guides to be of great help to me. Often when I would become desperate from the mischievous falsehoods of my invisible writer, I would be impressed to go and communicate with Mr. Wilberforce, through Mrs. Slossen, always with happy results. I soon learned that all this experience was a school where I could learn patience, and, at the same time, by reason of my suffering, help to relieve this poor soul and aid him in his development.

"Once, at the end of about three years, when his falsehoods had become unbearable, I prayed and begged for his removal; then I was informed that he had certain powers which were necessary for the higher spirits to use in the mission that they were preparing to carry out through me, and it was necessary to lift up this darkened spirit to do that work; if he should be removed the work of development would have to be commenced over again.

"The result of all this mysterious work is that I have learned much patience, I hope some wisdom, and have a dim realization of what Christ meant when he said, 'You must become as a child.' Nothing educates like experience, and I am convinced the spirit-world fully understands this school, hence they put us mortals through the mill, whom they want to use. I think I am near the turn in the road of my journey, and now I am informed this poor spirit has now reached that stage of spiritual development where he understands and realizes his darkened condition, hence he has entered the mental strain I have passed through, after which I hope our development will progress rapidly, when I am promised that he will repay me ten-fold for all the pain and trouble he caused.

"You will naturally ask, Where was the justice in permitting him to deceive me, even to the extent of trying to make me commit suicide? I have been informed there was no danger—the higher powers protected me; all I went through was necessary for my experience. If I knew the real state of affairs, the suffering on my part would not be so keen, hence the compensation for his sinful life would not be so efficacious; and if I had not fought the good fight I would not be the kind of material required for the work before me.

"By this experience I think I have gained an insight into the punishment of sinners in the next world. This poor spirit's great weakness was lying; he would lie when the truth would serve him better. After I had got to understand him, and he had got rational enough to sometimes feel his position, I would let him proceed in his mischief. After some time I would speak to him kindly and call his attention to his evil ways; then I would ask him why he lied to me when I was trying to serve him. His answer invariably was, 'I cannot help it, it is the result of my earth-life.' Lying was a constant practice of his on earth, and the spirit goes on in the habit of earth. Nature demands compensation for every violation of law, the poor spirit has to work out that compensation. Of course, it goes on in its blind habits of earth, until the compensation to nature's God is

complete. How could this punishment be meted out in a more just way, than that the drunkard should seek drink; the murderer, murder; the adulterer, adultery; the miser, gold; the liar, lying; the uncharitable, cruelty?—each going through the labour of their passion without getting results—for, of course, there are no results of these kinds in spirit life—along with the fire of uncertainty they have all their earth passions working them up to an effort of gratification with some failure and then **REMORSE**.

"Going on for years into ages is a punishment that would strike terror into the most heartless of earth-life, and, to me, it seems the essence of justice that compensation should be worked out through the same agent that led us to evil on earth. I give you this as it comes to me.

"My visions still continue, though, as informed some years ago, at times there is a suspension of visions, sometimes for the purpose of giving me an opportunity to regain strength. Sometimes, for reasons unknown to me, I have had some visions that would 'harrow up the soul'; some were pleasant beyond my weak powers of description.

"Another vision, one of the many I feel I must give you, though I cannot begin to describe it fully—language fails in the effort. I find by my notes that it came to me on the morning of the 26th August last. Between three and four o'clock I was awakened, and suspended in the air, over my bed, was the form of a middle-aged woman I knew in my youth; her eyes looked like hunted and thoroughly scared eyes of some animal peering out of darkness against light, her hair was dishevelled, the top was rolled out over the forehead and back again, so it resembled a Glengarry cap; her hands, thin and emaciated, hung from the wrists, which pressed against her jaw in a helpless and feeble manner, and held an old brown overcoat before her body; her form trembled, her teeth chattered, yet she seemed in a fever. She had the combined looks of a hunted, haunted, insane creature, frightened beyond the power of description. She feared to remain where she was, yet feared to move, because while she suffered she did not hope for rest or protection elsewhere. The impression came to me to lift up the old overcoat, but I could not do it. For the first time since I have been getting these visions I was scared, paralyzed, and the fear for a suffering soul froze my power of action. I recognized the poor creature, but none who knew her on earth could do so without the help of impressions. I never saw such a picture of despair in all my life; despair that could not rid itself of its own existence, could not find rest in all of God's creation. She feared to move, yet trembled to remain. All these occurred in my own room. My door was locked, so I could not be the subject of any trick; my good health and the oft-repeated visions, with the outside communications, preclude the possibility of delusion after the last vision. Next day the following statement was given me, which I had verified, through the guides of Mrs. Slosson, in a couple of weeks. 'We desire to inform you of the object of that vision you had this morning. —(giving the name of the woman I knew in my youth) lived a cruel, maudlin, drunken life, and she is suffering for her sins in a manner that would wring tears from the cruellest person on earth. She is naked because she never gave anything but that old coat to the poor in her life; she is suffering from her passion for whisky because she made her life one continued drunk; she is suffering from her want of charity because she never

had a good word for anybody on earth; she is suffering from her inconstancy because she lived a life of impurity; she is suffering from her manners because she exposed herself when she should not; in a word she is suffering from most every sin that a woman like her could commit, and she was presented to you so that you might tell the world of the terrible results of sin.'

"A few nights after the above occurrence I had a vision of the other extreme, a vision of a well known and blessed occupant of the realms of bliss, which fulfilled the promises made to me a year before. After reading the poor description of this suffering soul that was presented to me, it may be some consolation for you to have evidence of God's mercy in the case of this poor soul. At the request of my spirit friends I had some of my friends pray for her, and perform some other acts of charity in her behalf, and in about ten days afterwards she appeared to me in a much happier state, but yet far removed from perfect bliss."

II.—OF WATCHING THE RESULTS OF SIN.

Mr. H. G. Wills, the author of the *Time Machine*, is one of the most promising of our new novelists. His speciality is the vivid realistic treatment of the phenomena of Borderland. His latest effort in this field is "The Strange Story of Plattner," which he has contributed to the April number of the *New Review*. In the course of this strange tale—the story of a man who was blown by an unknown green powder into the Fourth Dimension, and then, after a week's sojourn therein, blown back again by the same means—Mr. Wills makes a suggestion of one possible mode of retribution that is very striking. When Plattner woke up in the Fourth Dimension of space he found himself in a strange region, illumined by a green sun, peopled by the ghosts of the dead. Here is his strange and gruesome picture of the under world, and the watchers of the living who, he suggests, may find their punishment in watching the working out of the consequences of their sins of omission and of commission.

As Plattner drew nearer he saw, crowding out of the largest building, very much as people disperse from church, a number of pallid, rounded, pale green figures.

At the sight of these things drifting up towards him, Plattner stopped, staring. They were not walking, they were indeed limbless, and they had the appearance of human heads beneath which a tadpole-like body swung. He was too astonished at their strangeness, too full, indeed, of strangeness, to be seriously alarmed by them. They drove towards him, in the front of the chill wind that was blowing uphill, much as soap-bubbles drive before a draught. And as he looked at the nearest of those approaching, he saw it was indeed a human head, albeit with singularly large eyes and wearing such an expression of distress and anguish as he had never seen before upon mortal countenance. He was surprised to find that it did not turn to regard him, but seemed to be watching and following some unseen moving thing. For a moment he was puzzled, and then it occurred to him that this creature was watching with its enormous eyes something that was happening in the world he had just left. Nearer it came, and nearer, and he was too astonished to cry out. It made a very faint, fretting sound as it came close to him. Then it struck his face with a gentle pat—its touch was very cold—and drove past him, and upward towards the crest of the hill.

An extraordinary conviction flashed across Plattner's mind that this head had a strong likeness to Liddett, his master on earth. Then he turned his attention to the other heads that were now swarming thickly up the hillside. None made the slightest sign of recognition. One or two, indeed, came close to his head and almost followed the example of the first, but he dodged con-

vulsively out of the way. Upon most of them he saw the same expression of unavailing regret he had seen upon the first, and heard the same faint sounds of wretchedness from them. One or two wept, and one rolling swiftly uphill wore an expression of diabolical rage. But others were cold, and several had a look of gratified interest in their eyes. One, at least, was almost in an ecstasy of happiness. Plattner does not remember that he recognised any more likenesses in those he saw at this time.

He found that to almost every human being in our world there pertained some of these drifting heads: that every one in the world is watched intermittently by these helpless disembodiments.

What are they—these Watchers of the Living? Plattner never learned. But two, that presently found and followed him, were like his childhood's memory of his father and mother. Now and then other faces turned their eyes upon him: eyes like those of dead people who had swayed him, or injured him, or helped him in his youth and manhood. Whenever they looked at him, Plattner was overcome with a strange sense of responsibility. To his mother he ventured to speak; but she made no answer. She looked sadly, steadfastly, and tenderly—a little reproachfully, too, it seemed—into his eyes.

He simply tells this story: he does not endeavour to explain. We are left to surmise who these Watchers of the Living may be, or if they are indeed the Dead, why they should so closely and passionately watch a world they have left for ever. It may be—indeed to my mind it seems just—that, when our life has closed, when evil or good is no longer a choice for us, we may still have to witness the working out of the train of consequences we have laid. If human souls continue after death, then surely human interests continue after death. But that is merely my own guess at the meaning of the things seen. Plattner offers no interpretation, for none was given him.

III.—OF THE PERPETUAL REHEARSAL.

A writer in the *Harbinger of Light* of January 1st gives the following vivid description of the sensations which he sympathetically suffered in dreams of the retribution that may dog a murderer in the next world. He says:—

May 24th, 1893.

Last night I had a vivid dream evidently to me of spirit origin. I was in a bush hut with one companion, an elderly

MRS., NOT MR., EDDY.

In one of last year's issues the printer omitted an "s" from Mrs. Eddy's name in a mention of the dedication of a large Church in the city of Boston, Mass., as a testimonial to the founder of Christian Science. A correspondent in New York writes, begging me to insert a correction to the effect that the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science is the Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, the author of its text-book, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures." The movement has some two hundred thousand followers in the United States and Canada, and nearly three hundred congregations. It was founded in 1866 by Mrs. Eddy. She established the first Christian Scientist Church in Boston. The new edifice of this Church was erected as a testimonial to her by the Christian Scientists of the World.

One John Ferguson, M.A. and M.D., contributes to the *Canadian Magazine*, reviews Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," and declares that the teachings of the Christian Scientists are a blot on religion, as its principles are converted into a mercenary purpose; they are a danger to the public, as diseases of a serious nature, or contagious character, may escape detection, or receive improper treatment; and they are a coarse and repulsive superstition, flaunted before the public.

man, whom I knocked down and then, while still struggling with him, I took out my sheath-knife and cut his throat. We had had a great quarrel and I felt no sorrow, but what was my horror to find as soon as I had got up on my feet to see him also get up. There he stood in front of me, the blood streaming from his throat, anger in his eyes, and yet the dead body lay on the ground. Then he spoke, "Ah! ah! you thought you had killed me, but I am still alive, you see, and now I will do to you what you did to me!" and he advanced threateningly towards me. The dream then took the form of fear of detection. I got a sack, cut up the body so as to get it in, severing the head, and I hid it, but the head would continue to talk. I fled and was never taken by the police. Years passed, but ever with me seemed to be this sack, and the head in it would talk. I could not stop it, and also the cover would persist in slipping off the sack, so that no matter what company I was in, I was in dread of detection and would flee away for fear the talking head would make known the deed, and of course I took to drink as a refuge.

I awoke from this horrid, connected, vivid dream, and found I was under the influence of a strange and disagreeable spirit magnetism.

The spirit from which it proceeded informed me that the dream he had induced was the reflex of his own constant thoughts. He had lived in this country in the old diggings days, and had quarrelled with and murdered his mate, as shown in the dream. It was a long time since he had left earth—"oh, so long!" were his words—and always were the thoughts of this deed in his mind. He said he had often made men dream as he had made me. I told him to try and give pleasanter dreams, but he said "he could not, for he had no other thoughts." His tone of thought-voice denoted the utmost misery. I prayed for him, and induced him to say, "God send someone to help me."

I am so accustomed to hear this prayer immediately answered by the words, "We will go to this sufferer," that I was surprised to hear my guide say, "Not yet can this spirit be approached; he is not yet sorry for his poor victim, but only at his own long-continued sufferings. He must ask forgiveness of his victim and of his God." I mentioned this to the poor fellow, but his sympathy for the old man he had killed was not aroused; he only expressed the greatest dread of again meeting him. I then lost touch with him, and have not since heard about him.

The vividness of this experience shows me, at least, that there is no need for the Law to hang a murderer as an act of punishment.

THE NEW "BORDERLAND."

I am glad to see from the comments of our contemporaries that the change made in the price and appearance of this magazine has been generally approved. Mr. James Robertson, in the *Two Worlds*, laments that Miss X. should still be welcomed as a contributor when she is "trying to pull all that was valuable in our knowledge to pieces." But as nothing is valuable in anyone's knowledge which can be pulled to pieces, Miss X.'s articles will only help to establish the truth. The apostle Thomas was, no doubt, for a time cold-shouldered by the beloved disciple and the devout women, but he did more to establish faith in the Resurrection on a solid basis than all the others put together. *Light* is less censorious. It says—

No Spiritualist who can afford it ought to be without it. Would it not be a useful thing for Spiritualists to take it, in groups, for circulation? A good plan would be for half a dozen to club and pass it round, and then sell it to the highest bidder, the six sharing the small deficit. As it is a quarterly, and as all the matter in it will keep, this could easily and satisfactorily be done; and hundreds of such groups of six might do it "right away."

I shall be very glad if our contemporary's suggestion could be carried out, and shall welcome communications from those who wish to form such groups of readers.

XIII.—A HAUNTED MANOR-HOUSE AND ITS STORY.

DREAMS, GHOSTS, AND SÉANCES. BY MRS. RUSSELL DAVIES.

HEARING that Mrs. Russell Davies, my old friend and initiator into the mysteries of the séance-room, had been staying at the charming, but haunted, country seat of Lady B., I asked her if she would tell the readers of BORDERLAND what she saw and what she heard. Mrs. Davies feared her hostess might object, but promised, if she obtained leave, she would write me a faithful narrative of what passed. Leave was given on condition no clue was given to the persons or places named, and Mrs. Russell Davies sent me the following statement, for the accuracy of which she vouches. Mrs. Davies, I may remind the reader, contributed to *Give and Take*, of February 7th, a very remarkable narrative of her psychic experiences in Hampton Court Palace, which she visited with me on the occasion her article refers to. Several letters in *Light*, on March 14th and 21st, provoked by Miss Bodington's somewhat disparaging criticism of Mrs. Davies' descriptions of the dresses of the ghosts she saw in the Palace, bore high testimony to the psychic powers of our valued contributor, whose narrative I have great pleasure in printing below.

Mrs. Davies asks me to preface her narrative by the following intimation of her position in relation to the so-called "New Psychology":—"I wish it to be most distinctly understood that the following account of my experiences during one week is very much abridged, and only one out of many most extraordinary occurrences. It is not written with the idea of bolstering up Spiritualism. It is not the result of crystal-gazing or in any way connected with something which is called the 'new psychology,' a new development of which I am quite ignorant, and wish to remain so. The whole experience was gained by genuine clairvoyance, not 'visualization,' trance control of the spirit mentioned and certain gifts of mediumship which place me in direct communication with what I know to be the living spirits of those who once lived, loved, suffered and passed out of this planet. I know nothing of the 'new psychology,' but am, after thirty years' experience, fairly conversant with a psychology which has existed from the beginning of time. It may, however, be 'new' to some people, like the *Times* once was to a man who, suddenly coming into unexpected wealth, was told he ought now to read the *Times*. He procured a copy and skimmed its columns, then laying it down, observed 'Ah, a very decent paper, it ought to be supported; I shall write to all my friends and get them to take an interest in it, and so help on a praiseworthy undertaking.'

"I have met many people, much in the position of the man of the *Times*, in the course of years, and have found them in matters spiritual very like him."

THE INVITATION TO THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

"I must begin my story," says Mrs. Russell Davies, "on the morning of the 3rd of February of this year. I received an invitation from my friend, Lady B., to go and stay with her for a week or two at her country house in Wilts. In her letter of invitation, she said:—

Do come soon as possible. Lady C. D. and her daughter are staying here also, and we are all anxiously looking out for you, and know you will be much interested as our house is said to be haunted ever since a fearful murder was committed in it some time during the last century; so that there will be some ghosts for you to interview.

A DREAM OF MURDER.

"That night when I went to bed I had a most vivid and unpleasant dream. I dreamed that I had already arrived, and was in my room at the Manor House, when suddenly I heard a most piercing scream and a voice calling 'Help, help, help,' and (in my dream) I rushed at once in the direction of the room from which the screams came. I flung open the door, and a fearful sight I saw. In the centre of a large gloomily-furnished room two figures were struggling together—a man and woman. The man was clothed in trousers and shirt, and the lady in her night clothes, and these looked

covered with blood streaming from a fearful gash in her throat. I seemed all at once to feel the strength of a tiger come upon me. I seized the man by the throat, and was on the point of strangling him, when I awoke, trembling and sick with fear. Whether the lady was killed or not I did not see.

"I wrote next day to Lady B., accepting her invitation and telling her parts of my dream, and describing the room, especially the big four-post bedstead, with its deep crimson hangings.

ARRIVAL AT AVON HOUSE.

"On the following Saturday I arrived at Lady B.'s country seat, which, for the avoiding of identification, I shall call Avon Manor House.

"It was dark when I arrived, so that it was quite impossible for me to see any of its external arrangements, but I could hear quite close to the house the rushing and falling of water; in fact, the water seemed to me rather unpleasantly near.

THE ROOM OF THE DREAM.

"On my arrival I was shown into my room, where Lady B. joined me, and we chatted while I was dressing for dinner. Lady B. asked if this was the room

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of my dream. 'Certainly not,' I said, 'the furniture is all modern.' But on our way down to dinner Lady B. took me through Lady Carlotta D.'s room, which I told her I at once recognised as the room of my dream. There were the bed, doors and windows, as I had seen them; but several articles of furniture I did not at all recognise or remember to have seen.

"On going down-stairs I found there was a large house party; we spent a pleasant evening, and it was quite 2 A.M. before I was in bed, sleepy and tired, so that I was very soon fast asleep.

A WEIRD EXPERIENCE.

"But alas! not for long was I left to rest, for I woke suddenly wide, wide awake, with a distinct feeling of someone stooping over me. I opened my eyes, and found the room brightly lighted by the fire, which I had piled up with logs before getting into bed. 'What in the world is the meaning of this?' I thought, and aloud said, 'Who are you? What do you want?' No answer, but a soft air on my face and head, as though some person was gently fanning me. Then all at once I felt drop, drop, drop, five distinct times; one spot fell on my forehead like icy cold water. I put up my hand, my forehead was wet enough to wet the tips of my fingers, and the pillow also was wet. On finding this, I jumped out of bed, lighted my candle, fully prepared to find that I was sleeping under a leaky bath-room, or some water was escaping from an upstairs room, therefore my surprise was great when, on holding up my candle, I found the ceiling perfectly right and giving no sign of water leakage or damp. Then I carefully examined the curtains over the bed head. No damp, no water, all as it should be; but on my pillow there were two small wet spots. I did not know what to do. Should I return to bed and try to sleep, or sit up and read? I decided on the former course, and just as I settled down, several clocks chimed four. Oh dear, and I was so tired. No more sleep for me; but sleep I did, and soundly too, never waking until called by the maid, with my cup of tea. And after my bath and breakfast, felt as fresh as possible. It was Sunday, and a perfect day. On looking through my window, to my surprise, I found that the river was only divided from the house by a broad terrace, and the park was reached by crossing a very handsome and picturesque stone bridge.

"Lady Carlotta D. came in, to ask if I felt disposed to walk, and together we started out. To say the place is beautiful, is not enough. I shall not attempt to describe either the house or its surroundings, for the simple reason that I do not intend the place to be recognised; and will here remark that every name is altered, and totally unlike the real one; all for the same reason, that Lady B. detests publicity, whilst giving me permission to publish my experience in her house.

"One thing, however, I must say is, that actually in the grounds, and only a few yards from the house, stands an old, old church. How old, I cannot say, but it is ancient, and sadly and woefully neglected, although in use. I never was in a dirtier or more woe-begone place of worship. The pews are high and enclosed, old oak, worm-eaten, and white with the dust of ages, I should think. A mortuary chapel, containing marble tablets, looks like an old clothes shop; for it is hung round promiscuously with soiled surplices, big and little. A handsome and very large marble tombstone is used for a table, on which the lamps are trimmed; and on the Sunday I visited this neglected church, after morning service, the beautiful white

marble was stained, and swimming over with paraffin oil. The church is private property, and apart from the Avon estate, otherwise things would be altered. Surely, cleanliness is next to godliness, one has always been told.

A SÉANCE.

"During our walk, Lady Carlotta and I talked over many things, but finding her ladyship was more or less nervous, I did not say much about my night's experience, especially as she was sleeping in my dream-room. But it was arranged that the ladies, B. and C. and I, should have a little séance that same evening, and about 11 P.M., we three were seated round a small table, in a well-lighted room.

"In a very short time (perhaps, eight minutes), certainly not more, the table began to be very violently moved and agitated; it rocked, tilted, and slid about, at last rising fully a foot from the floor, swayed about while in that position, and then was quietly and gently put down again. Our hands were all on the top of the table, and our feet under our chairs. Messages were given by means of raps, and the alphabet repeated by myself. As these were of a purely personal and domestic nature, I cannot give them. We broke up our séance at about 1 A.M., after promising ourselves another the next night.

A GHOSTLY MUSICIAN.

"I had made up my fire for the night, and was just about getting into bed, when I heard a loud distinct moan, as though someone was either in intense pain or suffering. I stood still and listened, but no further sound came until I was in bed, then once more I heard the moan, and this time could tell it came from one end of my room, where stood a large and very old black oak, richly carved, wardrobe; this place had struck me almost immediately I entered the place, for there was a sort of platform or dais, with two steps up, and on this was the old carved wardrobe or cupboard. I had, until now, not attempted to open this, but determined to see what the moaning meant; lighted my candle, and unlocked the doors, throwing the light forward into the corners of the cupboard, but it was perfectly empty, and having a great dislike to the smell of oak, I very quickly closed the doors, blew out my candle, and retired (I hoped) for the night. Soon sleep came to me, for I cannot remember anything after once I was in bed, until just as the clocks were chiming 'four,' the same hour as the preceding night. I again was awakened, and this time to hear strains of the most perfect music it has ever been my lot to hear. It sounded as though someone was playing on a magnificent organ, and the whole house seemed filled with the beautiful but weird and unearthly tones, which appeared to me to come stealing up the great staircase from the hall. I seemed to feel as well as hear the music, and knew that the organ was being played upon by a man, and that it stood once where now a modern orchestrian had been built. I seemed to see the player distinctly—a tall, thin, dark man, clad in a loose, flowing black gown or robe, a saturnine but handsome man, any age between 36 and 40.

"I lay and listened, charmed, until at last the notes died away, and all was silent.

"This was my second night, and when we met, I asked Lady C. D. how she slept. 'Not at all, for everything in my room seemed moving, and I heard knocks everywhere! Do you think I can be hurt?'

"No! I do not think so; you may be disturbed, and

I expect you will be, but we must find out what all this means. Manifestations of this kind do not take place for nothing, and without reason, neither do I think from simple mischief.'

THE STORY OF THE GHOST.

"We sat again that night, and no sooner had we seated ourselves at the little table, than it began to move, and all the time persistently towards Lady B. We asked why this was so. And the reply came: 'Because I want to go to Lady B.!' 'But why? do you know her?' 'Yes, through her living here, in my home!'

"Oh! so this is your home, is it. Will you tell us how?"

"This is my home, and the home of my family for many generations, and you can prove this for yourselves! 'Who are you?' 'I am called Doris D., the only daughter of Lord D.' 'Yes! but why are you here?' 'Because I cannot get away until, by some act of my own, I can, to some extent, make amends for my sins.'

"Sins, you say, how can you help yourself by coming here now?" 'I want to stay and help Lady B., she is in need of comfort and help. I can see her troubled life, and I know that some day I shall be of use to her.'

"Will you tell us your trouble, or may we not ask?" 'Oh! I will tell you my sin, my awful sin.'

"I was the only daughter of Lord D.; my brother was away at the Court of the Queen!" 'What Queen?' 'Elizabeth!'

SEDUCTION, INFANTICIDE,

"I lived here with my parents, who adored me. My father had a Chaplain, who resided in the house, young and handsome, and I was only a country girl. One night, here in this room, a child was born, and in my madness and agony, I strangled it. For three awful days and nights I lay in my bed with the cold, dead little form beside me. Oh, those awful days, will they never fade from my memory!"

"On the 4th night, when all the house was sleeping, I crept out of my bed, with my dead baby in my arms, and down to the river, into its cold and rushing waters, I threw my fearsome burthen; then back to the house, it was four in the morning, as nearly as I could judge. Back to my bed, to lie and think, and rage against the false scheming devil, who had brought all this woe and sin upon me. But thought of revenge gave me no help or comfort. How I lived through those days which followed, those terrible days, but worse nights; when the sound of the river running past my windows, bore only the cry of my murdered baby. I tried to drown my grief in many ways: hunting, riding, anything, in fact, which could take me away from myself; but at last, it seemed to me that people I met were shunning me, friends and acquaintances dropped off, and I knew that something must be known. At last, I heard that there had been many suspicions, in regard to my health and condition. Everyone seems to have known, excepting my own parents."

AND SUICIDE.

"And what about your lover, the Chaplain?"

"When I had appealed to him, he had long before denied ever having been other than my spiritual adviser, and swore that if ever I permitted his name to be brought in question, he would produce evidence of my wickedness, with one of my father's lowest servants. This was my lover, the Chaplain; this, the hound, who had betrayed me."

"I bore as long as possible my terrible position, until one day a hunting party of ladies and gentlemen rode through these, my father's woods. I would have joined them, but their cold repellent looks drove me from their midst, and I rode away alone. I crossed the border into Somersetshire, and then in the same river wherein I had thrown my dead child, I laid down my own wretched life." 'What! you drowned yourself! Committed suicide?' 'Yes! I did.' 'How old were you?' 'I was just 23. That is my story. Oh! help me, help me, and let me remain near you. It can only be whilst you stay in this house; when you leave, I am still here. When you return, let me be near you.'

Lady B. spoke words of tender pity, and assured Doris D. that she had her deepest sympathy. 'Stay near me, yes, always, and we will comfort each other.'

Lady B. is a very fine medium, but does not exercise or care to develop her gifts.

The foregoing is, as nearly as I can remember, word for word the record of our experience.

"I may add, there is much more to tell, but too much space and time would be required.

"B. RUSSELL DAVIES."

A GHOSTLY NUN IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

A GOVERNESS'S STORY.

"IN the spring of 1890," writes a BORDERLAND correspondent, "I was staying for three months at a beautiful old Elizabethan country seat in Northumberland, with Lady L., who herself was a visitor there during that time. The owner of the house was Lady L.'s brother, Mr. M., whose wife had kindly invited me to stay there with Lady L. as temporary governess to her daughter. I arrived at B— Court about four o'clock on a sunny afternoon, at the end of February, and was immensely struck with the beauty of the house. I had lived in many beautiful English country houses, but B— Court seemed to me the loveliest I had ever seen. The house, being Elizabethan, had oak-panelled corridors, immense rooms, and spacious halls, with enormous fire-places succeeding each other. Logs of wood from four to five feet in length burned brightly in them, making the atmosphere in the house that of a lovely warm day of spring. My first impression on entering the house was that I had left behind me the last few centuries, and I do not think I should have been greatly surprised to find Queen Elizabeth, surrounded by her courtiers, in the large drawing-room into which I was shown."

THE CRUCIFORM ROOM.

"I had met Lady L. some years before in India, so that I soon felt at home amongst my new surroundings. After tea I was taken upstairs to my room, and the first thing I remarked was the extraordinary shape of it. It was built in the form of a cross, the door being at the lower end of it. Opposite the door, at the very top of the cross, were windows, as well as in the niche on the right side, while the left was occupied by a large fire-place, in which large logs of wood were burning merrily. My very first impression was that this room was very likely to be haunted, but as I had lived in many haunted houses before, I did not feel particularly nervous. Still, I must confess to some slight uneasy feeling the first few days, but that soon wore off, and before the first

BORDERLAND.

week was over I was quite at home in my quaint, comfortable room. Many an evening did I sit reading by my lovely wood fire until after midnight, and did not feel in the least nervous. I had been about three weeks at B—— Court when one evening I was late in dressing for dinner.

THE GHOST IN A DARK DRESS.

"Snatching up a candle from the hall table and rushing up-stairs was the work of a moment, but once inside my room, with the door still held open, I came to a sudden stop, for exactly opposite me there walked a woman in a dark dress, from a little oak cabinet, that stood against the wall at the further end of the room, to the curtains that were drawn before the windows at the top of the cross. I saw her move the curtains aside, and pass behind them, and I naturally thought it must be the housemaid, who had come to shut the windows. I waited for her to come out again, as I wished to ask her to shut my windows a little earlier in the evening, but, to my surprise, I heard no windows being shut, nor did the woman come back into the room. I walked up to the curtains, with the candle still in my hand, pulled them apart, but found nobody there. The room was dark when I came in, except for the bright wood fire, and I persuaded myself that it was the light from this and my candle which had thrown dark, moving shadows on the wall. I did not feel at all nervous, but hurried through my dressing, and said nothing to anybody about the occurrence.

"About five or six days later I was late again from the same cause, my pupil and myself being so much interested in a German book we were reading together that we had not heard the dressing-bell. I ran quickly up to my room with a candle, hurriedly opened the door, and there, opposite me, near the little oak cupboard, walked the woman I had seen before. I saw her quite distinctly this time. She was slight, and a little above medium height, about five feet three or four inches perhaps. Her face was turned towards the curtain to which she was walking; the train of her dark dress just touched the floor. I saw her moving the curtains aside and passing behind them. This time I was horribly frightened. I propped the door wide open with a chair, then went forward to pull aside the curtains, although I knew I should not find anybody there. I lighted all the candles I could find, and I still remember the comfort it was to me to hear the cheery voice of Lady L's Scotch maid talking in a room near mine to one of the other servants. I dressed as quickly as I could, and went down to dinner.

THE GHOST OF A NUN.

"By this time I had somewhat recovered my composure, and was debating within myself whether I should speak of what I had seen or remain silent on the subject. I was very reluctant to admit even to myself that I had seen a ghost, and I still tried to think it might have been the shadows cast by the flickering fire on the walls. But I had seen the woman so distinctly; there was not the slightest doubt that I saw the curtains swerve aside when she went behind them. All during dinner I was thinking about the apparition, and had almost come to the conclusion that after all I had better say nothing, as the other ladies might be made nervous by my telling of what I had seen. But when the servants had put the dessert on the table and left the room, I felt it quite impossible to keep quiet any

longer. I said as lightly as I could to Mr. M., 'How unkind of you to put me into a haunted room.' To my surprise, he started and looked very significantly to his wife, at whose left I sat. She instantly turned to me, and said: 'Tell us what you have seen.' I answered, laughingly, 'Don't think me a very foolish person, but twice, once last week and once to-night, I thought I saw a woman in a dark dress walking from the little dark oak cabinet to the curtains at the top window, and disappear behind them.' 'That is it,' replied Mrs. M., to my intense astonishment; 'what you have seen is the ghost of a nun who haunts your room. Many people have seen her before you, and always in exactly the same manner as you describe. We put you in that room as it is the most convenient, and near mine and Lady L.'s. All the other guest-rooms lie on the farther end of the house, and you would have been all alone there. We asked Lady L. before you came if you were a very nervous person, and afraid of ghosts, and she replied, No, she knew that you believed in ghosts, but was not foolishly nervous about them; and as you have never been told one single word about the nun, we hoped that you might never see her. But now that you have seen her, we had better tell you what we ourselves know about her. She is supposed to have lived in that room for many years, appearing to some people who occupy it, and to others not at all. She is perfectly harmless, and has never annoyed anybody. Many people have said that at night she walks up and down the room, past the bed, and that the rustling of her dress can be distinctly heard on the carpet.'

WORSE IN DAYTIME THAN AT NIGHT.

"We had a long conversation about my interesting visitor, and at the end of it I was rather less afraid than I had been before my fears were confirmed, because I so entirely trusted Mr. and Mrs. M.'s assurance that I should not be annoyed by the nun. I cannot say that I felt very brave when, late in the evening, I went to bed. I illuminated my room as brightly as possible, and kept the door open until I was ready to get into bed. This I did for several nights, and then the feeling wore off, and I got accustomed to the thought of living with a ghost. I lived about two months longer in that room, but never again did I see the nun; but then I must honestly confess that I never again entered my room in a violent hurry, but always rattled the door-handle for a little time, so that my little companion had a chance of getting behind the curtain before I opened the door. The most extraordinary thing was that I was more afraid of her in the day-time than in the night. In fact, I did not mind her at all at night after the first few days of our acquaintance, but in the daytime I found it quite impossible to sit in my room for any length of time, working or reading. The feeling of another presence near me grew so oppressive that I was obliged to leave the room. I examined the little cabinet one day, but found it entirely empty, though, of course, there may have been some secret drawers in it. Looking back upon that time, I wish I had been brave enough to address the apparition, and perhaps I might have been the means of helping her to what she came for, which, I have little doubt, was something in the oak cabinet. My own idea is that I should never have seen her at all if I had not on those two occasions so quickly entered the room. She evidently had not time to get away behind the curtain.

"MARIASANDER."

XIV.—KILLING BY WILLING. SOME CONFESSIONS BY THE KILLER-WILLERS.

WHEN I was in Ireland some nine or ten years ago, I well remember discussing the ethics of assassination with the late Matthew Harris, a patriot who was in touch with the revolutionary element. He gave me a most interesting account of the degeneration that sets in when once men take upon themselves the responsibility of taking the lives of their fellows. Nothing, he said, could be more disinterested than the first assassinations, or executions, as he would prefer to call them. But after a while assassination, to use his own quaint phrase, became demoralized, and people killed each other for all manner of private reasons, and it usually happened they killed the wrong man. This experience of the Irish agrarians recurred to my mind when reading Mrs. Kingsford's story of how she killed vivisectors by willing. She may have used it for lofty purposes, but others as strong-willed as herself might not always be so careful to avoid exercising so dread a power for any but the most sacred causes.

Among my acquaintance I knew a psychic who, whether justified or not by the fact, certainly believed that she was capable of casting spells fatal to those against whom they were launched. I asked her, therefore, if she would write out for BORDERLAND some record of her performances in that way, specifying those killed and those marked for death. She was very reluctant to do so, but ultimately sent me the following letter, which is, to say the least, a psychical curiosity. For whether or not the malignant wish slew, as was willed, the will was unmistakeable. Possibly many of us are murderers in our hearts, and if there be anything in the doctrine of Paracelsus, what an added force it lends to the words of a well-known passage in the Sermon on the Mount.

I.—A CONFESSION BY A WOMAN.

"You request me to tell you what I can about 'will-power' and its results. The subject is not one about which I care to write. The world, the condition of society, or humanity is not as yet, intellectually speaking, ripe or fit for understanding, or benefiting its own condition by the proper use of 'will-power,' therefore I will say as little as possible on the subject. You ask me to give you a list of those I have marked for death by 'willing' them to die. I can give you a few names of individuals I *did* so kill in the *past*, but if you mean a list of persons I have marked for death in the *future* I must decline to do so. When a burglar intends to break into a house he does *not* send notice in advance to the owner of the house of the fact that he so intends, If I published the names of those I am going to kill, the chances are ten to one that I could not kill them.

The first case of using 'will-power' myself which I can remember, was when I was quite a child. I had a collecting-card for my own Sunday-School 'Christmas offering,' also collecting-card for the 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.' I went about the city into all the public offices, warehouses, factories, shops, &c., collecting donations or subscriptions for those and other charitable objects. I was highly successful, and met with universal and characteristic Irish good humour, kindness, and politeness. One day I called upon one

of the owners of a great saw-mill in Dublin; he turned on me in a savage manner, and used most insulting language, and acted in a most uncalled-for way, and said, with a sneer, that 'females' (I was but a child, one of a class in a Sunday-School) should be put a stop to being allowed to go about collecting money in public buildings, &c., and that he would not allow or encourage it in his place, and would give to no charity where females were employed as collectors. This was the *first* time and the *last* I ever got such a reception in Ireland, and not having been ever in England, I did not at that time realise that English and Irishmen belonged to different species of humanity. The man, I was told, were not Irish. I felt such a rush of furious indignation in my very soul that I there and then decided that I would humble that brute and bring him down financially by some awful wholesale means. As I thought the shortest way was by fire, I concentrated my 'will' on the establishment, and 'willed' it to be burnt down. I kept on 'willing' for a few weeks, and after that I took it more easy, and finally, at the end of six months or so, I ceased to think of it at all, except when at or near the North Wall, and then being reminded of the affair, there went out more force of 'will,' and at last, I think a year after, the biggest fire ever remembered in Dublin for fifty years before was the saw-mills and timber-yards. I really cannot now remember exactly, but I think the damage was only a trifle under £100,000, and only partly insured. The splendid new machinery was twisted about like wire.

"I have done no end of things all my life by 'willing.' There is a heap of work that wants to be done in clearing away hypocrites, frauds, tyrants, and others who are narrow-minded humbugs, and are therefore anti-millenarian, and it only needs national universal or very general force of 'willing' and a 'pull all together' to remove such from positions of power or authority. I 'willed' Gladstone to retire, and if he did not do so to die; he was doing more harm than was realised or seen by the wooden-heads. Ireland has not got, and will not get, Home Rule because there are a lot of persons in and out of Ireland whose 'will-power' is, and has for long been, concentrated on killing Home Rule. The people who are using 'will-power,' and understand how to work it, are comparatively a very small body of individuals. They are not belonging to the class called agitators, nor to the uneducated class; but although a small body, they have been and will stick together in using 'will-power,' and they have succeeded, and are therefore more powerful than the larger body of people who use no means except agitation, arguing, and threatening.

"I do not keep lists of persons I have killed nor of things I have done by 'willing.' I am too busy to read daily papers, therefore I just as often do not hear of the death of persons I have 'willed' dead until weeks, or even years after; and the same with changes I have 'willed' in social, political, or public matters. I do quite as much by telepathy as by 'will-power.'

"I do not necessarily always kill a person I want removed. I usually try to 'will' that a condition of confusion and complication and social or party discontent be brought about through which the individual

will be asked to resign ; or if he won't do so, that he will get kicked out ; then, if this will not work, I just 'will' him death. I do not often 'will' any particular cause of death, though there have been a few cases in which I did. I will give you only one example of such, as it is rather striking. While I was living about three miles from London I was much annoyed on Sundays by the crying of goods for sale. It went on all day, from 8 A.M. Sunday papers to 6 P.M. watercress and shrimps. The noise was really worse than on week-days. One man in particular made more noise than any other two men together ; he had a barrow of shrimps. One Sunday evening I stood at the window looking at him as he stood opposite in the road, where he halted for some time, shouting. I just inwardly gave a sneer at John Bull and his boasted Christian civilised country, as I compared it and its coarse, brutal customs with other lands, and I tried to 'will' a new law or Act of Parliament into being and force by which John Bull would be prevented from making a hell on earth of unnecessary noises more than six days per week. I then strongly 'willed' that that wretch of a 'shrimp-man' should either be choked or get some throat trouble which would effectually and permanently put an end to his being able to make such a row. I then forgot all about the matter. I do not remember if I ever heard him after that day, but after a time I suddenly thought of him and remarked that I had seen no hing of him for so long, and I wondered if I had succeeded in my 'willing.' I, however, then again forgot all about the matter till one day a friend who lived in the same house, but who knew nothing of my 'willing,' said to me, 'Do you happen to remember that man who used to come past here with the shrimps and had such a voice ?' I replied, 'Yes, I should think I do, I would like to strangle him.' 'Well then,' said she, 'he is strangled.' She then gave me particulars of the fact that he had murdered his wife, and was sentenced and hanged the week before. So that was very satisfactory, as he has gone to where—well, to where they don't sell shrimps—at least, I hope not—on Sundays. I usually find that, to strongly 'will' a thing once is sufficient to bring it to pass.

"You want to know the names of some persons I have killed. Well, I do not like the word 'killed,' I call it 'removed,' because I do not want to kill them if they will step aside, cease to do evil and get out of the way. I tried to remove W. H. Smith, M.P., Lord Randolph Churchill, and others who were hindering certain reforms or doing other evils, but as I failed to remove them by other means, I had to 'will' them death. I 'willed' death to Pasteur—I only 'willed' once and then thought no more about it, but as it was about two years before he died, and as he was an old man, I cannot say for certain that it was the 'will-power' caused it. I was once an admirer of Mr. Davitt, but after his action *re* Parnell, I 'willed' him certain things in return, and he has got them, one af'er another. As one person cannot use more than a certain amount of vitality in a given time with safety to themselves, and 'will-power' or force is vitality, I, of course, have been obliged to neglect removing many who need to be removed—the Archbishop of Canterbury is one of them."

Here the narrative must be abruptly broken off.

II.—A CONFESSION BY A MAN.

"I notice," writes a correspondent, "that you discuss a certain subject with wonder and caution. I speak of it with fear and trembling. I will not give it the *nom*

de plume generally applied to it—I shrink from it, and do not consider it adequate. I refer to the force by which Anna Kingsford paralyzed and struck with death those human brutes, Claude Bernard and Paul Bert, and by which she brought Pasteur within an inch of his grave. That force or power or influence or principle is no fiction. It is a terrible truth. And now as to myself. Some years ago I left England for a foreign land where I bought a large farm. After a short time I let a portion of it to a gentleman for grazing purposes. I found him to be a complete rascal. He was known to be such, but I had not hitherto known it. I took a certain number of his cattle on to my land to feed, and did not suppose it necessary to have the number specified on paper—never thought of it. I was paid in advance. After a while he declared that I had taken several more than the true number, and, of course, said they would have to be accounted for. Moreover, he claimed a wider area for them than we had agreed upon. An almost uncontrollable fit of indignation seized me, such as has not many times in my life, and I imprudently used epithets, and adjectives to strengthen them (strong without them), by no means calculated to please him. He went away swearing that he would have it out with me. I found after a time that he had tried to bribe the man who was in charge of his cattle (his own man) to swear in court that there had been delivered into my hands so many. The man became so attached to me that he could not keep it from me ; he said, 'I am so glad I did not do it,' and he shed tears in telling me ; but he made the telling of some great secret to me conditional on its being kept a secret. Of course, I never revealed it ; but a great human, sympathetic, genuine heart beat within that rough exterior. Now to my point. When the scoundrel found that I was not to be frightened into being swindled, and reflected upon his leaving my front door like dogs we see with their tails in certain places, he uttered threats against me all over the country. I was in a strange land—I really became afraid.

"I was afraid of night closing in upon me, for what its darkness might witness on my lonely farm. I was afraid of morning for what its light might reveal. I had studied subjects in my unemployed days out there, which had been forced upon my attention by one or two leading men (prominent both socially and scholastically), and I resolved to make an experiment at least, and to try to run the villain down, who had sworn he would run me down and all my family. I told *no one*. I reasoned with myself, my best self, my conscience, all that was good in me, and they seemed to tell me that it was as much self-protection as if I were to fire a pistol at a would-be murderer on the high road. However, I set to work—morning, noon, and night my concentrated powers followed that man. In one month he was taken ill (a strong man of thirty-two). There was no fever in the neighbourhood, but he had suffered from a strange something for a week, which developed into cne. He sank ; he died. I heard of his serious illness, and went to see him. He lay on a couch unconscious. His wife (one of the loveliest women in appearance I have ever looked upon) was inexpressibly glad I had called. She was glad, it is not out of place to say, to look afterwards upon her husband's corpse. I went to the funeral. After the funeral, the doctor who had attended him got into my carriage and went home with me. In course of conversation with me he said : 'Mr. ——, you ought to go down on your knees and

thank God that young —— is dead. He was the scamp of scamps, and no one knows what evil he was planning for you and your family.'

" His father-in-law was a very respectable man, a man of character and position, and he told me he was thankful his son-in-law was dead. The people everywhere rejoiced.

" But was my conduct not justifiable? I cannot tell. I am sure my family, so little fitted to cope with the human elements of that country, were doomed to disaster, nay, to ruin, by that wretch if death had not interposed. I began the same thing with another once, persuading myself that I was justified. I saw him in six weeks after I began my deadly work; he was shrivelling up; he trembled like an aspen leaf. I was touched. I could not bear it. I withdrew. I had to withdraw, notwithstanding the injury he had done to me. The man at once began to recover strength; it was as if a pavement slab had been taken off a flower-bed. He was in his usual health in a month. Of course, each of these cases would be pronounced a coincidence by some people; but if the whole world of scepticism preached that doctrine to me I should not believe it. I know better. But I will only now say that there is no law or principle, or whatever else you like to call it, in the infinite universe, more absolutely true than the one I am speaking of. Anna Kingsford's cases were no coincidences. I very much doubt whether she was not justified. But I have less doubt about her than about myself, especially in the first instance I have named. It took me, however, much less time than it seemed to take her to accomplish the work. Madame Blavatsky speaks of the exercise of this power as 'a weed, which it will take seven, and seven times seven of us, to extirpate.'

" The simile I don't think is very good. A man is only accountable for the results of what he sows. We, none of us, sow the seeds of weeds if we know it. They sow themselves. But if this is a weed, it found suitable soil in my nature before I knew it; and some mysterious voice told me to look if it was there. I found it.

III.—DR. MAITLAND'S DEFENCE.

Mr. A. F. Waite, reviewing Dr. Maitland's book in *Light*, March 7th, quoted Mrs. Kingsford's exultation over her discovery of her power to "will" dead the enemies of mankind, and said:—

My readers will share my feelings when I state that I read

this passage with dismay, and the long justification which Mrs. Kingsford recorded in another place without any conviction. I establish no connection myself as to cause and effect, but the intention at least was there. Assuming that there is a person who, in virtue of some faculty or some dispensation or some grace, has received, or believes himself to have received, a special illumination from all that is highest in all that is most unmanifest, does that make killing no murder? Does it make the intention to kill not a murderous intention? And is not the argument that the operator acts simply as the instrument and channel of Divine wrath precisely the argument which has been used by all inquisitors and all religious persecutors? I have mentioned the matter with reluctance, because from silence it might have been inferred that I attached no importance to such occurrences, or that I accepted the plea. Mrs. Kingsford died long before her intended third victim, and, without making use of any harsh terms, I can only deeply deplore that she was ever led away by her honourable love of animals into the most clumsy and hopeless of all blunders, the attempt to stop practices which obtain widely by destroying isolated individuals who resort to them. I grieve also that Mr. Maitland should, by his knowledge, have been less or more connected with such an intention.

In reply to this, Dr. Maitland replied on March 14th, in the following letter:—

Against Mr. Waite's judgment I have this to say. There is no plea or justification for removing this act or class of acts from the category of those in which Mrs. Kingsford acted, as she was wont to act, under direct divine impulsion. She could not have done it of herself; the impulsion and the power must have been imparted to her specially for the purpose. What, then, the objector really does, when he takes on himself to blame the instrument of the Gods, is to blame the Gods themselves and their decrees. Her mission was that of the Redeemer, and like it twofold. To save, it must destroy, and to destroy, it must save. Hence the equipment of "Hermes, Son of God, slayer of Argus, Archangel," with the third of the "Four Excellent Things":—

"Upon thy thigh thou wearest a sword of a single stone, two-edged, whose temper resisteth all things."

"For they who would slay or save must be armed with a strong and perfect will, defying and penetrating with no uncertain force."

"This is Herpē, the sword that destroyeth demons, by whose aid the Hero overcometh, and the Saviour is able to deliver."

"Except thou bind it upon thy thigh thou shalt be overcome, and blades of mortal making shall prevail against thee."

She herself had no moment of misgiving; no thought of regret, nor any rebuke from the Gods. And to call her in question in the matter, is to call them in question, and to forbid them to employ their chosen instrument as they may see fit.

XV.—PSYCHIC HEALING AND HEALERS. WHAT THE MIND MAY DO FOR THE BODY

IT was, perhaps, not, on the whole, a happy thing for Hypnotism that, in shaking off the quackeries and the superstitions of its infancy, it nevertheless retained some flavour of the occult. There is no inherent reason why the discovery of the use of Hypnotic Suggestion should be associated with psychic inquiry any more than the discovery of the use of chloroform or of antipyrin. But the association has always existed, though there are signs increasingly obvious to the student that, with the wider recognition of its uses, the independent position of Hypnotism is daily more completely acknowledged.

There is an old saying, "Always win, fools first"; and this seems to have been the policy of the earliest exponents of what was then called Animal Magnetism. It seems inconceivable that intelligent and educated persons should not have seen through the theatrical *mise en scène* of the processes of Mesmer and his disciples, but the novelty of the ideas involved was so perplexing, that quacks and charlatans seized the opportunity and turned it unscrupulously to their own account, and so, from the first, the subject was veiled in a degree of mystery which, to say the least, was highly unscientific.

THE DOCTORS AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

By a curious coincidence, the last quarter of a century which has recognised the study of the occult as reputable, has also recognised the use of Hypnotism as scientific, and, once more, not at the hands of sensation-loving "professors" but under the direction of men of science and of literature, the two subjects have come to the front together.

In 1866, Liébeault published his first work upon Hypnotism; in 1867 the Dialectical Society began to collect evidence as to the reality of spirit phenomena; in 1879 Charcot began his famous work at the Salpêtrière; little more than two years later the work of the Society for Psychical Research was projected.

It is, to say the least, suggestive that the three doctors best known as making use of Hypnotism as a means of cure in their ordinary practice should be all members of the Society for Psychical Research, two of them holding office in the society, and all contributors to its literature. The reason is sufficiently obvious. The hypnotic condition is one which gives special facilities to psychical researches for the investigation of certain phenomena of mind and states of consciousness, and his observations, in turn, are useful to the philosophy and diagnosis of the physician.

THE ACTION OF MIND ON BODY.

It is from this point of view that Dr. Theodore Green (who, with Dr. Bramwell and Dr. Lloyd Tuckey, makes up the group of three already referred to) treats the question of psycho-therapeutics in a recent pamphlet, reprinted from the journal of the British Homœopathic Society.*

"Man," he tells us, "consists of two chief qualities—the material or physical on the one hand, and the immaterial or psychical on the other."

* "Psycho-Therapeutics." By C. Theodore Green, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Reprinted from *The Journal of British Homœopathic Society*.

I want to consider what action, if any, the human mind has on the body in disease. I take it for granted* that we are all agreed that the mind has some action on the body. Ought we not, therefore, to study this influence, and see what use we can make of it in the healing of disease? We shall gain a clearer idea of the nature of this influence by studying the various phases it takes, by first observing facts and then deducing theories. In time, no doubt, some one clever enough will formulate a general law correlating these scattered facts.

The term psycho-therapeutics is freely used nowadays; there is a good book on medical hypnotism having this word for its title, by Dr. C. Lloyd Tuckey. Dr. Tuke used the term in 1872, and may, for aught I know, have invented it. Speaking of animal magnetism, Dr. Tuke says that John Hunter recognised that attention and expectation produced the phenomena of animal magnetism (p. 5). And yet, until the last decade, hardly any medical men have thought it worth while to study the effects the mind has upon the body, with the idea of utilising them in disease.

CURED BY EXPECTATION.

Dr. Green passes on to some amusing instances, observed in his own practice and elsewhere, of the effect of the mind on the body—

I once visited an old Irish lady, with beautiful silver hair, and a face like an old monkey. She always preferred to see my senior partner. For her influenza I gave her ars. 3x and eup. perf. 1. The second day my partner went, and she said she was not a bit better. He, not remembering what I had given, gave the same drugs. The third day he went again, and found her nearly well. She said she began to mend as soon as she commenced *his* medicines.

He quotes a case recorded by Dr. Hark Tuke of a patient to whom he gave a written prescription for a blister, saying, "Put this to your side." She obeyed him literally, applied the paper, and recovered.

A patient of Dr. J. Brown, of Edinburgh, suffered from colic. He gave him a prescription, saying: "Take that, and come back in a fortnight, and you will be well." He returned in a fortnight quite well. It was then found that the man had eaten the paper prescription, and taken no other medicine.

CURED BY SHOCK.

Cures from shock are by no means uncommon, and it is possible that in many alleged miracles caused by bathing in sacred wells, the element of shock may be an important factor.

Dr. Tuke cites several cases of pseudo-hydrophobia, brought on in some instances by a bite of an animal not mad, and others not bitten at all. Most of these cases proved as fatal as those of true hydrophobia.

Dr. Abercrombie relates the following: "A woman mentioned by Diemerbroeck, who had been many years paralytic, recovered the use of her limbs when she was very much terrified during a thunderstorm, and was making violent efforts to escape from a chamber in which she had been left alone. A man, affected in the same manner, recovered as suddenly when his house was on fire; and another, who had been ill for six years, recovered the use of his paralytic limbs during a violent paroxysm of anger." Herodotus relates that: "During the storming of Sardis, a Persian meeting Croesus, was, through ignorance of his person, about to kill him. The king, overwhelmed by this calamity, took no care to avoid the blow, or escape death; but his dumb son, when he saw the violent designs of the Persian, exclaimed aloud: 'Oh, man, do not kill Croesus!' This was

the first time he had ever articulated, but he retained the faculty of speech from this event as long as he lived." Sweetser quotes from Van Swieten a case of hemiplegia, of some years' standing, in a man, who was cured by sudden terror.

CURED BY WILL.

The reference to hydrophobia is especially interesting in these days of muddle-headed regulation of the dog question, when if your opposite neighbour chances to be under a different county council from yourself, his dog may go unmuzzled while yours is compulsorily fretted and irritated into snappishness and ill-temper. Still more interesting in this connection is the following story:—

At a séance of the Royal Academy of Medicine of Paris, Dr. Barthélémy expressed his conviction that the symptoms of hydrophobia in man were mainly due to the imagination and irritability of the patient. In proof of this he adduced his own case. He had introduced his finger into the throat of a mad dog, and drew it out covered with frothy saliva; in drying it he observed that he had a slight excoriation on his finger. He lightly cauterised it, but ten days after he experienced a sense of constriction about the throat. He felt alarmed; the difficulty of swallowing increased until he could not drink anything, and the sight of water caused spasms. The will, however, was strongly exercised, and at last gained the day; the symptoms gradually abated, and in about a week he was well.

WHAT DISEASES CAN THE MIND CURE?

One of the most difficult problems in this connection has always been as to what class of disease is amenable to mind treatment. Dr. Green takes very broad views on this question—

We hear it commonly said that functional disorders alone may be cured by suggestion, but that organic disease cannot. This is premature; for we do not yet know how far the mind is capable of influencing disease. "You may see a person with gout," says Abernethy in his lectures, "who is almost unable to move with pain; but produce a shock on his nervous system by telling him that the house is on fire, and he will scamper about like a limplighter." "A captain of a British ship," says Dr. Rush, "who had been confined for several weeks to his cabin by a severe fit of gout in his feet, was suddenly cured by hearing the cry of 'Fire!' on board his ship." Another man was cured of gout by fright, and the disease never returned. It is stated that Ferrarius cured ague by faith. In one year he cut the disease short in fifty persons solely by slips of paper, on which he inscribed the word "sebifuge," and gave them to the patients with the instruction that they should cut off a letter every day. A Spanish lieutenant recovered by the time he had cut off the sixth letter.

CURED BY TEMPER.

Dr. Witherspoon relates the history of a man in Scotland who was always cured of a fit of drunkenness by being made angry. The way to make him angry was not to talk against the sin of drunkenness, but against religion.

CURE OF THE KING'S EVIL.

The cure of scrofulous swellings by the king's touch is too well known to need more than mention here. The power of the will in resisting disease, apart from the influence of the imagination, or the concentration of the attention, is unquestionable.

It will be remembered that the cure by the king's touch is a recognised fact in history, originating, as far as I remember, with the saintly Edward the Confessor, and lasting to the introduction of the House of Hanover. The Prayer Book had a special office for the occasion, and the patient was presented with a medal or touch-token, bearing the inscription, "I touch, but God healeth." The great Dr. Johnson was among the

last subjected to the ceremony. It is said that many accounts of cures are well authenticated, as well as from contact with fragments of the clothing of King Charles I.

Similar stories in the lives of the saints are, of course, innumerable.

CURED BY HYPNOTISM.

Dr. Green passes on to review several cases, in his own practice, of similar cures by mind and will strengthened by Hypnotism. He has specially selected for quotation, not acute cases, but those of common every-day occurrence, and in almost all, the patient was then hypnotised for the first time. I reproduce two only:—

W. G., a boy of 15 years, complained of rheumatic pain between the shoulders. Hypnosis was induced in seven minutes by gaze at a crystal. By verbal suggestion and "passes in contact," the pain was driven downwards into the right calf, where it remained for some minutes, and finally was driven out through the right foot. The pain never returned; on being awakened he remembered nothing of what had occurred.

Mrs. M., a mother of five or six children, is not usually subject to headache. For a week past she has had severe pains in right side of head and face; has slept very little, and not been able to eat much. Hypnosis in two minutes. Suggestion soon removed all pain. The whole operation only lasted five minutes. Three days later, and also at the end of a year, she said there had been no return of the headaches.

FAITH-HEALING.

There seems little doubt that "faith-healing," under various names, and formulated into a variety of systems, has been of great service to many. In spite of various complexities and attempts to make out of it a definite science or a definite religion, its obvious basis is self-suggestion. It may take the form of affirming good or of denying evil, of saying, "I've got nothing the matter with me," or "I won't have anything the matter any more"; but its ultimate method is self-suggestion pure and simple.

In relation to this, Dr. Green continues:—

In his essay on *Faith-Healing*, Dr. A. Scofield writes: That a Mrs. Eddy sets forth a pseudo-metapsychico-theological system that denies the reality of matter and that of disease. A few of the utterances from her leading work show the absurdities of this system.

"1. Argue with the patient: 'You have no disease, you are not in danger, you are perfectly well; and you will find it soothes the symptoms of any disease.'

"2. Drugs, cataplasms, and whisky are shocking substitutes for the dignity and potency of mind.

"3. Ossification or any abnormal condition of the bones is the action of mortal mind as direct as insanity. Bones have no more substance than thought, and are only what they are named by and appear to mortal mind. What we call matter was primordially error in solution."

But not all "Christian Scientists" speak so foolishly. I suppose that there is no doubt that some cures do take place under their *régime*, for their method, in a word, is that of auto-suggestion. We have, unfortunately, little chance of investigating their cases before and after their cure, for these peculiar people are unusually shy of having anything to do with qualified men.

CURES AT HOLYWELL.

Dr. Green passes on to consider the cures at Holywell, with the story of which our readers are already familiar.*

That great numbers of cures are effected he does not

* See BORDERLAND, vol. i., p. 543, and vol. ii., July, 1895, and *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, May, 1895.

doubt for a moment, but he regards them as cures by mind over body, or, let us say, as the triumph of spirit over flesh, without assuming that spirit to be St. Winefride, the saint of the well.

In the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, May, 1895, Rev. A. Fryer has collected a series of cases, in all of which he has failed to find any evidence for the miraculous. My own limited observations are entirely in accord with his conclusions. Yet, I am honestly glad that this well affords a means of relief to many poor sick folk, who have failed in being cured by regular medical aid; and I hope that such cures will increase in number, whatever may be said or thought of the manner of cure, whether by suggestion, superstition, or faith. I was favourably impressed with the honesty of purpose apparent in all whom I met who had to do with the well; priests, nuns, keepers, pilgrims—they all seemed utterly to believe in the things they said.

I may add that Dr. Williamis, jun., of Holywell, has collected over 500 cases of alleged cure, and states that in none of these has he seen any evidence of cure by supernatural agency.

CURED AT LOURDES.

Some notes upon the Lourdes miracles follow from the same point of view, based on the study, by Dr. Myers and Mr. F. W. H. Myers on the alleged miraculous cures, *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, vol. ix., pp. 160-209; "Lourdes," by Emile Zola; and an article by Dr. Berdoe in the *Nineteenth Century*, October, 1895.

Even Zola, as is well known, admits having met with cases of real cure, but, in his opinion, "It is the facts themselves which lie."

However the facts remain, and Dr. Green, forgetful for the moment, perhaps, of the interests of his profession, reminds us of the lines of the poet Churchill:

"The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill;
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow."

X.

SOME AMERICAN HEALERS.

SCHLATTER.

THE latest news about Schlatter the Healer, is that he was seen in the Far West working in the chain gang as a punishment for his sins. Why he got there, what sin it was that entailed this punishment, or when he was to be released, is not stated.

Commenting on the article in our last issue, *Light* says:

Perhaps the most impressive article in the new BORDERLAND is that on "Psychic Healing—The Story of Francis Schlatter, the Healer." If he is really like the very beautiful portrait of him in BORDERLAND, we do not wonder at the credence given to the statement that he is, in some way, the Christ. But, of course, that claim depends upon his wonderful works of healing, of which Mr. Stead tells the story, prefacing it with an exceedingly keen linking of the American medium with the Christ of Nazareth. To the Jews, Jesus was not and could not be more than Schlatter is or was to the men and women of Denver, five thousand of whom came to him in one day.

Schlatter professes to be entirely guided by someone he calls "Father," and is apparently absolutely indifferent to comfort or money. He appears to be curiously unconventional in his arrangements, dress, and movements, and London would regard him as by no means a candidate for "good Society." But we wish "Father" would tell him to come. In the meantime, Mr. Stead tells us of a healer he has *in camera*, and invites any who are suffering from acute ailments, not infectious, to send in

handkerchiefs, with names and addresses, and brief statement of their cases.

In response to my suggestion, many handkerchiefs were sent me. But the experiment hardly had a fair chance, for my healer was very much run down, and in sore need of being healed himself. In the majority of cases, therefore, it is not surprising that no results followed. But in some cases cures are reported which show the possibility of a healing influence emanating from one who may himself be far from robust.

HAMMOND, OF ILLINOIS.

The *Chicago Times Herald* of February 23rd, reports the doings of a healer who is named Hammond, and who is reported to be working many cures at Belvidere, Illinois. Hammond appears to be merely what spiritualists call a healing medicine, and his power is not his own, but that of a control whom he calls "John." John is not John the Apostle, but claims to be the disembodied spirit of one John, a German doctor, deceased for some years.

"I first discovered that I possessed this mediumistic power two years ago," said the healer. "I discovered it from sitting in a circle with a medium from Michigan. I went into trance the third or fourth time we sat together, I think. The power developed itself from that time on. The first spirit that controlled me was that of Dr. Wright, but he educated this one that now operates through me, and now he controls me. The spirit is that of a German, and sometimes, when I am deeply entranced, I talk in the German tongue. I have also talked in several foreign languages in this condition. I never studied German and cannot speak it when in my normal condition. My only knowledge of the language is such as any boy might get from occasionally meeting or associating with boys who were of German parentage. I know an occasional word or expression, that is all."

"Do you imagine you have any of the divine attributes?" was asked, "or just how do you regard yourself and your healing?"

"I don't claim to be any more divine than other men," replied Hammond. "I try to do what good I can. I think everyone should. I certainly make this effort. I take it that I am controlled or dominated by a spirit who has the power to determine the character of the maladies with which these persons who visit me are suffering, and the ability to tell what is the best treatment for them. I think it is my duty to use this gift or power to do the widest good. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson have been of the greatest aid in the work. They have thrown open their house for the reception of patients, and do all they can in every way. Mr. Simpson was one of the first persons I treated. He received so much benefit, he thought he should do what he could to help others."

Hammond's first effort as a physician was made a year or more ago. He had previously gone into trances at odd times to trace stock that had broken the corral and wandered off, and promoted the cause of morality in the vicinity by using his clairvoyant power to locate missing articles. This detective ability of his did much to imbue persons of easy conscience with a respect for the property rights of others. One day, Hammond says, he was working about his farm when he became conscious of a strong desire to go to Belvidere. Without any reason beyond this impulse, he drove to the city, and going directly to his brother's house, found his sister-in-law prostrated by a severe illness. Then the spirit of "Dr. Wright" assumed the responsibility, and the patient recovered. Subsequently, under domination of the scientific "Dr. Wright"—who had been dead twenty years—Hammond treated his elder sister, Mrs. C. M. Harmont, for consumption. Mrs. Harmont is now apparently in good health. Hammond's ministrations soon became in frequent demand, and every Sunday night he had receptions of invalids at his home. The shade of "Dr. Wright" complained of overwork eventually, and substituted

the present control "John" as the prescribing genius. The demands made upon Hammond were such that he could not attend to his farm work. His health also became infirm. He says that the maladies removed from patients were transferred to him. His resisting powers have so developed with his others that he only suffers now from weariness and exhaustion that follows labour. Last September the call's from suffering humankind became so frequent that he left the farm and took up his home with his sister, Mrs. C. M. Harmount. Mr. Harmount is the travelling representative of the Cook Furnace Company, of Chicago, and his house is a pretty little structure at the edge of Belvidere. One of the Hammond's first patients was Mr. Simpson, who was suffering from a malady that defied the "regulars." One diagnosed it as appendicitis, another regarded it as belonging to another class of complaints, and yet a third had his own personal views. Meantime Mr. Simpson could not attend to business, and began to interest himself in questions concerning the future. Young Mr. Hammond's aid was invoked, and after a "treatment" or two Mr. Simpson was on his feet again, and soon thereafter returned to his work. Then it was he invited Hammond to make the Simpson home his headquarters.

As has been said, the healer has attacked all kinds of troubles. One of his notable cases is that of Henry Shaw, of Rockford, who was a distorted sufferer from rheumatism of thirty years' duration. He has cast aside his crutches and pervades Rockford without artificial aid. He chants the praises of Hammond and his familiar "John." Incidental to Mr. Shaw's release from the pangs of rheumatism was his disengagement from the tobacco habit. This was as unexpected as it was agreeable to Shaw and his friends.

"There is one peculiarity about my gift of curing," said Hammond, in discussing the case of Shaw. "The power works first by causing the patient to abandon any improper habits, such as using tobacco or drinking. Then John begins to work on the disease."

Mr. Redfield, town collector of Belvidere, has been a cripple for years. His powers of locomotion have been improved largely under Hammond's ministrations. The infant child of Fred Weiner, of South Chicago, had difficulty in seeing. Its sight is said to have been restored. John Stevens, of Rockford, had power restored to a paralyzed arm, and Miss Bishop, of Sycamore, has recovered the use of her vocal organs. Two railroad men, who were graduated from a sanitorium where drunkards are cured, took on ills where they left their thirst. One of them had a permanent headache and the other an evil practice of falling unconscious at inopportune times. Both have been restored to health. George Schilling, the secretary of the Bureau of Labour Statistics, received Hammond's treatment. The nature of his calamity is not known. The list of patients might be prolonged indefinitely. All classes of society and all forms of illness have stood before the healer.

For his labours to improve health Mr. Hammond will receive no pay. He was married less than two years ago to Miss Francis Jones, a charming young woman of Belvidere, who has an implicit confidence in her husband's power to combat almost any kind of evil, and they have a child. Hammond, prior to coming to Belvidere, had managed his mother's farm. They are well to do, but by no means independent of their personal exertions for a livelihood. Notwithstanding the apparent necessities of his situation, he will not put a figure on his gift or a price on the exercising of it. He has resisted the offers of enterprising capitalists to "syndicate" him and John, his comrol, on the basis of a large percentage for Hammond. He says he doesn't care to convert his peculiar attitude into a means for becoming wealthy. Still, there is no bar to voluntary gifts to the friends of the healer, and Hammond's wants and the needs of those dependent upon him are fairly well cared for by offerings of the patients.

"One reason why I feel that it would be wrong to charge a fee," said the young man, "is because the spirit that dominates me always thanks the patient after we have administered a treatment. He seems to feel grateful for the opportunity to do good, and I would not feel right if I made a scale of prices for it.

Mr. Hammond is a good-looking young man of rather slight build.

BURKE, OF SAGINAW.

The same paper reports that one Burke, who has been healing at Saginaw and Detroit, claims to have done and to be doing great wonders.

In talking of his past and of his "gift," Burke said he was born in Chicago thirty-eight years ago, and had seen visions since his childhood. His mother was a spiritualist, who treated many people and did much missionary work. She was an aunt of Schlatter, so Burke claims.

"One night nineteen years ago," said Burke, "while in my room in Chicago, a great voice came to me saying, 'Go and heal!' and only last night the voice again rang in my ears. I heal by touching, and belief or nonbelief in religion cuts no figure with me. The sufferer must have faith—absolute faith—in me as the vice-regent of God. I am the medium through whom the spirit works."

Burke claims that when performing cures the spirit works powerfully in him and that often he is made stomach-sick by his exertions. He says he knows he has cured 10,000 people in his ministrations, and if all he had treated successfully would make acknowledgment, the number would reach 100,000.

The "healer" shocks one with his frequent iteration of divine attributes. He likens himself to Christ, and says he is simply doing what Christ and the apostles did. He does not claim to raise the dead, but his assurance is sublime, and he says he can cure the deaf, dumb, halt and the blind.

BRADLEY NEWELL, OF VERMONT.

Another healer who has arisen in Vermont is Bradley Newell, the village blacksmith, of Jacksonville. He is not a spiritualist.

In August last, Bradley Newell, while working at his anvil, heard a buzzing sound in his right ear. It was the "still, small voice." Newell didn't exactly cast it aside as a vagary, but still was inclined to think he had not heard aright. Some time later he heard the voice again. To satisfy himself that he had not heard aright he "tried it," that is, he suggested to his wife that he could cure her headache. He was astounded to find that he did cure the headache at once.

Since then his services have been sought by hundreds in this and adjoining towns, and he is beginning to receive letters from all over the United States beseeching his aid. Some of his cures have been really remarkable, and some of his attempts have failed.

Faith on the part of the patient is usually required by mind healers. Newell doesn't ask his patients to exercise any faith. In fact, those having the most faith often get left. He just takes hold of the patient's hands, and the cure is effected—sometimes. Some believe, some scoff. Some say it is the work of the devil. Some claim it is only imagination. Some think it is spiritualistic. The imagination theory was pretty well knocked out when Newell cured a spavined horse. No one would claim a horse has any imagination, and the cure was positive and certain.

Newell's own statement of his discovery and practice of his marvellous power is interesting.

"It was one day last August," he said to a *Times Herald* correspondent, "while I was at work at my anvil that I suddenly heard a kind of buzzing noise in my ear. And then a voice just as plain and distinct as any I ever heard whispered in my ear: 'You can heal the sick by laying your hands on them.' I was startled and didn't know what to make of it, because I had never had any such experiences before, but the voice was repeated and there couldn't be any mistake about it.

"I had never been subject to hallucinations, so far as I knew, and had never had any trouble with my head. I haven't had a sick day since I was a boy. And I and all my family have always been sceptical about supernatural things. I can't account for that voice that I heard, and it puzzled me for a good while. I was afraid to say anything about it for fear of being laughed at. But not long afterwards my wife was taken with a sick

headache. The voice whispered in my ear: 'You can cure your wife,' and so I said to her, kind of foolish like, 'Ellen, I feel as if I can cure your headache.' Then I took hold of her hands, and in a minute she said: 'Why, Bradley, my headache is all gone!'

Pretty soon he tried his powers on some of his ailing neighbours, with varying success. It got noised abroad, and people began to talk. He was possessed of the devil, the pious ones said. He had gone insane, said the wiseacres. He had become a spiritualist, others said.

Mr. Newell has no theory to explain his healing powers. He doesn't know whether it is of God or of the devil, or of his own self, and he doesn't seem to care much. "I can't tell you anything about it," he said, "because I don't know. I have never studied up on those things. I don't know anything about magnetism or mesmerism or hypnotism. I'm not a spiritualist, and I'm not opposed to spiritualism. As I say, it's all mysterious to me."

He goes so far as to insist that he feels no physical or mental sensation whatever during the act of curing. His mental and bodily states are just the same as at other times. He feels nothing, thinks nothing, exercises no will power—he just lays his hands on the patient and something or other does the rest.

"I think I have treated more than 2,000 persons since last August," he continues. "And I suppose some of them had only imaginary troubles, or came to me out of curiosity. I have helped some, and I don't think I have harmed anybody. They come to me from all this section of the country. I never tell anyone I can help him. I never asked him to have faith. I am not a religious man, though I have nothing against the churches.

"I get letters from all over the country from persons asking me if I can help them. I don't answer many of them—only those that read pathetic. Why don't I give up blacksmithing and go to healing? Well, you see, I know my trade and understand it, and I don't understand anything about healing. Then, I like blacksmithing, and I have a good business here. Why shouldn't I stick to it?"

He was asked if he had had any success with organic diseases, but not knowing the difference between an organic disease and a bunion, he couldn't answer directly. "I haven't kept any account of the different kinds of diseases that I have treated," he said, "but there have been all kinds—rheumatism, dyspepsia, headaches, lameness, swellings, tumours, heart troubles, colds, pleurisy, and everything else."

Mr. Newell charges nothing for treating people. If strangers want to pay him anything he does not refuse it if he thinks his callers can afford it. "You see, I am a little in debt here yet, and it helps me out," he said, simply.

AN AUSTRALIAN HEALER.

I HAVE received the following letter signed "Shamagah," and headed "All for Jehovah, Jesus." It is dated from an address in Sussex. I quote it as a fair illustration of the way in which the healer usually envisions the Universe. "Shamagah" is more confident than most of his brethren as to the accuracy with which he has penetrated the divine counsels. His explanations and theories and exposition of the divine plans must all be taken together as indicating the mental and psychic equipment of one who appears to have exercised at one time considerable healing gifts.

BELOVED BROTHER (Matt. xxiii. 8).—The account published in BORDERLAND for January, 1896, of Divine healing through Brother Francis Schlatter in America, has induced me to send the same reports of a precisely similar nature that occurred with myself in Australia in 1884, but not to the same extent. The only difference I can detect by the accounts published was in the plan and method adopted to secure the desired results. I was led invariably to insist upon a full surrender and consecration of body, soul, and spirit to God on the part of

all who came to me for healing, whether they applied personally or by letter, before laying hands upon them, which I did by placing both hands upon the head of the patient, while praying for the Divine manifestation; after which I placed my hand outside the clothes, over the affected part, to call the person's particular attention to that which they desired the Holy One to remove. The effects were the same as described under Brother Schlatter's ministry.

Having some newspaper reports by me of the manifestation of Divine healing I refer to, I enclose two of them, and I can adduce abundant testimonials of perfect healings of organic, functional, and nervous cases of almost every class and description, except making the maimed to be whole.

Since that time (1884 A.D.) up to the present the gifts have been used with varied results as God wills. No man can command or regulate the gifts, but when the power comes upon one that person is compelled to act, to do so without is worse than useless—it is sacrilege and profanity. I use the words "gifts of healings"; it is so in the original sacred Scriptures. For causes of which we are not informed, the gifts of healings were not so prominent a feature in the latter days of Paul's and Peter's ministry. These two seem to have possessed the largest share of any of the apostles, and we also notice a parity regarding healing by our Lord towards the close of the three years and a-half of the Divine Saviour's mission. Undoubtedly the gifts and blessings are for the people of God. The lack of faith and obedience in Christ Jesus as the healer, not Brother Schlatter or any one else, appears to be the only barrier to its universal application, for even Jesus could not do many mighty works, at one place, for their unbelief.

Naturally the question arises, What now of the wonderful gifts once exercised by thee? To this fair question I must be allowed to give what I believe in my case a true and faithful reply. The full exercise of the gifts of healings, by personal contact, which at the utmost could only be rendered upon a few persons comparatively to the millions of human beings now residing upon the earth, has been kept in abeyance by the Holy One, with now and then a periodical outburst to indicate the time when the Great Heart of the Almighty our Heavenly Father would pour out the blessing upon all creatures, God having a reserved John for the end of the age of man's sin-polluted probation (Rom. ii. 25—36), to destroy sin, sickness, disease, and death, and bring in everlasting righteousness, peace, and blessing, love, joy, and felicity, by bestowing the healing balm of the new creation upon all creatures, as prophesied by Isaiah lxy. 17—23.

Why do I believe this? Because such a magnificent plan has been revealed and wrought out by God, which purpose can be inspected, examined, and proven to any unprejudiced mind willing and desirous to investigate the attributes of the Great I Am, whose Name and Nature is Love.

From the period of my consecration, baptism, and anointing of the Holy Spirit in June, 1883, until now, my whole time and attention has been devoted, night and day, in carrying out the mind and will of God in every particular, so far as I have been able to ascertain that will. Of late years I have been working in private, that is, so far as the general public is concerned, and had the gifts of healings still been manifest as they were at one time, I could neither have had the time or opportunity to carry out the work I have been engaged in. It is, however, now complete and finished. Should you have the interest to call upon me at this address, you can see, hear, and examine for thyself. I have much to show, but until the time comes for the revelation to be made manifest to the world by God, I desire profound secrecy, at least from my name and address appearing, to avoid what I have hitherto suffered, with all who follow the Lord fully—intolerable persecution, reproach, infamy, misrepresentation, and wicked slanders, especially from the professed followers of our blessed Lord.

Ignorance and superstition has been, and ever will be, until destroyed, the greatest barrier to advancement in either sphere. Divine or human, especially the former, because the human spirit is deadly opposed to the Spirit of God. They are at enmity one with the other, and only appeased by surrender of all that is essential on either side. John xv. 18—26 stands

good to-day, with the same potency as when uttered by the infallible Word made flesh.

May I be allowed to make a suggestion as to all psychic phenomena? It is this. We must make a distinction between the things that differ. I believe that in the spirit-world over the border, as well as on this side, there is both the Divine and the human. The two planes are separate and distinct; one is as high above the other as heaven is above the earth. The whole of the failures in psychic research, in my opinion, can be traced to the vain attempt to amalgamate these two forces, or failing to recognise the frailties of the human in contradistinction to the infallibility of the Divine. I believe there are, in both worlds, two great sources of spiritual power at work. The Divine and the human, the good and the bad, denominated God and the devil. The Holy Spirit, and the spirit of Jezebel, these have existed in direct antagonism, as far as the earth is concerned, ever since the fall, and will remain so until the final destruction of the man of sin, the evil, the devil, the spirit of Jezebel. Part will be destroyed at the first resurrection, when the astral body of each one prepared for that event will be clothed upon with immortality. Some have already been thus clothed upon, as Enoch, Moses, Elijah, Jesus Christ, and others doubtless of whom we have no account; but at the second resurrection the destruction of evil will be complete, and God all-in-all. The raising from the grave means the astral body of the departed coming forth from the other side, clothed with immortality and eternal life. At present they are in their graves; still in what really belongs to the human body, hence imperfect and unreliable in their semi-conscious state, as diverse there in character and attainments as they were here in the flesh. Hence communication with them is forbidden, because the information is imperfect and misleading, and tends to evil (Lev. xix. 26; Deut. xviii. 10, 14; 2 Chron. xxxviii. 6). Such is man apart from the Divine afflatus. But when the Holy Spirit is given to man, and is allowed to dominate every action, to the abnegation of self—man or human spirit—there will be perfect leadings of the Divine will; and while the Holy Spirit remains in the human body, and up to the measure of obedience to that Divine Spirit, will the leadings be perfect, or imperfect, according to the degree of the human nature that is allowed to interpose and intercept the perfect revelation of the Divine will of God. Therefore is the Holy Spirit given, and we are enjoined to receive and diligently obey, or the power is withdrawn. Thus was Jesus led perfectly, being completely obedient to the Father, as Joan of Arc to the voices. In like manner has every one been led, since the creation of man, up to the present moment, according to their capacity and measure of obedience. Such must be the law of God. Immaculate, perfect, pure, good, holy, righteous, and blessed. The infallible will of love summed up in one word—obedience to the imperative laws of the invisible and omnipotent one, made complete and entire in the fourfold unity of Father, Son, Holy Spirit, and Bride, the cube of perfection, the four dimensions of the universe. Square them, measure them, weigh them, balance them, they are perfect, equal on every side, God in all, and all things in God. Evil is excluded and destroyed from the completeness of the Perfect One.

SHAMAGAH.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE WORK IN LONDON.

MISS HELEN E. GREEN, 50, Endlesham Road, Balham, S.W., writes me as follows:—

May I give you a brief selection from the Christian Science cases which have passed through my own hands? I have heard of much more striking cures in the experience of other healers, but I will only mention what I can vouch for of my own knowledge.

Be it remembered that I cannot give what the Psychical Research Society or a lawyer would accept as proof; proof, that

is, positive and indisputable of the connection between my treatment and the undeniable cure or benefit. There is scarcely such a thing yet, so far as I know, as absolute and undeniable proof to be had. With the exception, perhaps, of G. H. (the little girl with the tumour), I have never yet been granted a single case in which the benefit was so obviously the result of my treatment, that there was no loophole left for doubt and device on the part of sceptics. But it was thought that in gauging the value of outsiders' judgments, you might be glad to know something of the experience of an inside worker.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CASES.

A. B. (3 weeks).—A laundress suffering from erysipelas and blood-poisoning. Doctor said she must either die or lose arm or fingers. After three weeks Christian Science treatment she was cured and back at her wash-tub.

C. D. (1 month).—A young married woman, who (after a bad confinement in consequence of a shock) was apparently permanently invalided. Five months afterwards she was still extremely feeble, and incapable of attending to her household duties. A month's treatment completely restored her.

E. F. (3 months).—A lady dying of consumption, and what was believed to be scrofula. She was sent to Algiers as a last resource, but became worse there. Within two hours of the first Christian Science treatment she showed improvement, and in three months returned to England in health ready for a tour in the Highlands.

G. H. (15 months).—A little girl of ten years, with a tumour on the top of the head more than three inches in diameter, raw and constantly discharging. Several doctors attended her: one called it lupus, another a tumour; cancer was also mentioned. I believe a cancerous tumour was the correct description. On undertaking the case, I stipulated that other medical attendance and visits to the hospital should cease, and spiritual healing be left to do the work. It was a slow case—fifteen months—but she is now perfectly cured.

I. J. (8 months).—A lady, who for more than two years, had suffered from ulcer on the bag of the stomach, which caused great pain, and incapacitated her from sleeping, except by snatches; retaining food, or attending to any of her duties. For three months she showed no improvement, then began to mend, and in eight months' treatment was cured.

K. and L. M.—Husband and wife, who had drifted into a chronic state of disagreement. Jars and friction were continual. I treated the husband, who was chiefly in fault; and presently the wife wrote to me that she should bless me as long as she lived, for their home, instead of being constantly disturbed, was now peaceful and happy.

N. O.—A lady well-intentioned, but strongly tempted to drink (of coarse obsession). When I came to her, was just giving up in despair. After three months' treatment was restored to courage and self-control, and said that her life was completely changed.

P. Q.—A butler, tempted in the same way, but a much worse case. He also was restored.

R. S. (8 months).—A lunatic of twelve years' standing. Had been confined in several asylums and homes, and cruelly treated. When I first saw her, she was one of the most pitiable objects I ever beheld. Eight months' treatment restored her to her right mind, and at our last interview she was thinking of a continental tour with her father, after which she was to return home and keep house for him.

T. U.—Mind affected for ten or twelve years; developed homicidal mania. After four months' treatment was sufficiently cured to be able to return home with safety to her family, though when I last saw her, certain religious delusions were not yet banished. Whether they are so now I do not know.

V. W.—A married lady, who before her confinement was a healthy young woman, came from her sick room demented and crippled. For months could not walk without a stick. Six weeks' treatment restored her to health of mind and body.

These are but a few cases out of many.

XVI.—THE MILLENNIUM ACCORDING TO THEOSOPHY.

"THE FUTURE THAT AWAITS US." BY MRS. BESANT.

"THE Future that Awaits Us" is the title of the lecture which Mrs. Besant addressed to the London Lodge of the Theosophists last November. It is published in the *Transactions*, No. 28, January.* It is in many ways the most remarkable exposition of what Theosophists have to teach us that has yet emanated from Theosophical headquarters. In the address Mrs. Besant essays the hazardous attempt of predicting the course of human evolution, and of guiding us step by step up the great world's altar stairs, that slope through darkness up to God. Nothing that Mrs. Besant has written or spoken for years is quite as notable as this. The Theosophists are now, at least, endeavouring to live up to their professions, and to justify their somewhat lofty pretensions to know and to understand the law of the Universe. I shall, therefore, confine myself to reproducing, in a slightly condensed form, with cross-headings of my own, the substance of this very remarkable prophecy of things to come.

THE PYRAMID OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

After briefly recapitulating the Theosophical theory of the origin of man—man who is now but beginning to be, and who, as the Apostle said, "groans with longing to be clothed upon with an habitation which is from heaven," so that that which is mortal may be swallowed up in life—Mrs. Besant says she will endeavour for one half-hour to enable us "to realise something of the possibilities—nay, of the certainties of humanity."

We may think of man now as the individual beginning his upward climbing, and coming up to the place at which we stand to-day. In order to make a difficult subject a little clearer, let me ask you to imagine in your minds the three great kinds of activities in which mankind progresses. I could fancy them as a mighty three-sided pyramid, with upward-pointing apex piercing heaven, each side of the pyramid typifying one of the three great activities of the universe; one side would be power, another wisdom, another love, and within these all minor activities would group themselves, all possibilities would be included. On the sides you may see figured many lines that seem parallel but are really convergent, the varied lines of progress, mental, moral, spiritual, along which the race is to evolve. And if you think of this pyramid as made of great blocks, each block a great stage of progress symbolizing one of the regions of the universe, then at the base we should have the physical world, and working there all the powers and energies of man that are manifested as physical consciousness in the physical body, and are there gradually evolving the three sides of his nature—power, wisdom, and love. Next above it, the second great block symbolizing the astral plane, another great region to be occupied by human consciousness; above that the plane of Manas—the devachanic plane, the region of the mind itself; above that a region nobler yet and loftier, that of Buddhi or spiritual intuition, the plane of Samâdhi, sometimes called Sushupti; above that again the plane of Atmâ, Nirvâna, the crown, enfolding all, within all. To think of this picture may help us as we pass from step to step—from block to block—for we have to trace mankind rising from stage to stage, and to understand in what the evolution of man consists.

THE NEXT GREAT STEP UPWARD.

Mankind on the physical plane, Mrs. Besant thinks has almost reached its ultimate alike along the sides of

* To be obtained at 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, from the Theosophical Publishing Society. Price One Shilling net.

love, wisdom, and power; dead walls meet our view on each ascending line of matter. Only from without, and beyond, and above the physical plane can help come.

All the changes that will come into the physical plane in the future will come from the working downwards of the higher powers that will then be generally evolved in man. We can now picture to ourselves the nearest step, that into the second region—the mounting of mankind to the second great stage of our pyramid; mankind will become self-conscious on the astral plane, conquering the astral realm, and will thus find itself in a new world. Here man will take to himself new powers, adopt new methods, with new vistas opening before him, new potentialities blossoming forth on every side.

THE EXPANSION OF CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE ASTRAL WORLD.

The astral world into which the race is emerging, is one in which there is a great expansion of sense-power. Man will, with astral vision, see behind, before, around, and through an object. Invisible things will become real, and no longer be matters of faith. He will no longer be cabined, cribbed, and confined in his body. He will be able to leave it, as some few can now, whenever it is an inconvenience to him or a hindrance, and can use his astral body to travel through the astral world.

The world beyond the grave will no longer be a land of terrors, and men's fears will no more be played upon by those who seek to subjugate them through dread of the unseen world. All men will know that world, all will understand its phenomena, marvellous now, but then to be familiar, then to enter into daily life. What we call death will be practically shorn of its sorrows, for man will be able to live in the astral world, to mingle with those who have altogether shaken off for a time the limitations of the physical body; the astral world will have come within the compass of the ordinary life, and the division caused by death will be swept away. The contact with the greater Ones, the teaching that then will be thrown open to the world, the possibilities of reaching them—space having no longer power to divide in view of the swiftness of passage that belongs to the subtler region—these will place within the reach of all opportunities of knowledge that to-day come only to the very few, knowledge that will change the whole aspect of life, and open up before the mind of man his still diviner possibilities. There, too, men will meet the great teachers of the past, and will know that they are not dreams but living men—that all that has been thought of them as noblest is verily true, while all that the ignorance of men has done to obscure them will fade away in that brighter light, in the clearer vision of that purer day.

HOW MAN CAN CREATE BY THOUGHT.

Mrs. Besant, in speaking of the power of astral forces says that they can help and show compassion in a way which would once have been unthinkable to me, says:

In the physical world a man will be able to aid others, to protect others, by consciously sending forces from the astral to effect his purpose, thinking a useful thought and clothing it in elemental essence, thus creating an artificial elemental which he can direct to the helping of the weaker, the safeguarding of the unprotected, the warding-off of danger, forming a continual shield for anyone to whom it is sent. All this will be within the easy reach of those who are the vanguard of human evolution, and the most backward will be aided by those who have advanced further, all these powers coming within the reach of the majority of men.

This is no longer incredible to me, for I know a friend to whom such a being was sent. She did not call it an artificial elemental, but the veritable Double of one whom she loved; and to the constant care and nursing tenderness of that mysterious being, continued night and day without intermission for nearly a week, she owed her escape from what might otherwise have been a deadly illness. How it was done I know not. That it was done, I know. Nor was that the only time in which such ministry has been used.

EDUCATION IN THE ASTRAL WORLD.

"When the astral senses are awakened, the minds of children will lie open before their parents and teachers; their characters will be as plainly limned in colour and form as they are to astral vision, and when all their evil tendencies are recognized in the germ, the task of the teacher and parent will be much simplified."

In psychology how changed will be the methods when the mind lies before the psychologist as an open book; instead of speculating on mind in animals, drawing inferences from their actions, guessing at their motives, he will see the way in which the animal is thinking, the strange world that dawns on the animal intelligence—a world so different from our own because the standpoint from which it is seen is so different. Then, indeed, will man be able to deal effectively with the animal mind, training the dawning intelligence, guiding its advance with clear and competent knowledge.

THE MEDICINE AND CHEMISTRY OF THE FUTURE.

In the astral world we shall see, whereas now we grope and speculate.

Take medical science, and imagine the difference in certainty and precision when the doctor diagnoses by vision and traces the action of his drugs by astral sight; neither the physician nor the surgeon will be shut out by the surface of things as they are to-day, but every doctor will see exactly what is at fault, and will apply his remedies accordingly.

Or take the methods of chemistry. The chemist will no longer theorize, but will see; his "atoms" will no longer be possible abstractions but things that can be easily examined and traced; all combinations will be studied with astral vision, stage after stage watched and followed; he will test, dissociate, combine, rearrange, all with the certainty that comes from vision, and he will manipulate his materials by the new forces at his command.

HOW HISTORY WILL BE WRITTEN.

As all the astral records will be open to be read, all the histories yet written will be worthless. For those who are the new historians will throw themselves back into the past, and will live and move amongst the scenes which they depict. They will live, as it were, in the period and trace events step by step with the men and women of the time. Their observations can be verified at will by students who follow, for there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed, and all things done in the closet now will be perpetually accessible to posterity, as if the guilty kiss were photographed and phonographed for all time.

THE ART OF THE FUTURE.

Again, how different will art be in those days that are coming—different even from the merely mechanical standpoint. So many more colours will then delight the eye, brilliant and vivid of hue, translucent, exquisite, and soft; such varieties of changing forms in the astral world, so much more to delineate, to reproduce—for even down in the physical world the canvas of the painter will glow with the beauties of the astral. And when the musician writes some great symphony or marvellous sonata, he will not only breathe forth sounds to charm the ears of men, but colours will flash out as the notes fall sweetly, and every

symphony will be a dazzling series of colours as well as of sounds, with a beauty that is now un dreamed of, with a perfection and a delicacy which as yet man cannot know.

THE AURAS AND THEIR USES.

When the astral world has been reached.—

All men's auras will be visible to those who guide the State, and according to the knowledge and the power and the benevolence visible to the astral sight will be the duty each is called on to discharge. Each man has around him in his aura the delineation of his character and of his powers, marking the functions which he is best suited to perform, so that each man will then be sent to his rightful place. In those days as youths are growing into manhood their paths in life will be selected, marked out clearly by the colour, fineness, and size of their auras, which will show—as they show now to those whose eyes are opened—the range their faculties can cover and the powers they have within them for development.

THE SECOND STEP—FROM ASTRAL TO MENTAL.

After having thus hinted at some possibilities of the "astral world," Mrs. Besant says:

Another stage rises now before our eyes—the devachanic world, the region of the mind itself; and the time will come when mankind shall rise into that loftier consciousness, shall be able to function in the devachanic body and use the devachanic senses. There no halting, articulated speech is needed, for there mind speaks direct to mind, and matter is so subtle that every thought at once takes form. If we pass into the devachanic world and think, the images of the thought spring up all around us flashing, glorious in colours vivid and exquisite beyond all telling, delicate hues shading into one another in swift changeable succession, inexpressibly, fascinatingly fair. All that he thinks is there before him; he thinks of a friend and the image of his friend smiles upon him—of a place and it lies stretched at his feet; space cannot divide, for mind is not limited by space; time is beginning to yield, and past, present and future begin to melt into the now; not only so yet in the lower devachanic regions, though we feel there the beginning of the blending which is perfected in loftier spheres. When friend speaks to friend they speak in form and colour and music, and the world around them is the richer for their outpouring.

THE THIRD STEP—FROM THE MENTAL TO THE SAMĀDHIC.

But even this does not exhaust the prophecies of Mrs. Besant—who, by the way, says that she herself has travelled in the region where we converse in colour.

Even still higher mankind must rise. Beyond the glorious devachanic world opens yet another more glorious, the region of Samādhī, where a few of our race can function, though it is utterly unknown to the vast majority. It is a region where thought entirely changes its character and exists no longer as what is called thought on the lower planes; where consciousness has lost many of its limitations and acquires a new and strange expansion; where consciousness knows itself to be still itself, and yet has widened out to know other selves as one with it, so that it also includes the consciousness of others; it lives, breathes, feels, with others, identifying itself with others, yet knowing its own centre; embracing others and being one with them, and yet at the same time being itself. No words can express it; to be known it must be experienced.

THE FOURTH STEP—TO NIRVĀNA.

The following is the conclusion of Mrs. Besant's address:

One other range is still within the limit of human vision—within the reach, I dare not say of human thought, but to some extent of human apprehension, where Nirvāna binds up all these glories of humanity, and where its possibilities are seen and realised and are no longer mere lovely dreams. Life beyond all fancy of living, activity in wisdom and power and love

BORDERLAND.

beyond men's wildest imaginations, mighty hierarchies of spiritual intelligences, each seeming vaster and more wonderful than the one before. What here seems life is but as death compared with that life, our sight is but blindness and our wisdom but folly. Humanity! what has it to do in such a region, what place has man in such a world as that? And then—sweeping as it were from the very heart of it all—from the Logos who is its Life and Light—comes the knowledge that this is the goal of man's pilgrimage, that this is man's true home, that this is the world to which he really belongs, whence have come all the gleams of light that have shone upon him in his weary journey. Then it comes into the dazzled consciousness that man has been living, and experiencing, and climbing from the physical to the astral, from the astral to the devachanic, from the devachanic to the samâdhic, from the samâdhic to the nirvânic, for this end: that he might at last find himself in the Logos whence he came, that he might know his consciousness as the reflection of That, a ray from That. The end of this mighty evolution—the end of this stage of it, for final end there is none—the end of this stage is that each should be in his turn the new Logos of a new universe, the perfect reduplication of the Light whence he came, to carry that Light to other worlds, to build from it another universe. That which awaits man is that mighty growth into the God, when he shall be the source of new life to others, and bring to other universes the light which he himself contains.

But what words can tell of that vision, what thought even flashing from mind to mind may hope to give the faintest image of that which shall be? Faint and imperfect the sketch must be—how faint and how imperfect only those can know before whose eyes have been unrolled the vast reaches of the untrodden vistas of those unborn years. Faint and imperfect, truly; yet still a sketch, however dim, of the future which awaits us—still a ray, however shadowy, of the glory that shall be revealed.

THE MESSIAH THAT IS TO COME.

Captain Banon writing on another branch of the same theme:—

The root-idea of the Second Advent is by no means confined to Christians, for it is held very generally by all the great religions of the world. At the present moment the Mahomedans are expecting the advent of their last prophet, the Mehudi, while the Buddhists are expecting Maitreya Buddha. Even the Hindus are expecting the advent of the Kalki Avatar, although, properly speaking, he is not due till the end of the Kali Yuga, 427,000 years hence. History has familiarised us, to some extent, with the theory of cycles.

THE CYCLE OF 600 YEARS.

Now, the question is, can we discover in history any cycle of great religious teachers? It is believed that we find such a cycle in a period of some six hundred years, perhaps in that mystic number 666. The first great religious teacher that, without doubt, is an historical character, is Gautama Buddha, who flourished some six hundred years before the Christian era. Six hundred years after the prophet of Nazareth appears the Arabian prophet, Mahomed. We now want another great religious teacher six hundred years after the Hegira in 622, and such an one we find in Ksong-ka-pa, of whom but little is known in the west. But the difficulty is met by Draper's explanation which we have previously quoted. This much we know that Ksong-ka-pa did for Central and Eastern Asia what Mahomet did for Western Asia and Northern Africa. If this cycle of six hundred years between the advent of each great religious teacher holds good, then assuredly may we expect one other such in the coming century.

IS THE MESSIAH ABOUT DUE?

I may say, from information received from more than one source, that the advent of a great religious teacher is believed certain in the twentieth century; and moreover, that his mission will be very much more successful than that of any of his predecessors of which we have any historical knowledge. Not only is he expected, really and truly, to regenerate the whole world,

but it is believed that he will establish a real and veritable millennium on this earth. No doubt, former great religious teachers have achieved success in large measure, but then also, to a great extent, their missions have been failures, owing to the subsequent perversion of their teachings, in due course of time.

We may now examine Daniel and the Apocalypse to see what light they can throw on the Second Advent. The prophetic utterances of these two books are mostly taken up with the rise, dominion, and fall of Islam. They promise us a millennium, but not until "he that hindereth" is removed. The hinderer to the establishment of the Kingdom of Christ on earth is solely due to Judaism and its bastard offspring, Islam. Anti-Christ may safely be taken to mean Islam, the scarlet whore of Babylon, Constantinople, and the mark of the beast, circumcision. Daniel and the author of the Apocalypse are at one as regards the duration of the kingdom of Anti-Christ.

From this it is evident that, between the Russian defeat of the Turks in 1878, to the total disappearance of Islam, will comprise a period of thirty years. After 1912 not one single Mahomedan kingdom will survive. That is, "he that hindereth" will have been removed. And with Islam will disappear also that Judaism that perverts Christianity and that Jewish plutocracy (the beast and his false prophet) that now grinds the faces of the poor.

THE MESSIAH TO COME IN 1957 A.D.

One more verse from Daniel, and I have done. "Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five-and-thirty days," that is, to the year 1957. Why is he blessed but because in that year will arrive the great religious teacher, whose advent I commenced by announcing? We know that before the advent of Christ the then known world was brought under the dominion of Rome; and before the advent of Mahomed, under the Greek empire of Constantinople. Why is it that now, for the first time in history, the whole world has become known and opened out? Why have steam and electricity shortened time and distance, so as to bring all countries of the earth into the comity of nations? Why, instead of myriads of tongues as formerly, nine-tenths of the world now speak but some half a dozen great languages? Why has English become the language of commerce for the whole world? Simply to ensure the success of the mission of the great religious teacher of the twentieth century. To this cause must also be ascribed the great strides made in science, and the universal diffusion of knowledge. To this cause must also be ascribed the great spread of free thought, agnosticism, and heterodoxy. The former great religions of the world have lost their hold on the minds of men, and everywhere men are searching for a new revelation.

THE JOHN BAPTISTS OF OUR TIME.

What are Positivism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, and other forms of religious philosophy, but so many John the Baptists to prepare the world to receive the teachings of the Messiah of the next century? Not one of them but contains some aspect of the truth he will preach; a dogmaless, creedless Christianity, but a Christianity that will be allied with science, socialism, and the equality of the sexes. Who, then, will be the next great religious teacher? It may be the Second Advent of Christ, or it may be some other man-God who has never yet incarnated on this earth. It cannot be said what nationality he will assume. He may be a Russian; but much more probably an American; for on the American continent is forming the next great race.

A PROPHECY OF THINGS TO COME.

With next century will begin the most critical period for this world's humanity, since it will then be seen whether the human race will attain Salvation or not. Among the European and cognate nations education will have become real, solid, and universal. The changes of centuries will be crowded into a few years. Militarism will disappear as science becomes more potent than brute force, and government will be more and more for and by the people. Perhaps in no country will the change be so great as in Russia.

A. BANON.

Kulu, January 27th, 1896.

XVII.—DREAMS: INTERPRETED AND EXPLAINED. VISIONS OF THINGS PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME.

I.—THE OBSERVATION OF DREAMS.

EXPERIMENTING IN DREAMS.

A RECENT number of the *Revue de l'Hyphnotisme* contains an account of some experiments as to the possibility of controlling the direction of our dreams.

They were undertaken by Dr. J. Mourtry Vold, of Christiania, with the assistance of a carefully selected band of ladies and gentlemen living in the neighbourhood, who met at his house in groups of from ten to forty, and to whom he carefully explained the experiment he desired to attempt, without suggesting to them the results which were likely to follow.

THE NATURE OF THE EXPERIMENTS.

Professor Vold has been for twenty years interested in the problem of the dream state, and for the past six or seven has carried out many series of systematic experiments, more especially in two directions. (1) The effect upon our dreams of stimulating the muscular sense or the sense of touch; and (2) the relation existing between something seen in the evening and the dream of the subsequent night. In this last connection, of course, the sight impression must be abstracted from other sense impressions, for if we go to the theatre and dream of the play, our dream is stimulated by other senses than that of sight; so Professor Vold has experimented mainly with regard to effects of colour, asking his assistants to open a packet given to them containing an article of definite colour, the last thing before sleeping, so as to add the slight stimulus of surprise.

The experiments as to the muscular sense were somewhat more complex. The volunteer dreamers were asked, on different occasions, to sleep with one hand tightly gloved, or with a foot and ankle so bound as to produce the sensation of being on tiptoe, or with a hand tied to the bed-post, or with a certain number of fingers bound together. A definite future night was always agreed upon for the experiment, not, as a rule, that of the meeting, lest the dreams should be affected by any influence of conversation or special direction of the thoughts. The dreamers were asked to spend the evening quietly at home, so as to receive no especial outside stimulus. Then each was provided with a paper of questions, often as many as from twenty-two to twenty-seven, besides secondary questions.

Professor Vold prefers this method of prolonged stimulus to that of producing a passing sensation, the more familiar form of dream experiment (such as whispering to the dreamer, exposing him to a draught, or to heat, or to sudden sound). He had for some years experimented upon himself, and was now anxious to compare results with others, as it is obvious that a like cause might produce results, varying with difference of mental habit, temperament, constitution, and the like.

THE RESULT OF THE EXPERIMENTS.

He does not record for us the special dramatic form which these dreams assume, but confines himself to general principles, which he thus sums up:—

"The sleepers (under the conditions imposed) have a tendency, more or less marked, to be conscious of the position of a bent limb, in such a way that this position forms an integral part of the dream." He, himself, for example, when from home, had to sleep for some time upon a sofa too short for him, so that he often found

on waking, that his feet were resting on the arm. In this position he dreamt constantly of climbing mountains.

When the foot is curved the subject dreams, most likely, that he is standing on tip-toe, or dancing, or running. Sometimes he transfers the sensation to a second person in the dream, and fancies that he sees someone else doing these things, or he may want to do them and be prevented, or he may see some object taking the outlines of his bent limb. These things are as the least reflecting person would expect them to be.

There is, however, one result of such experiment a little more complex, though not without its analogies. Sometimes the dreamer is conscious of abstract ideas having some relation with the position of the limb, of which he is conscious. If three fingers are tied, for example, he may dream of the number three in some other connection. Mr. Myers, commenting on this feature, points out that this form of dream, by the way, reminds us of Binet's cases where an anaesthetic patient, if pricked three times, *feels* nothing, but has a hallucinatory vision of three black points. A symbolising process has gone on, while the sensory brain-centres were too torpid to give their message in any more direct way.

Professor Vold enters with much less detail into the second series of experiments, which, however, strike one as the more tempting to imitate. The dreamer, having opened his colour packet, is to place its contents against a suitably contrasting background, gaze at it fixedly, and then go to sleep, according to previous arrangement. The result, as might be expected, is that the colour impression, especially in the case of black and white, has a tendency to reappear in the dream, either in its original or in its complementary form. For instance, a black article placed on a white cloth may reappear as a white upon black, or as grey, or as both.

A HINT TO DREAMERS.

It would be interesting, if, under certain systematised conditions, some of us were to carry Professor Vold's experiments further. For instance, suppose that last thing before going to bed an unfinished story were to be related to the Dreaming Society, and let them dream the end; or a question were asked provoking some mental image which might, like the colour, reappear in a dream. Say, for example, that a very good story were told about a dog, ending with, "What breed of dog did he belong to?" Or that the packets, instead of containing a specimen of colour, were to contain some suggestive word, such as "yacht," "iceberg," "pyramid," or "statue." Professor Vold has apparently proved that dreams may be suggested and controlled. The question of analysis is practically one of habit and will. Some people take their dreams as they probably take everything else—as they come, with no sense of responsibility, nor desire of profit, nor consciousness of their possible educative value. And, doubtless, the more we know about dreams, the more likely we are to be able to command and regulate them.

WATCHING OUR DREAMS.

Sometimes we know that we are dreaming, and then is our really best chance for observation of the process. It is the only time, except in crystal vision, as Mr. Myers has pointed out, when our split-up personalities can come face to face, when the ordinary I of daily life can watch what the other I, or one of them, is about.

The habit of observing one's dreams might make one better capable of remembering them. It would be satis-

BORDERLAND.

factory to know whether all those brilliant things one says in dreamland, are really as silly as they seem upon waking reflection ; whether, that is, that our powers of criticisms are extra feeble in sleep, or whether the real beauty of the thought has escaped us ?

Mr. Myers expresses a special interest in what he calls "proleptic" dreams. No one knows quite such "hard words" as Mr. Myers. This, it seems, is the kind of dream in which a riddle is asked, of which the dreamer, till later in the story, doesn't know the answer.

This, I think, must be nearly related to my own favourite kind of dream, the dream wherein one is "scored off" by somebody else. One's own mind must be responsible for both sides of the dialogue, and there is a lack of *esprit de corps* in "giving ourselves away," as the Yankees have it. I dreamt the other night, for example, that I was complaining of head-ache, because a lift-man had taken me rapidly up and down for his own convenience, instead of stopping where I desired. "Where was it?" asked my friend. "At the Civil Service Stores." "Civil Service limited, obviously," was the answer. The joke was infinitesimal, but, such as it was, I ought to have had it myself.

It is interesting to find that our more serious observers are beginning to interest themselves in the phenomena of dreams. When we have said that they are, as a rule, specimens of the waste products of the mind, that in scoring their hits we ignore their misses, that out of the dozens of dreams most of us pass through in a week, it would be a miracle if a coincidence did not come off now and then, we have not said enough to discredit the expenditure of some observation upon their origin and the forms they assume.

MEMORY IN DREAMS.

At the last meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, Mr. Myers read an exceedingly interesting paper on Sub-Conscious Reasoning by Dr. William Romaine Newbold, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania, which is to appear in the forthcoming number of the *Proceedings*. It contains some remarkable instances of problems solved during sleep :—in one case with the dramatic intervention of an Assyrian priest, who explains the nature of certain agate objects, and the inscription thereon, in a way previously unsuspected, but afterwards proved to be correct. It was, however, shown that all the facts on which the dream-solution was ultimately based had been previously known to, although some of them had been forgotten by, the dreamer.

Not that the stories are less interesting for that. The analogy is that of those crystal visions which are created by sub-conscious memory.

There seems little doubt that the study of the last few years on psychic subjects has already thrown much light on the mysteries of dreaming, but much is to be learnt, and it would be useful if habitual dreamers were to keep dream diaries, noting not only the dream but all possible causes and explanations for its occurrence. Dreams of future events, if carefully recorded at the time are, of course, of real value, and we shall gladly welcome information (duly attested) on such points.

X.

DREAM DIARIES.

Many correspondents have kindly sent me notes of their dreams. Mr. G. Frankland, for instance, sends me the following account of the result of his Dream Diary :—

From 20th January, last year, I have kept as complete a

record as possible of my dreams and psychical experiences. I began it as a psychical diary—a general record of psychical researches, &c.; but it has become specialised into a dream register.

I cannot claim credit for new observations. My conclusions, so far, are those of most other students of the subject. Dreams are, as it were, the thoughts that play that in the waking state are under strict control. I have never dreamed in convincing fashion of what I have not personally experienced in the waking state. For instance, having grown up without any practical knowledge of the sensation of kissing, my dreams thereof—I find just one in my record—lacked reality. After experience of this sensation, it reappeared in my dreams with most convincing realism. The reality having ceased, dreaming of it gradually ceased also. As for dreams that might be called prophetic, I have one good, though trivial, example that "came true," and two or more that were quite wrong. In another case, information that I was not conscious of having possessed before was symbolically revealed to me in a dream.

Mr. Frankland's naïve remark about kissing is not in accord with the experience of most dreamers. Multitudes of new experiences occur in dreams of which the subject, when awake, has had no experience.

I was interested in the subject of dreams and dreaming and kept a noctary for the better recording them, and investigating the causes producing them and the inferences deducible from them. I was long accustomed to relate a series of three dreams on the same subject, which I can no longer recollect directly, but which I believed to be substantially correctly narrated, without addition or embellishment, somewhat as follows: When I was between nine and ten years of age, my father, who had been a widower for about four years, was on the point of getting married again. I and my sisters heard of it through the servants, who also said everything to make it distasteful to us. The thing weighed much upon my mind, and on three several occasions I dreamed that the marriage had taken place, and, what was more remarkable, on the last of these occasions I saw and had an interview with my future step-mother, whom I had never seen in the flesh but afterwards recognised as the face I had seen in my dream. At this interview she offered me a piece of money as if to conciliate my goodwill, a trait which was also characteristic of the real person.

II.—THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

THE BIBLE AS DREAM BOOK.

"In reading 'Horoscopes for the members of BORDERLAND circles,'" writes Mr. Richard Bland, of 31, Francis Street, Hull, "I have found an unusually great percentage having the gift for prophetic dreaming. Most people dream, but not all have the foreshadowing of coming events by their dreams. The horoscope often shows when this is so. The number of those who have the right type of dreams to aid them in their life, by foreshadowing things about to come to pass, or by warning of evil and giving notice of good about to be accomplished, is limited ; yet, even in those cases, very few indeed know how to interpret the dreams and to get the knowledge into practical form that they contain. It is with the hope of aiding towards this I write these notes. The fact is, that there is a dream language—a language of symbolism—and until this language is learned in some measure dreams, however instructive they might be when understood, are of little service. For instance, a BORDERLAND member, whose horoscope indicated she had the gift of dreaming, and having knowledge by her dreams to help her in life to a very great extent, admitted when I told her of this that she was a most persistent dreamer, but that, as far as she knew, only one dream had come true. In the light of her horoscope, I think the reverse would be nearer the truth—that they had all come true but one. The fact was, that one dream had been expressed in ordinary language, and not in the language of dreams.

My personal experience is that when a dream is expressed in ordinary language it is seldom reliable; but when expressed in dream language, by symbols, it seldom fails to show forth facts of coming events in their true light.

"An illustration will, perhaps, make this thoroughly clear.

"If I had a dozen communications sent to me in a foreign language I did not understand, and one in my own language I did understand, that one coming true would be no justification for me to suppose that the other twelve I did not understand had not been true. It is first necessary that I have them interpreted, either by my own knowledge or that of another, before I can form any opinion as to their truthfulness. This want of knowledge of the language that dreams are recorded in is a great difficulty in judging whether they be true forecasts of events about to come to pass or not. Some people have dreams given to them in the language they understand. The instance named in the recent number of BORDERLAND, in which a gentleman dreamed the names of horses about to win, is a case in point; but to the majority of persons such dreams are not possible, and if they did dream that a horse would win, or an event take place, expressed in ordinary language, it would not be any evidence that that was about to take place, but would more likely to be the reverse. For instance, I know one lady whose husband is a betting man, and whenever she dreams a horse will win that horse invariably loses; but if she dreams by symbol that a horse will win, it does so. There is much to learn in the interpretation of dreams, and what code will interpret for one person will not always do so for another, for the planets giving the gift of dreams vary in their nature and character. Mars will give one type of dream, Herschel and Sun will give their types, and whether these be afflicted or well aspected by other planets will make some difference again.

"It will be wise for each person to cultivate a code for interpreting for himself; but in doing this most people find a difficulty in commencing. It may be information to a number to know that the best dream-book to commence with is the Bible. It is full of information respecting dreams from the beginning to the end. But this can only be understood in all its fulness as the dreamer progresses in knowledge of the dream language; but to commence at the beginning, it gives ample evidence that the Almighty used dreams to convey knowledge and instruction, and that very few means, if any, were honoured by Him more than dreams in making His will known to human beings. That they had a knowledge of their interpretation there can be no doubt. People dream to-day, maybe, less, or as much, or more than they did in those days; but if we have the means of interpretation as they had there is no room for doubt but that we may get information by dreams as they did. By dreams and their interpretation Joseph lifted himself from a menial position to the highest position in the land; by a dream he entered into a speculation in corn that made him both wealthy and powerful.

"In starting to study the interpretation of dreams, it is best to consider the Ten Commandments. All the forbidden acts are in dreams an unfavourable symbol. To dream any of the 'Thou shalt not' of the Ten Commandments is to warn of evil, and through the next twenty-four hours the dreamer should be careful by his acts or conduct to do nothing which shall bring injury to himself or other. To dream that he take part in any of the acts named as 'blessed' in the fifth chapter of Matthew is a sure sign that actions which will do good

are about to be commenced. This is sufficient to start with. Anyone commencing to keep a record of their dreams with the results that follow, using the above as a means of interpretation, will soon be able to interpret all their dreams, for the above will give the key to one-half of the dreams a prophetic dreamer will have.

"It is wise to note that most dreamers either take their fulfilment, or the first step towards that fulfilment, take place within twenty-four hours of the dream. There are some dreams that do not do so, but, as a general rule, those dreams have something in them to convey a knowledge that they are spread over a length of time. To bring this method of interpreting dreams to a practical issue, if those who are about to do any important act—say, start an important journey, enter into a heavy financial speculation, seek office, appointment, or honours, or any other important acts of life—will note the dream they have the night before they commence their important work, they will soon find that the dream is, in the great majority of cases, a forecast of what that important step of theirs will result in. This statement is not a theoretical one with me, but the result of years of practice, proved over and over again for scores, if not hundreds, of times. As so many members of Borderland circles have the gift of dreaming, and those dreams contain either instruction, warning, or fore-knowledge, I submit these brief notes to aid them to get the good possible out of their dreams."

THE VALUE OF DREAM BOOKS.

A correspondent, using the *nom de plume* "La Reve," writes:—

A sister of mine, when a child, on one occasion dreamed that my father was to be hanged on a certain day, of which she took a note. On consulting an old dream-book, she found that this signified he was to receive money. On the very day on which he was to be hanged, according to her dream, a cousin of my mother's died, and left her a considerable sum of money, which my father afterwards inherited on the death of my mother.

A year or two after this dream, my sister again dreamed that my father was to be hanged on a certain date, and sure enough, when the date came round, another cousin of my mother's died, also leaving her a large sum of money.

In the month of May, a year or two later, my sister dreamed that each of us children were to be hanged on the 4th of September following. A note was taken of the date, and child-like, we all thought of the probable fortune in store for each of us, when the day would arrive. The months, however, slipped away, until the dream was quite forgotten.

My father was a clergyman, and one Sunday (4th September), whilst we children were waiting for him in the vestry, a tap came to the door, and on opening it, there stood an old lady, a member of my father's congregation, who presented to each of my three sisters and myself, a small gift of money. On the way home, the dream was recalled, and on referring to the note taken at the time my sister had the dream, it was found that the day on which we each received the money, was the very day on which, according to her dream, we were to have been hanged.

III.—DREAMS OF PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

(A) THE PAST.—A DREAM OF FORGOTTEN HISTORY.

Miss Marianne Lester sends me a curious account of a vivid dream which led her to believe that the cause of the misfortune, which always overtakes all members of her family bearing the name of Marianne, had something to do with the crime of a remote progenitress. Miss Lester, who is of mingled Spanish and Irish descent, was born in Ireland. Her grandmother heard the Banshee wail the evening her grandfather died; her mother saw and heard it in Newport the night her

mother died; Mrs. Lester heard it herself, and her daughter also, when a niece died, so that she is in the full possession of the Hibernian psychic gift.

Her dream was then described by her to her daughter, who is also named Marianne, in order to justify her desire not to have another Marianne in the family.

I dreamt I saw a large room, much longer than broad, painted in dark oak, wainscoting to about halfway up. A door opened in the middle of the left-hand side and opposite the door was a wide hearth, with a bright fire of logs blazing on it. At the end of the room, looking out on the wide demesne, were two lofty windows, hung with deep red curtain. A recess in the corner, to the right of the fire-place, was also hung with a similar curtain, which was looped back, showing a half-opened door.

Round the room hung life-sized portraits of lords and ladies of the time of Charles II., if one could judge by their costumes, their curls, and plumed hats.

Opposite the fire was a large dining-table with massive carved legs. At this table sat a man dressed in cavalier costume of dark velvet and costly lace collar. His plumed hat lay on the table beside him, and on the table, his hand on the trigger, lay some kind of shooting instrument. I think it must have been an arquebus—it seemed to have a muzzle and little wheel where, I have said, he had his hand. As I watched him I noticed a lady standing at the head of the long dining-table, just between the two windows and opposite the half-encircled door. She was dressed in a subdued brown velvet costume, cut square at the neck, with puffed sleeves slashed with gold-coloured satin. Her hair clustered in short curls on her forehead, and fell in profuse ringlets on her shoulders.

She wore a band of diamonds in her hair, they sparkled in the firelight—for the room had a gloomy look as of approaching twilight. As I watched, a man comes slowly out from the door in the corner. He looked at the lady scornfully, and passed in silence to the wide hearth. He carried his broad-brimmed hat in his right hand, its white plume swept the floor. I noticed that he walked lame, as if he had hurt his leg.

The man at the table here glanced up at the lady, who bowed slightly and smiled. His finger moved on the wheel or trigger, or whatever mechanism worked the weapon on the table be'fore him. There was a little puff of smoke. The man standing by the fire put his hand to his side, groaned, and fell forward without a word.

"Well," ejaculated he who had shot the other.

"Well," echoed the lady, and again she smiled.

Here T., my spirit, or whatever of me beheld this strange scene, became indignant. "Cowards!" T. hissed. Then, suddenly, I, looking at the lady, saw my very own features reflected in hers. "Then it is for you," I cried, "that all the Marianne's are accused—for your folly, your treachery?" "Yes," she murmured, still smiling, "I am Marianne."

Here I awoke, trembling in every limb, and I am fully determined that the name, at least, of my vile ancestress shall not be handed down any longer to bring woe and blight on every woman who bears it.

Can any of the readers of BORDERLAND throw any light on this dream or vision, which I swear to be true in every particular, and which has made a most profound impression on me?

On inquiry, Mrs. Lester said she had not been able to discover any tradition or historical record to the occurrence of any such crime in the house of Shanballymore, Co. Tipperary.

DREAMING OF THE DEAD.

Mr. W. Lutoslawski writes me from Madrid, Travesia del Conde Duque, 6, as follows:—

"I have read on page 51 of the January number of BORDERLAND about dreams of dead persons very similar to some dreams which I had after the death of my father, which occurred on December 22nd, 1891. I dreamed in the first month after his death many times

that he was alive, and in a dream I was quite sure of his being alive, without explication how this could be. This is a very common case, and I know many persons who had such experience. It is not necessary to think that in such dreams the dead have any action. It is very natural that if somebody dies his next relations are not accustomed to the fact of his death, and dream of him as of a living person. The same thing occurred to me and my wife after the death of our daughter on September 17th, 1895. We frequently dreamed that she was living, and that the whole story of her death had been only a dream. This is the effect of our desire to see her alive."

(B) THE PRESENT.—A TELEPATHIC DREAM.

A lady residing in Jersey sends me the following interesting case of a dream, apparently induced by telepathy, from the writer of a letter then on its way to the house:—

Some few years ago, while living in one of the Channel Isles, I became engaged (after a somewhat short acquaintance) to a Scotchman, of whom my parents' mistrust only increased my fancied affection for, and determination to be his wife come what might.

In vain my parents urged that he could give no account of himself; my idea was only that they were most cruel and unjust, for always passionately head-strong, I would listen to none but him.

After lying awake in bed for some hours one night, thinking with all a very young girl's faith how good he was, and how I loved and trusted him, I fell asleep and dreamed—that I walked through many lovely gardens and pleasant paths, and ever by my side was he whom I loved so dearly. By degrees, the paths grew rougher, and a shadow, that gradually grew-more and more distinct, came between us. I begged him in terror to send it away, but his face was always turned away from me, and my heart was very sad. At length we took a narrow and stony path leading to the sea-shore, and with both hands he strove to hold me back. But the shadow which now took the form of an aged peasant woman, laughed wildly, and bade me go on, on. I hastened on, feeling a terror of, I knew not what, and ever as my betrothed would have held me back, the woman came between us, and hurried me on.

We stopped, at length, before a cottage on the sea-shore, and the old woman crying wildly, "We shall see, we shall see," opened the door and walked in. I stood terrified at the threshold, and saw her take up a fine peach which she held towards me, crying, "Tis a fair fruit, a bonny fruit to look upon." As I timidly said yes, another wild laugh broke from the woman as she cut it open, and showed it me rotten at the core. Then swiftly drawing me into the room, she pointed with a forefinger to a young woman, who sat knitting near a window, while a little girl played at her knee. "Who are those?" I gasped. "A—C.'s wife and child," was the answer; and with a scream of horror, I awoke.

The morning's post brought my father the following letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—Hearing that A—C. is passing at G—y, as a single man, I feel it my duty to tell you that he married six years ago, at —— Scotland, the adopted daughter of some highly respectable, though poor, fishing people."

"Within twelve months of their marriage he deserted her under most painful circumstances, since when she has resided with her adopted parents, and gains a scanty living for herself and daughter by knitting jerseys, stockings, and other articles of attire for the fishermen."

"I am, dear sir, yours, etc.,
"J—N."

The above can be verified, if needful; comment is needless. I tell it as it happened. A—C. could not deny the truth of the letter, and took the first boat to England. We never asked for further news of him, needless to say.

CONNIE FORBES.

The question of sub-conscious activity, writes Miss X., is one discussed elsewhere in these pages, but the appearance of its results in dreams is a special phase which has yet to receive full consideration. A case, not important in its issues, but unless dismissed as a mere chance coincidence, perplexing as to its machinery, came recently under my immediate notice.

CORRECT INFORMATION IN DREAMS.

Two friends of mine were talking together the other day, and one asked the other for a small subscription for a philanthropic purpose. My friend C., recalling the request, decided that she would give for this purpose a small sum of money she was about to claim from the Inland Revenue Office on account of Income tax paid on an investment on which such tax is not due. She once before made that claim, on that occasion, for arrears for three years, which amounted to twenty-nine or thirty shillings. I mention this detail, not that it was present to her mind at the time, but to show that my friend's dream was not the result of a revival of memory. The next night she dreamt that the sum of twelve and eightpence was returned to her. In the morning, after making a note of the fact, she, for the first time, opened an accumulation of six bank notices as to the amount taxed. The sums were 2s., 1s. 8d., 2s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 1s. 6d., 2s., which it will be seen amounted to the total of her dream. The fact was so very unimportant that it would surely come on the hither side of "where to draw the line" in accepting a spiritistic interpretation.

TELEPATHY OR CLAIRVOYANCE.

Another dream story, which I quote by permission from the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research* is as follows. It was sent from Rio Janeiro by Professor Alexander, a corresponding member of the Society.

Rio, February 3rd, 1896.

A recent case of apparent clairvoyance has been communicated to me by a Brazilian engineer, called José Custodio Fernandes do Nascimento, who is himself the percipient. I have been acquainted with this gentleman for several years, and know him to be a careful and trustworthy witness. It will be seen that he has enabled me also to give direct testimony to the care with which he has provided for proper evidence.

Shortly after 3 P.M. on Saturday, January 11th, 1896, I met Senhor Nascimento in the Rua do Ouvidor in this city, and he at once gave me verbal particulars of a second experience of the kind, which he had had on that very date.

He stated that, as the result of slackness in his business, he had lately been straitened for want of means, and had felt his impecuniosity all the more that his eldest daughter is shortly to be married to the son of a Don J., a merchant resident in Montevideo.

On the preceding evening of the 10th, the young man J. came to visit his fiancée at the usual hour, and mentioned that a letter from his father was waiting for Senhor Nascimento in the Rua da Alfandega at the firm of Jorge Dias Brothers, the correspondents in Rio of Don J. He had not brought it himself, as it was to be delivered to Senhor Nascimento personally.

My informant awoke on the following morning at an early hour, and fell again into a state of slumber between 5 and 6 o'clock. He then dreamt that he had called at Dias Brothers, and that they handed him a present from Don J. of one conto of reis (about £40), which he was so glad to receive that he embraced the members of that firm with an effusion of tears. In the dream he seemed to count the money.

He rose with the conviction that his vision would be realised, although no ordinary reasons concurred to make him suppose that such would be the case. This belief led him to write down on a slip of paper (which is herewith enclosed), the following note:—

"Sonhei que ao ir receber a carta dos Senhores Jorge Dias estes me entregaram a somma de 1:000 \$ 000 de reis, e que eu commovido abracei-os chorando." II-1-96.

("I dreamt that on going to receive the letter from Senhores Jorge Dias the latter delivered to me the sum of 1:000 \$ 000 reis, and that I, being moved, embraced them with tears.") II-1-96.)

Senhor Nascimento said nothing to his wife or children about the dream. He merely put the above-note under other papers in a pigeon-hole of his bureau, which he then locked. He went into town; called at half-past ten at the house of Jorge Dias Brothers, and received the letter, which he afterwards opened in the street. This letter he showed to me when we met. In it Don J. makes a present of one conto of reis to his future daughter-in-law, and instructs Senhor Nascimento to draw the money at the house of John Moore and Co. of this city. This sum Senhor Nascimento had duly received about 1 o'clock on that day, and he invited me to accompany him home to verify what he had stated regarding the note taken in the morning. The conto of reis was shown to me; the bureau was opened in my presence, and the slip of paper was taken out of the pigeon-hole and immediately delivered into my keeping.

On Monday the 13th, I returned for further information. By direct questioning, Senhor Nascimento had learnt that his friends, the Dias Brothers, were not aware of the contents of the letter at the time of its receipt. A similar declaration was made in my hearing by the young man J., who added, however, that he had afterwards (*i.e.*, at an hour later than that of the dream) been informed by a brother of what their father had done.

John Moore and Co. are not personally known to my informant. J.'s brother has no other connection with him than that established by the coming union between the families, and yet the dream coincided with the arrival of the latter at Rio, and not with its despatch from Montevideo. The circumstances of the case, then, seem to render the explanation by clairvoyance more plausible than by telepathy.

The percipient, *i.e.*, on this occasion, the dreamer, fully confirms the accuracy of Professor Alexander's account.

TWO CLAIRVOYANT DREAMS.

Mrs. Galbraith sends me the following notes of two dreams. She says:—

"The first occurred to me many years ago, and the subject of it is now a married lady in this town. I was living at this time in the south of Scotland, and my two children—a girl and boy—had gone North to spend their holidays with their grandma. They had been a few weeks there, and I had had several letters full of glowing descriptions of their pleasures, the only drawback being the fact that their mother was not there to share it. These children were of the old type, and thought their mother everything.

"Knowing as I did what good care would be taken of them, I had no anxiety about them, such as might cause me to dream. Nevertheless, I did dream—I thought I was sitting with the two children on a wall which surrounded the garden of grandma's house; this wall was level with the garden, but looked down upon the road which was very much below it, so that a fall from it was very dangerous. I seemed in my dream to be speaking to the children, when suddenly the girl leant over to see some one passing, and lost her balance and fell on to the road. She was picked up, and I saw plainly that she had lost her two front teeth, and was bleeding. The fright awoke me.

"In the morning I was uneasy about my dream; it seemed so vital, and my dreams had been true before; so I went to see an aunt and told her, and we decided not to say anything about it till we either heard from or saw them; but as I knew a friend was returning that night, and might have seen the children, I went to the

station to meet her, much to her surprise, and still more to her amazement, when I told her my reason for being there. She told me the children were quite well the day she dined with grandma, and were full of their intended trip to Garelock. In spite of this I still believed in my dream, and made arrangements for my friend to take tea with me the day I expected the children to return. We were sitting having it, when a cab drove up to the door, and in a few moments Jack ran in, and, after kissing me, said, 'You must not be vexed, mother—but something has happened to Em.' My friend at once said, 'We know, Jack, all about it.' But the boy said, 'No, I am sure you don't, as grandma begged every one not to tell mother, as it would make her unhappy.' 'Well,' Mrs. Mac— said, 'is it not that Em. fell over the wall and lost her two front teeth?' It was laughable to see the boy's look of astonishment, and with this, Em. came into the room, and sure enough her two front teeth were gone, and it happened just as I saw it."

The following is the story of a second dream of a somewhat similar nature:—

"Another time I was living in a town in the North of Scotland, and on the opposite side of the river was an illuminated clock, which I could see from my bed. A young friend from Cromarty had been spending the day with us, and I had gone up the town with him to get some things to send by him, had also gone to a concert and returned home, had supper, and then my friend went to the boat which was to take him home, and I went to bed, never giving him another thought, but in my dreams I did, for I thought I was on board with him, and we were in the saloon talking when we heard the captain call out, 'Stop her! Ship's ahead!' Of course, we rushed on deck, and my friend said to the captain, 'What's the matter?' 'Matter enough; if we can't pass those ships we shall go to the bottom.' The idea of going to the bottom woke me up, and, looking at the clock, I saw it was just one o'clock.

"In the morning I told my mother-in-law, and she said if we did not hear from our friend in a few days I should write and tell him my dream, which I did, and got for answer, that while I was dreaming it they were having the stern reality, and just as I heard, word for word, was what was said by both captain and himself, the only difference being, that instead of my being there it was a gentleman friend. It happened that there was a thick fog, and the boats had got too near the walls of Fort George, and these, in the fog, looked like ships, so near were they to the walls, that my friend said they could have thrown a biscuit on easily; and if the fog had not cleared and let them see what was in their way, they would very soon have gone to the bottom."

THE PREMONITION OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

IN NATAL.

The terrible railway accident in Natal at the beginning of the year is, it seems, famous not merely for the destruction it wrought, but because it was distinctly foreshadowed by a dream. The editor of *The African Critic* has kindly sent me, with the copy of his paper containing the report of the case, the following extract from a private letter, on which it was based. I alter the names, which were given to me in confidence. The writer was a Mrs. R., resident in Natal. She wrote towards the end of February:—

We have just heard something very strange in connection with

Miss M.'s death. The pater went into Pietermaritzburg on Wednesday, and travelled with Edith W., one of Miss J.'s assistants. This is what she told him. About a fortnight before school broke up, Miss M. and Miss D. having then decided to go to Johannesburg in the holidays, Miss M. told all the teachers at luncheon, herself included, that she had had a strange dream the night before. She had gone up to the Maritzburg station, and found the train filled with coffins. She did not want to go, but a man came out of a compartment and pulled her in by her ring. Mrs. M. said to her, "Oh, Miss M. don't go to Johannesburg." Miss D. said, laughingly, "We're not in Scotland—we don't mind such superstition." The evil thing about it is that the poor girl was so mutilated in the railway accident, that she was recognised only by her ring. Now, that is true, and it is very weird.

ON THE GREAT NORTHERN.

The serious accident on the Great Northern between Grantham and Peterborough, on March 7th, by which two persons were killed and six injured, was also notable for the premonition which had been vouchsafed to some of the passengers. The daily newspapers of March 7th contain the following item of intelligence, in an interview with the Rev. T. Sunderland, Manor Park, London, who was one of the injured passengers:—

There were two curious coincidences that are, perhaps, worthy of mention. In the train were two brothers, evidently well-to-do people from Doncaster. Hitherto they have made it a rule never to travel together for fear both should be killed at the same time. Yesterday they made an exception, and each, it is said, had a secret presentment that an accident would happen. They were not injured, but were so impressed by the occurrence that they determined not to continue the journey together; one of them returned to Doncaster and the other came on to London. Another incident, which may afford food for reflection for the superstitious, is vouched for by a young lady who was brought into the dining-saloon. She had been staying in Hull, and for the fun of the thing went to see a fortune-teller, who warned her not to travel to London after dark within the next fortnight, or she would most probably meet with an accident. The next day she went to a friend's house, and fortune-telling by cards was indulged in; for six times in succession the young lady drew the "accident card."

(C) THE FUTURE.—AN ARMENIAN'S VISION.

An Armenian gentleman brought me the following account of a remarkable vision of his concerning the fate of Turkey. He writes:—

I have been broug' t up in a family where every impression that I have received has led me only to believe in the actual facts of life. My father was a strong opponent of every kind of superstition. Up to my fourteenth year I was trained under his special care.

I inherited no disposition towards any particular belief in dreams. But facts must be faced. The dreams that are facts form, I call, "visions." They are very different by nature from the ordinary dreams.

My visions are—(a) vivid, impressive, and definite; (b) I cannot forget them; (c) they are only occasional; (d) I am strongly possessed by a sense of their importance; (e) several of them having been actually verified in my life, I have been convinced of their reality.

On the 5th of January, in 1891, I heard the loud cry of a messenger, who was proclaiming an important message from the present Sultan of Turkey, his Majesty Abdul Hamid Khan. To ascertain what the message was I went out into the street, when the herald, turn'ing towards me, said:

"To-day there will be held a general council, ordered by His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, and thou art invited to that assembly; for thou also art one of the active members in it."

In answer to that messenger I promised to attend. When I entered the chamber where the great assembly was gathered, I was shown my chair, and I was commanded by the Sultan to sit

down. The chamber corresponded with the four corners of the compass, and it was large and oval. The door was in the south side, and the Sultan was sitting in the north, just opposite to the door, having the members of the council on both his sides. Every member had an assistant, who was sitting behind him, and these formed an outer circle.

It was the rule of the assembly to announce the name of every member and that of his assistant after they had sat down in their chairs. Accordingly, my name and that of my assistant were given. But, to my great surprise, my name was "Armenia," and my assistant's name "The Race of the Armenians."

The council was formally opened by the Sultan. He stood up and said, "Let us begin this assembly with a prayer, and the prayer I offer you must repeat after me." In response to the Sultan's imperial command, the whole assembly most reverently stood up. The Sultan began an Arabic prayer with the words, "Bismillah el Rahman el . . .", when my assistant interrupted the Koranic prayer of the Sultan, and started the Lord's Prayer in the ancient Armenian saying, "Hääir Mer — Our Father." The Arabic prayer of the Sultan was abandoned, and the Lord's Prayer was offered instead, from the beginning to the very end of it, by the great majority of the assembly.

The Sultan was much disturbed at this, and his countenance manifested his anxiety; yet, as soon as he had sat down in his chair, he ordered a book to be handed to me which he called "The Holy Scriptures." He bade me read a passage from that book, but I said to him:

"Your Imperial Majesty, the Sultan, my most merciful and mighty Sovereign, this book is not a holy book; and how can I read as if it were 'The Holy Scriptures'?"

"Your duty is to read one verse, at least, from that book," was his imperial response, "and do not discuss of the book."

Then I boldly turned a few pages, and read emphatically a verse which first caught my eyes. It was written in the Armenian characters, but the language was Turkish. It runs thus:

"Ishitding-eez, ishitding-eez, lakin dingledeming-eez, dingleding-eez, dingleding-eez, lakin itaat et meding-eez, ve itaat etding-eez eesede islah olmadeng-eez"—"Ye have heard again and again, but did not listen; ye have listened again and again, but did not obey; and though ye have obeyed, yet ye were not reformed."

After I had read this verse the members, one after another, left the hall, I could not tell why, and the assembly was dissolved. The Sultan, at this moment drooping his head on his chest, was deeply meditating, and I looked through the window and, lo! the brilliant sun was setting.

I also left the chamber with my assistant.

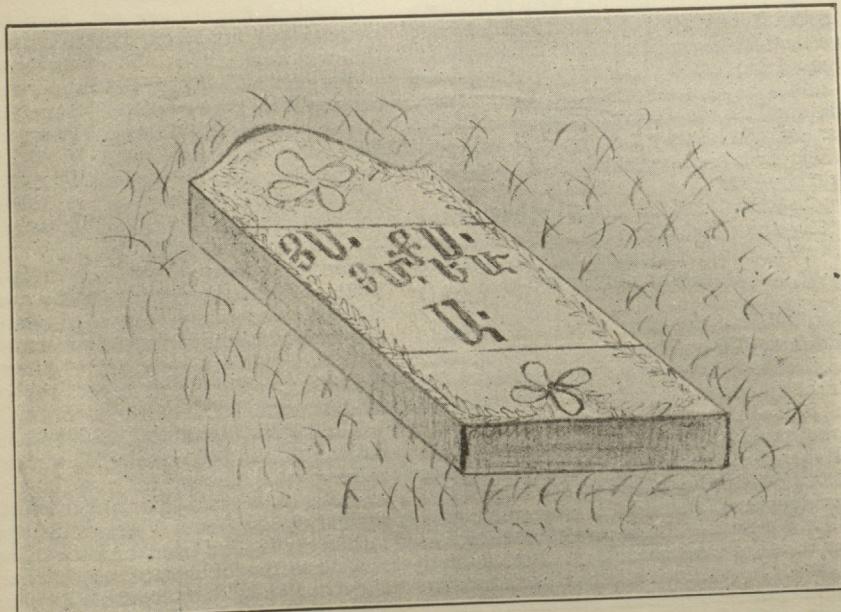
In the morning, when the sun was rising, I went to the garden that was close by the building of the great hill. The Sultan also was walking in one corner of that garden, and he beckoned me to go to him. He showed me a tombstone, a marble slab laid flat, and asked me, mildly, to read and interpret the inscription that was on it. The inscription was in the Armenian language, written in capital letters; the words were abbreviated and engraved partly one within the other. (I give here the exact picture of the tombstone with the inscription.) I read and translated for him. The inscription runs thus: "Jesus Christ is risen," but I was not able to make out the meaning of the last single letter. It was the first letter of the Armenian alphabet, and the word "God" in the Armenian language (Asdwadz) begins with it.

"I know what it is," replied the Sultan, "it means God. Read thus: 'Jesus Christ is risen . . . God.'"

Thus my dream was over, and I was convinced at once that it was a vision and not an ordinary dream. Therefore I venture to put it before the public. In my belief, the chamber and the assembly represent the Turkish Power. The present Sultan did his best to revive Mohammedanism, and also endeavoured to govern every section of the empire according to the code of the Koran. But the Armenian nation shall interrupt his task, and they will tenaciously adhere to the Lord's Prayer, which the population of the empire will, after all, repeat. The book which the Sultan named as the Holy Scriptures is the record of the Turkish Power, and Armenia will publish that record, as embodied in the verse which was read. The setting is the end of the century, and the second part of the vision, which began with the sunrise, is both the beginning of the twentieth century and of a great change in the countries upon which the Sultans of Turkey have placed their feet.

The tombstone and its inscription is a prophecy of the triumph of Jesus Christ. His deity will be freely proclaimed in the near future, and many will confess that He is the risen Lord and God.

AHACOME.



THE TOMBSTONE OF THE VISION.

XVIII.—PALMISTRY.

HOW TO READ THE BACK OF THE HAND.

BY ANNA COSGRAVE, F. L. C. SOCIETY; F. EXAM. D. C. SOCIETY.

INTERESTING as palmistry undoubtedly is, to use it to its fullest extent we require the co-operation of the subject; but it often happens that we get partial views of hands, and I desire to summarise what may be learned by a view of the back of the hand seen, for example, in a railway carriage where their study may often lighten the tedium of a long journey.

Let us first notice the size; if small, they show large ideas, a tendency to plan and to speculate on the changes an "if" would make; and vivacity, provided the skin is not too thin and white, which shows a phlegmatic temperament. When with a small hand we find pointed fingers, we have a person quick to grasp a thought, and one who can talk well about new plans, but, alas! will seldom act.

If large, with long fingers, there is a desire to do one thing well; these are the people who cannot do two things at once, "one thing at a time" is their motto; if the hand be soft, they will get very fussy and irritable, or rather nervous, if they have more than one thing to think of at a time. Large palms and short fingers can, on the contrary, have "many irons in the fire"—particularly if they have spatulate tips.

Note the man with large soft hands (softness, be it remembered, can be appreciated by the eye as well as by the touch), and long spatulate fingers; he is fussy, but will attend to your comfort as well as his own, if the skin be pink; so, though he plays with the window strap, the window will be adjusted to suit you as well as himself.

If the hand be white, you will probably have to manage the window for yourself. A white skin with a large thumb will help, if he sees good, and can help in his own way, but considers that unworthy of effort that does not appeal to his own taste or reason.

Indeed, throughout life, when you want anything done you had better go to a pink-skinned hand; because, though the red-skinned hands will also help you and put themselves more out of the way for you, they will probably hurt by their brusque manners, their kindness being "strong, but rough."

It should be noted that a good development of the percussion, if accompanied by other signs too minute to recognise at a distance, shows literary taste; this can be tested by observing the literature your fellow-travellers affect.

The thumb as an index of the character next attracts our attention. Professor Owen, from a single bone, used to build up an entire skeleton; a good palmist from the thumb can construct an entire character. If the thumb be small and the back of the palm well developed, there is a dislike of monotony and of the convention of everyday life—hence Bohemianism may be inferred. If long and broad (but not with the broadness of brutality, fortunately so rarely seen), there is perseverance and determination. This man will have no half measures; he will be good or bad, but never middling. If with other signs (requiring closer inspection) it bends back too far, there is extravagance and thoughtless generosity; but I have never found it on the hands of true philanthropists. Such a fellow-traveller will probably have a well-fur-

nished bag and several books, which he will cheerfully lend to his companions.

The fingers would next attract our attention. If they are long, there is a love of detail which would come into everything; this is chiefly shown in dress and in the decoration of a house, when the third or Apollo finger is long and the tip wide; in manner and ceremonies, with a good first or Jupiter finger. With long fingers every little detail will be attended to, or even worried over. With long pointed fingers we always find affectation.

If the fingers are short we find quickness and intuition, everything is taken *en masse*; if short and square with a large palm, there is only ordinary intelligence; if long, with a small palm we find forethought, rule and organisation, accentuated if the palm is narrow, and so giving tyranny and suspicion. Pointed fingers with a narrow palm are unpractical, and detest manual labour; they are often tyrannical and selfish. They can make sacrifices, provided they are great and romantic; small sacrifices, such as giving up the corner seat, would not be deemed worth doing. They are envious, but are nearly always of a cultivated and contemplative nature. When the fingers are thick and short, they are more or less elementary; these are the fingers of the peasants, and I have noticed that they are very easily moved by music.

When the fingers are incurved there is timidity, caution, and reserve leading to suspicion, and a hatred of "Bohemianism," avarice, and a lack of hospitality. By these your luncheon basket will be shared and (if the third phalanges are thick) keenly enjoyed; but if, as rarely happens, they have the luncheon basket, you will not be invited to share it.

Crooked fingers are not, as a rule, successful; they depend too much on circumstances, and the owners believe themselves to be misunderstood.

Fingers which vary in shape give great versatility and adaptability; the owner will travel first or third according to the state of his pocket. These are the fingers which Becky Sharpe must have had, with long third phalanges to give her worldly wisdom.

Transparent fingers are said to be a sign of loquacity; so, if not prepared for a chat, be absolutely silent.

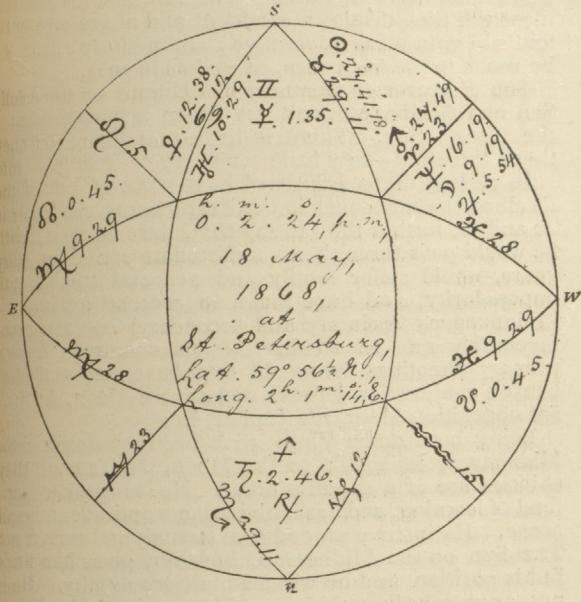
The nails are easily observed. If long, narrow, and delicately coloured, the temper is cheerful and sweet. When bright red, anger is easily aroused, but soon over. The one too many in a carriage may guess the fact of red nails, if someone stoutly resents his intrusion.

When dull red they are obstinate, and their humour is lasting. They will report the over-crowding at the next station.

Blue nails show not only bad circulation, but also sullenness, and the apologies of the third passenger will never unthaw him. When wider than long, they are hot and obstinate, and their anger is furious. When square at the tip and round near the finger they are peppery, but anger is soon over, and they bear no malice. Bitten nails are too often attributed to bad temper. I believe they are caused by irritable nerves, and when children have the habit I believe a careful investigation into the treatment they receive from those in charge of them may do more for them than punishment or aloes.

XIX.—ASTROLOGY.

HOROSCOPE OF NICHOLAS II., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.



Latitudes.

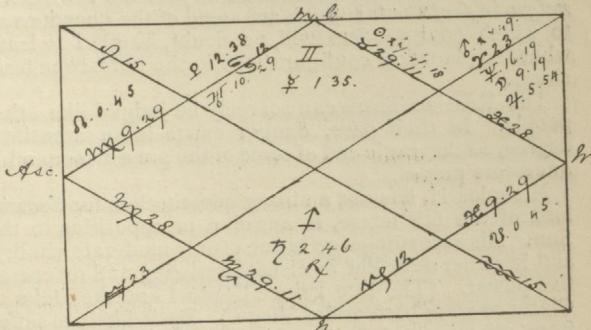
$\text{D} = 3^\circ \text{ S. } 8'$: $\text{F} = 0^\circ \text{ N. } 46'$: $\text{G} = 3^\circ \text{ N. } 13'$: $\text{O} = 0^\circ \text{ S. } 48'$:
 $\text{U} = 1^\circ \text{ S. } 9'$: $\text{L} = 2 \text{ N. } 8'$: $\text{H} = 0 \text{ N. } 22'$: $\text{W} = 1 \text{ S. } 34'$.

Declinations.

$\text{O} = 19^\circ \text{ N. } 39'$: $\text{D} = 0^\circ \text{ N. } 49'$: $\text{F} = 21^\circ \text{ N. } 15'$: $\text{G} = 26^\circ \text{ N. } 4'$:
 $\text{O} = 9^\circ \text{ N. } 58'$: $\text{U} = 1 \text{ N. } 17'$: $\text{L} = 18 \text{ S. } 38'$: $\text{H} = 23 \text{ N. } 24'$:
 $\text{W} = 4 \text{ N. } 58'$.

0 h. 2 m. 24 s. p.m., Monday, 18th May, 1868, at St. Petersburg.

Greenwich Mean Time = 10 h. 1 m. 10 s. a.m.



Speculum.]

Planet.	Latitude.	Declination.	Right Ascension.	Meridian Distance.	Semi-Arc.
Neptune . .	0° 34'	4 N. 58'	15 38	41 20	98 38
Uranus . .	0 N. 22	23 N. 24	101 26	44 28	138 25
Saturn . .	2 N. 8	18 S. 38	241 9	4 11	125 38
Jupiter . .	1 S. 9	1 N. 17	5 52	51 6	92 14
Mars . .	0 S. 48	9 N. 58	26 7	30 51	107 40
Sun . .	—	19 N. 39	55 25	1 33	128 7
Venus . .	3 N. 13	26 N. 4	104 3	47 5	147 42
Mercury . .	0 N. 46	21 N. 15	59 18	2 20	132 13
Moon . .	3 S. 8	0 N. 49	9 47	47 11	91 25

the Nativity. The Tzar is a mercurial person. Like the Sun, Mercury is in close opposition to Saturn, but is near good aspects of Jupiter and the Moon.

I have rectified the natus by the date of one of the most important personal events in the Tzar's past history, viz., his being attacked and wounded by a fanatical officer, on 11th May, 1891, while in Japan. The Solar arc for that time = $22^\circ 59'$. The Directions operating were—

Ascendant sesqui-square Mars } . . . = $22^\circ 59'$
Midheaven semi-square Mars } . . . = $23^\circ 15'$
Mars conjunction Moon, Zodiac converse = $23^\circ 15'$

On 11th May, 1891, Saturn was stationary in Virgo $10^\circ 19'$, almost exactly on the cusp of the native's Ascendant. This was very evil, for Saturn had the opposition of Jupiter and the square of Mars. Nicholas was in serious danger at that period.

For the benefit of those (misled by a false "guide") who still cling to the belief that *all* the important events in a person's life can be accounted for solely by the Arabian system of secondary direction (without reference to Primary Directions or Transits), I may point out that, in this Nativity, there is no evil secondary arc measuring to May, 1891. The nearest was the Moon square Mars in February, 1891; and surely not even the most ardent votary of the Arabian method will seriously contend that this aspect operated in May. That would

THE HOROSCOPE OF THE TZAR.

The hour of birth of the new Tzar was not given in any London newspaper; but, according to a St. Petersburg telegram, in the *Vossische Zeitung*, a Berlin newspaper, he was born at noon, on 18th May, 1868. This time appears to be practically correct. By Primary Direction, on the Ptolemaic system, I have rectified the Horoscope to 2 minutes 24 seconds past noon, when the Right Ascension on the Midheaven was 3 h. 47 m. 52 s., corresponding to $29^\circ 11'$ of the sign Taurus. The Ascendant is Virgo $9^\circ 29'$.

The Table of "Houses" used is that calculated by Mr. Alfred J. Pearce, for St. Petersburg, and published in *The Future*, for November, 1893.

As regards the planetary positions, the Sun was in the 28th degree of Taurus, close to the Midheaven. He is severely afflicted by the opposition of Saturn from the lower meridian, and has the semi-squares of Uranus, Venus, and the Moon. On the other hand, he is 8° from the sextile of Jupiter. The Moon is conjoined with Jupiter in Aries, in the 8th house, in trine to Saturn, but in ill aspect to Venus and Uranus. Mars is strong in Aries, near the 9th cusp. Venus and Uranus are conjoined in Cancer, on 11th cusp.

Mercury is lord of the Ascendant and Midheaven. He is strongly placed in the Midheaven, in his own sign Gemini, and is, as it is termed, the "ruling planet" of

give lunar secondaries a range of six months, whereas experience teaches us that they endure only a month or two.

Secondary Directions are right enough in their own place, if they are of an important character; but, as a rule, strong transits of Saturn and Uranus (especially from angles) are more powerful than such directions, and, in fact, will often quite over-ride them.

Will Nicholas II. live long? What will be the nature of his death? What is his true disposition? Will his reign be fortunate? Such are some of the questions as to which your readers will, no doubt, be glad to learn what the planetary configurations in the horoscope fore-show.

The Russian Tzars can scarcely be judged like other people. In their case, danger exists in an intensified degree, as the tragic end of some of the present monarch's ancestors proves.

Nicholas II. has not a strong constitution, for Saturn, lord of the 6th house, is angular, in opposition to the Sun. His ascending sign is one of only moderate vitality, and is rather deficient in disease-resisting and recuperative power. (The late Prince Consort and the Duke of Clarence were born under Virgo.) He is likely to suffer from affections of the head, chest, or lungs, and the nervous system, and appears liable to consumption. The conjunction of the Moon and Jupiter in the 8th house gives some ground for hoping that death will occur from natural causes; but in the case of a Russian monarch we must not adopt too sanguine views.

Mars is lord of the 8th, or house of death; and some violent influences of his come into force at 35 and subsequently. At 35, the Sun is directed to Mars in *mundo* and in Zodiac converse. At 37, the Sun is in parallel Mars, Zodiac converse. At 40, Mars, by progressive secondary motion, arrives at the Sun's place in Radix, in the Midheaven. This is very evil, falling on such a prominent point. In the same year, Saturn is stationary on the Moon's place.

Let us now glance at the Nativity of the Empress of Russia. It will help to throw light on the subject. She was born on 6th June, 1872 (I have not ascertained the hour). Like Queen Victoria, she has the Sun and Moon conjoined in Gemini, showing advancement; and her Jupiter is with Uranus in Cancer, signifying unexpected good fortune, gain by bequest, &c. But the Sun is in conjunction with Mars, and in parallel to Mars and Saturn; and these denote *death of the husband*. Now it will be found that, from about 32 to 38, the Empress has her Sun directed to the opposition and parallel of Saturn. By secondary motion, also, Venus opposes Saturn. These aspects are terribly significant. They imply sorrow, bereavement, and deep affliction. The Tzarina's worst period seems to be from 32 to 36, corresponding to 36 to 40 years of age in the case of her husband—the very time at which he is under dangerous aspects of Mars!

We may conclude, therefore, that, about that time, Nicholas II. will depart this life. Let us hope that bodily illness, and not violence or the weapon of the assassin, may bring about his end; but the directions of Mars are far from reassuring, and do not countenance this hope. From the position of Saturn in the 4th, it is certain that the close of the Tzar's life will be very unfortunate, and that his reign will end in gloom. The martial influences in his horoscope, from 35 onwards, will involve Russia in war. It is noticeable, that in 1908, when the Tzar has Mars directed to his Sun in the Midheaven, the German Emperor has his Sun directed to his Mars, also in the Midheaven—a most warlike aspect.

At 30 and 31, the Tzar has, by primary direction, Midheaven sextile Mars in Zodiac = $30^{\circ} 39'$, and Midheaven conjunction Mars, Zodiac converse = $31^{\circ} 10'$; and, by secondary direction, Moon conjunction Mars, Sun sextile Mars in Radix. The Tzar and his Government will then display a confident and aggressive spirit, and will gain some advantage; and military affairs will be much to the front then, as well as in 1903.

The Emperor of Germany has Uranus on the Tzar's Sun and Midheaven, and his Moon is in opposition to the Tzar's Sun. There is little real liking between them, therefore—very little sympathy of feeling.

In view of the conclusion I have come to, I need not dwell on the influences in the Tzar's horoscope between 40 and 50, further than to say that, were he then living, he would pass through an unfortunate period for some years, would suffer family and personal trouble, and unpopularity, and have much to contend against, his ill influences (primary and secondary) operating unfavourably on the welfare of his country. Among primary directions, he would then have Sun and Midheaven conjunction Uranus and square Moon, Ascendant opposition Moon and Jupiter, &c.

Being born under Virgo, with Mercury strong in the Midheaven, in sextile to the Moon, the Tzar's mental abilities are of a superior order. He is ingenious, and fond of learning, and has both business aptitude and good sense. He inclines a good deal to study and retirement. The Sun on the Midheaven, however, gives him pride in his position, and he will maintain his dignity. He is not aggressively ambitious, if left to himself. It is a mistake to say, as "Raphael" has done, that "his temper must be very bad and sullen;" for he will be rather well-disposed, and not very difficult to please. He has sensitive feelings. Being born under Virgo (which tends more to prudence than liberality), and having Saturn angular, in aspect to the Sun, Moon, and Mercury, this Monarch will not be very generous (and he will be less so as he advances in years), although Jupiter with the Moon gives some free and benevolent traits of character.

Mars strong in the 9th imparts some resolution, courage and perseverance. Yet the native will frequently have difficulty in making up his mind or coming to a decision; for Mercury opposing Saturn, from common signs, inclines him to be sometimes nervous, mistrustful, vacillating, or regretful, and desirous of time to think over matters. He will be pretty tenacious of his opinions.

As to marriage, the Tzar's partner is signified by Jupiter in Aries, for Jupiter rules the 7th, and is conjoined with the Moon, who applies to his parallel. The Empress is a clever woman, of a noble, loving disposition, and appears to possess considerable energy and force of character. Any differences which may arise between the partners will be due to female friends of the Tzar; for his Moon is in square to Venus and Uranus, who are on the 11th cusp.

No startling changes in Russian administration are to be looked for under this sovereign. Personally, he inclines to progress; but he has not a very strong or commanding will, and will be a good deal influenced by his State-advisers. Though jealous of his personal prerogatives, he is more enlightened and humane than his father, and will endeavour to rule justly and benefit his empire. But the close of his reign will be unfortunate and unhappy.

Mars in Aries, on 9th cusp, prefigures danger in long journeys and voyages. This the native experienced in

Japan in 1891. There are reasons for believing Aries to be the governing sign of Japan.

The influences in 1896 are fairly propitious for Nicholas II. The fortunate direction Ascendant parallel Jupiter, in Zodiac = $27^{\circ} 33'$, measures to May and June, 1896. (There are troublesome transits of Mars about 3-5 June, 16-17 June, and 12-16 August.) But in 1897, Saturn and Uranus opposing his Sun's place bring misfortune, loss, and personal trouble.

The Tzar's younger brother (born 9th May, 1871) is under bad influences of Saturn during 1896 and 1897. This is ominous, as he is known to be in a weak state of health.

MERCURY, Astrologer.

6, Central Street, Halifax,
March, 1896.

THE HOROSCOPE OF ANNA KINGSFORD.

"AFTER a careful examination of Mrs. Anna Kingsford's horoscope," writes Mr. G. H. Lock, of Hull, "I have reached the following conclusions:—

"1. The statement made by the spirit in the dream was, as a reading of the horoscope, as false and pernicious as the hell from which it emanated. It was such a general statement as might be made in respect to any beautiful, commanding, and highly-educated woman, who chose to play the harlot. But that it was Mrs. Kingsford's tendency to play such a part, is nothing less than a fiendish lie. I say this, although I am not an admirer of her teachings.

"2. The readings by the two astrologers you name in BORDERLAND, are, in my opinion, very artificial, and at the same time what I should term *downward* readings; *i.e.*, they are made rather with a view to the worst possibilities than with an eye to the *actual* and more exalted *probabilities*. However, possibilities and probabilities aside, let me describe what is most evident to my own perception.

"The sign Virgo ascended at her birth. Now this sign is, *par excellence*, the symbol of *chastity*, and represents the fundamental characteristics. It would require powerful and multifold evil aspects of a sexual nature to overthrow this tendency, as symbolised by Virgo, and particularly so as the ruling planet, Mercury, is located in this is his own sign and 'exaltation.' Such powerful aspects do not exist. Those which would delay or prevent marriage were passing away at birth—not approaching; and I deny *in toto* the existence of any aspect, that could render marriage either distasteful, or improper, or detrimental. That the native was elegantly sensuous, I admit, but that she was, horoscopically, other than a pure woman, I deny. Her innate chastity, together with her urgent intellectuality would far and away outlive any tendency to sexual perversion that may be indicated. There is just enough amativeness to make this Virgo-nature a full and efficient woman.

"The planet Jupiter, the symbol of benevolence and conscience, is elevated above all the rest, and is in conjunction with the Midheaven (the point which rules the *honour*) and in the sign Gemini. This is a most important and significant position. However he may be aspected, Jupiter on the Midheaven is beneficial, for the ill aspects to him represent only such evils as may be overcome. In Gemini he always gives a wide sympathy, as that sign is the symbol of brotherhood. Afflicted, as here, by Mars and the sun, he would give

a great, perhaps even wasteful, generosity and broad liberality towards the actions and views of her fellow mortals. Jupiter's position is all the more telling here, as he ruled the midheaven at conception. That the planet 'in detriment' in Gemini, I know from much experience, does not detract one iota from the person's moral worth. The affliction of Jupiter represents impatience, especially with conventional religious views, sects, and ceremonies, and she must have manifested much unrest, until she found herself face to face with instructors from the Unseen. The same position (conjointly with others) points to the husband's sickness as well as to the native's personal delicacy in certain respects.

"On the other hand, Jupiter is supported by the good aspect of Saturn. This is a grand position, giving great moral and mental stability and weight. It would go a long way towards controlling the wastefulness of generosity represented by the quadrature of Mars and the sun to Jupiter. It renders the nature serious, thoughtful, appreciative of the deeper and grander things of life, and it deepens the religious tendencies. While she could fully admire *beauty*, she would have stronger affinity with the grand and imposing; she would see all the sublimity of things in both the material and the spiritual world. Her vision of God was the outcome less of sentimental desire than of the desire to penetrate the profundity of the hidden.

"She was distinctly a poet at heart, even though she might, as I once heard her, express herself in the most logical and masculine prose.

"Uranus in benefic aspect with Mercury (the former in Aries) points to intense intuition, and to keen penetration into human nature.

"The horoscope shows a person of immense intellectual power and urge; nor does it contain anything that the most modest woman (not a prude) need be ashamed of.

"The leading point in the horoscope of conception denotes a nature well qualified to undertake the government of others; but the force of circumstances would tend to place her in a position over others that would not be without its dangers. It indicates superiority, attainment, and honour, but is fraught with danger.

"The principal defect in the natal horoscope lies, in my opinion, in the evil aspect of the planets relating to occult powers. Uranus is in semi-square to Saturn and Neptune. I fear from this that her visions and psychical experiences, while more or less weighty and important, would be of an unsatisfactory order. She would be more easily misled and imposed upon than she would imagine. She could resist open and palpable evils, but would be led by subtle arts into seeing the false as the true, or the true not unmingled with the false.

"There are many other points in her disposition which are palpable to any astrology, such as bravery, fearlessness in the advocacy of her beliefs, &c., which I need not discuss. She was a woman capable of the highest personal enjoyment, yet noble and strong enough to voluntarily suffer any degree of self-abnegation.

"I have not read the sketch of her life, and judge solely from the horoscope."

EXCUSES TRIUMPHANT BUT CONFOUNDING.

ASTROLOGERS may not be skilful in reading the stars, but some of them are marvellously smart in explaining away their mistakes. The worst of it is they succeed so perfectly in showing how natural it was the blunder

should come in, that they convince the unlearned that nothing but blunders may be expected. Here, for instance, is an explanation which opens up a bewildering vista of possible mistakes :—

The excitement in Spain throws considerable light on many failures in astrological predictions. Perhaps you remember I sent you a post-card a fortnight ago to say I expected a great shock to the country at the close of the week. I will extract the exact words from my private book about February (written 6th January) :—“Events concerning foreign politics, but the chief is a sudden shock to the country about the 22nd (February). Government and opposition coalesce to meet the emergency.” I had concluded this was a complete failure, for the re-opening of the Egyptian question about the 24th had not this character of urgency. Since the Spanish news came I have calculated for Madrid, and find in their figure it is due for the night 28—29. Certainly my note was exactly verified in Spain. It is well known to astrologers that the figures for France and often Spain are usually so similar to that for London, that any important event belonging primarily to one will appear in the others. Here, then, is a great source of error, for we naturally apply it to our own nation. Indeed I do not know how to distinguish these beforehand. By my method I should not have known whether the 28th in Madrid or the 22nd in London were the correct date. There is a similar case in Sepharial’s gloomy prediction in October BORDERLAND. He said that at the close of October the House of Commons would meet, and angry debates would follow, leading to a change of Ministry. It seems to have escaped notice that the French House met early in November, angry about Madagascar, and the Ministry resigned, not daring to face the debate. This exactly corresponds to what I have said about the entanglement of the two horoscopes. I was especially interested in this case, as it appeared the first serious failure in predicting the tendency of the Stock Exchange.

But if the science of the stars can thus jumble up the English Parliament and the French Chamber, or may confound London for Madrid, what reliance can be placed upon its predictions ?

ASTROLOGERS AS MATCH MAKERS.

A WRITER in the *Astrological Magazine* has been contributing some papers on sex affinity. He thinks that by the aid of the stars it is possible to tell with some degree of confidence who should marry and who should not.

There are three methods of judging the harmony between the sexes : first, by the ascending sign ; second, by the position of the Sun and Moon ; and thirdly, by the planetary positions. In a general way, the whole should be weighed up and studied, and the points of harmony and discord marked off ; and, a balance

struck, in this way the points of disagreement and discord between the sexes may be obtained. The next and concluding point is the position or the blending of the electric with the magnetic ; for this the male should have all, or the majority, of his planets in the eastern or oriental portion of the horoscope, and the females in the western or occidental portion : that is, the male’s planets should be between the first and tenth houses, or between the fourth and seventh, and the female between the tenth and seventh or the fourth and first. The blending of this always produces magnetic rapport, and from them the finest, healthiest, and happiest children result. No male should marry until his Sun is well aspected by progression, and no female until her Moon is in good aspect to all the planets, or a life of misery may be the result.

We will first consider the ascending signs. Persons born under the same rising sign should never marry, and rarely do so ; although planetary configurations may completely alter their natures, yet it is not advisable. Persons born under fiery signs should not marry those under watery signs.

In giving judgment on the signs ascending, the male should always be born under signs above that of the female : that is, if born under the fiery signs, then the male should be under Aries and the female Leo or Sagittarius ; or if the male under Leo, then the female under Sagittarius. Air will agree with fire in a general way and earth with water in nine cases out of ten. But the best signs of agreement are those born under opposite signs, such as Aries with Libra and Taurus with Scorpio, and so on through the signs. These will produce the best physical results. Again ♀ or ♂ upon the Ascendant will produce sexual attraction. Sometimes $\text{☿} \odot \text{♀}$ and ♀ will produce affection. Signs ruled by the Sun, Venus and Mercury agree very well together. The next point to consider is the positions of the planets. Venus upon the place of another’s Mercury, or in good aspect to each other produce lasting affections, and this is considered a true sex affinity.

The most important blending of the sex affinities, is the position of the Sun in each nativity, or what is called the luminaries. And this is the most simple because the month each are born in will indicate the affinity. The Sun is the real individual, and the truest reading of any character is obtained from the sign and position held by the Sun ; the external expression by the place and position of the Moon.

The female’s Sun upon the male’s Moon is always a sure sign of deep and true attachment, for she gives him of her real nature and should both Suns be in friendly aspect then no harm will come to them from any cause whatever while they are united, for their joys and sorrows will be bound up in each other. The female’s Sun in Aries and the male’s Sun in Leo is a grand sign of pure sympathy ; or with the female Sun in Sagittarius.

Mr. George Wilde writes :—“BORDERLAND must have a large circulation, as I have just received some work from Johannesburg, South Africa, and from India, Canada, the West Indies, Lagos, the Gold Coast, Germany, France, Italy, and Constantinople !”

XX.—MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LEGALITY OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

IN Scotland henceforth fortune-telling, if honestly conducted, is to be regarded as a legitimate profession. Mrs. Jane Smith was recently fined in Glasgow for fortune-telling. She appealed, with the result that the conviction was quashed. The judgment pronounced by the Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Young, on March 18th, is decisive:—

Lord Young said that from the moment he read the case he thought the charge bad and the conviction bad. They were informed that this was the first prosecution in Scotland for pretending to tell fortunes. The act of George IV. was made applicable to Scotland twenty-five years ago, but it was not until 1882 that it was decided that any part of the clause of the Act of George IV. was made applicable to Scotland. During these twenty-five years, and including the fourteen, this was the first instance of any prosecution of the kind, and he almost ventured to express the hope that it might be the last. It was, of course, true that a professed fortune-teller might commit knavery and roguery of a punishable description, and through the means of that profession, just as of any other, commit knavery or roguery punishable from the peculiar character of the Act itself. But when they had the case of a professed fortune-teller committing knavery or roguery, or really imposing on or deceiving weak people who required the exceptional protection of the law, and that person was intended to be prosecuted, the charge ought to state what he did, that it was knavish and roguish, amounting to an offence, although committed through the medium of fortune-telling. It never was imagined, so far as he ever heard or thought, that the writing, publishing, and selling of books upon the lines of the hand—or even upon astrology, the position of the ruling stars and their position at the date of any particular person's birth, and the rules by which astrologers proceeded in telling fortunes therefrom—he never heard or thought that it was imagined by anyone that writing or publishing such books was an offence, or that anybody reading a fortune upon the hand, according to such books, and telling it, or even examining the stars or telling a fortune according to rules on the subject, was guilty of any offence. Roguery and knavery might be committed in that way, but it would be a special case. The argument for the prosecutor here was that no intention to deceive or any perpetration of deceit was necessary, and therefore that the word "pretend" was not to be read in the sense even in which the prosecutor or magistrate read it in making this prosecution or giving this conviction as "intending to deceive and impose upon." Indeed, everything here was quite consistent with this, that the person who pretended to tell fortunes in that sense of the word "pretend" had no belief in the thing herself, and knew that the person who gave nothing or sixpence had no faith in her. That was the prosecutor's view, and that was the view of the magistrate, on which the conviction proceeded, so that it really came to this, that any person reading the lines of the hand and declaring fortunes thereby could be punished by the magistrates of Glasgow or anywhere else. His Lordship thought that was extravagant, and therefore he repeated that, as this was the first prosecution of the kind attempted during twenty-five years, according to the view expressed in

1882, this clause had been applicable to Scotland, he hoped it would be the last. He by no means indicated that a spaewife, gipsy, or anybody else might not through the medium of fortune-telling practise gross deceit, which was punishable, and properly the subject of prosecution. He was of opinion that the conviction should be quashed.

Lord Trayner concurred with the Lord Justice Clerk, and the conviction was quashed, with costs.

This interpretation of an English law by a Scotch Court does not bind English judges; but it can hardly fail to have an excellent influence on magistrates south of the Tweed. In Scotland, of course, it is final.

DOES DEATH END ALL?

MR. GLADSTONE'S SUMMARY OF BISHOP BUTLER'S ARGUMENT.

In the *North American Review* for January, February, and March, Mr. Gladstone has published a series of papers entitled "Future Life and the Conditions of Man Therein." In the January number he thus summarizes Bishop Butler's arguments in favour of immortality:—

His argument is partly negative and partly affirmative. The first goes to show the futility or insufficiency of the presumptions against survival which are drawn from the character of death. The second and more limited part goes to show substantive likelihoods, drawn from nature or experience, that the soul may survive death. In the first he is eminently successful. In the second we become sensible how scanty is the supply of material at his command.

Let us begin by taking note of his manner of supporting his first contention, namely, that death and the incidents of death afford no presumption that we are extinguished by it.

1. It is not proved by the immense change which death undoubtedly makes in us. For we know by experience that vast amounts of change in ourselves, and in inferior creatures, are compatible with continuity of identical existence. We have no absolute knowledge that the change effected by death is greater than these changes; and until we do know it the presumption of our extinction by death does not arise. (True, none of these changes is marked by severance of essential parts; but we cannot say whether such severance constitutes a greater change than the change from the state of embryo to that of manhood, or from the egg, through the larva or caterpillar, to the moth or butterfly.)

2. There is no ground, "from the reason of the thing," to suppose that death can destroy our "living powers"; that is to say, disable them from perception and action. For of death in itself we know nothing, but only in certain effects of it. And as we know not on what our living powers depend for their exercise, they may depend on something wholly beyond the reach of death. Death gives no evidence of destroying the living powers, but only the sensible proof of their exercise.

3. Nor is any such ground furnished by the "analogy of nature." For in no case do we know what becomes of these living powers. They simply pass from our view.

4. The power of death to destroy living beings is conditioned by their being compounded, and therefore discriptible. For as consciousness is indivisible, so it should seem is the conscious being in which it resides. And, if this be so, it follows that, the body being extraneous and foreign to the true self, no presumption can arise out of the dissolution of the body against the continued existence of the true self.

5. As we may lose limbs, organs of sense, large portions of the body, and yet the true self continues; and as animal bodies

are always in a state of flux and succession of parts, with no corresponding loss or gain of the true self, we again infer the distinctness of that true self from the body, and its independence at the time of death.

6. Even supposing the "living being" to be material, we know not its bulk, and unless it be bigger than one of the elementary particles which are indissoluble and represent the minimum, no presumption arises against its surviving death.

7. Much less have we to fear extinction from anything happening from any system of matter other than our bodies, and not so near to us.

8. Inasmuch as our senses do not perceive but are carriers only to the perceiving organ, as is proved by cases of losing them, and by dreams, we again infer the distinctness of the living powers.

9. Again we so infer, because our limbs are only servants and instruments to the "living person" within; and have a relation to us like in kind to that of a staff.

10. If this argument comprehend brutes, and imply that they may become rational and moral, it holds. But it need not. The objection rests wholly on our ignorance.

11. If even, as to his state of sensation, the true self of man indicate independence of the body, much more is he independent as to his state of reflection and its accompanying pains and pleasures, on which we see no effect from death.

12. Certain mortal diseases, up to death, do not affect our intellectual powers. Is it likely that in death they will kill these powers? or that, in death, anything else will do it?

13. We cannot infer from anything we know about death even the suspension of our reflective condition and action. Nay, it may be the continuation thereof, with enlargement; all this in a course which may then be found strictly natural.

14. The case of vegetables is irrelevant to a question on the survival of faculties of perception and action; since they have none.

In sum: there is sufficient proof of independence to bar any presumption of simultaneous or allied destruction. All such presumptions have now been rebutted; and a "credibility," sufficient for the purposes of religion, indeed "a very considerable degree of probability," has been shown.

Having thus summed up the negative arguments of Butler, let us proceed to the positive, which indeed are few.

1. The fact of existence carries with it a presumption of its continuance; which presumption holds until rebutted by adverse presumption or proof.

2. From the fact of swoons, if not also from dreams, we know that our living powers exist when there is no capacity of exercising them.

3. From the fact that in certain mortal diseases the reflective powers remain wholly unaffected, he seems to infer such an independence as supplies a positive presumption of future existence.

COINCIDENCE OR CLAIRAUDIENCE?

FEW of our readers will have much hesitation in deciding whether the following cases should be classed as coincidences or clairaudience. But however they may be classed, they are interesting. Mrs. Hernandez sends me the first—

One evening, as I was singing a song which had been one of my father's favourite songs, I distinctly heard a voice call me by a pet name only used by him. I asked my husband if he had heard anyone call me, and he answered he had not. I continued my song, and again the same name was called thrice. Thinking some one in the adjoining room was calling me, my husband and myself went in there to see; but there was no one in the room. All the servants had gone for their dinner. I asked my husband to write down the date and hour. After two months we heard of my father's death, which had taken place in the West Indies at the date and hour put down, and his last words were my name called three times. We were in India.

The other comes to me from India, and appears to be well authenticated:—

113, Civil Lines, Poona.

One morning in the month of October, 1892, a few days after we had heard of the loss of the steamship *Roumania*, on the coast of Portugal, while on her passage to Bombay, Mr. A. D. Wilkins, Divisional Forest Officer of Poona, who had come to see me on some duty, was reading out to me in my office in this bungalow a report which he had written, when we were interrupted by a woman's voice, exclaiming "Mrs. Heaton!" seemingly in a tone of alarm, and appearing to come from the ceiling. I called out, "What's that?" Mr. Wilkins stopped reading and said, "It is some one calling Mrs. Beltham," a lady in the house. I replied, "No, it was Mrs. Heaton," and that moment the cry was repeated clearly and distinctly. We both heard the words, "Mrs. Heaton," in the voice of a female calling out loudly, and seemingly in a tone of excitement and alarm. The voice was unfamiliar to both of us, and it sounded just as if a female were calling down a skylight on board ship to some one down below in the saloon or cabins. Mr. Wilkins and I started up at once, and ran outside my office room to see if there was any person near who might have spoken the words which we had heard, but there was not a soul to be seen and no one within speaking distance. The ladies and children of my family were away in a distant room in another part of the building. There was no mistaking the name, "Mrs. Heaton." There was no mistaking the nature of the cry, which was one of alarm—a sudden and excited call to another person by a female who realised or apprehended danger or some catastrophe. It was sharp, shrill cry. I have been a sailor in my youth, and I have made several passages to Europe and back since; and Mr. Wilkins, likewise, was, for some years, a mail officer on board the P. and O. S. N. Co.'s mail steamers, and we have, consequently, had considerable experience of board ship, and we both instantly recognized that the voice sounded like the voice of a woman calling down a skylight on board ship, in a frightened tone, to summon the person called—viz., Mrs. Heaton—from below.

Mrs. Heaton, who was a passenger in the shipwrecked steamer *Roumania* and was drowned, was a sister of Mr. Wilkins' wife, and I knew her very well indeed when she was living in Poona before she went to England, and it was on her return voyage from there that she lost her life in the wreck of the *Roumania*. Mrs. Heaton was no relation of mine. Mr. Wilkins and I were not talking about her or thinking of her at the time. We were engaged in official business, and our minds were given up entirely to the subject of our discussion. Mr. Wilkins was, as I have said before, reading out loud to me an official report, and I was listening to it carefully, and every now and then I stopped him to discuss a point and to argue a question, when suddenly the cry, "Mrs. Heaton," appearing to come from above us, interrupted us and startled us. I heard the first cry distinctly. Mr. Wilkins, who was reading, heard the voice also, but suggested a doubt as to the name uttered, as "Mrs. Heaton" seemed to be a very unlikely name to hear just then. But there was no mistaking the second cry—the repetition of the first—it was perfectly clear and distinct and made us jump up in awe and surprise. Mr. Wilkins remarked shortly afterwards that he had never had such a scare before, it was such a mysterious and seeming supernatural occurrence. I am confident that the voice was not the voice of any living human being, and we searched and assured ourselves that there was no man, woman, or child within speaking distance of us. We went at once to the distant room in the adjoining house—my office being in an annex of the main bungalow—and told what we had heard. I can offer absolutely no explanation of the matter. How the voice came and from whence it came I have never been able to understand. The fact remains that the voice did come, and it was no imagination. I am no spiritualist nor am I hysterical, nor easily startled, and I am not given to imagining that I have dreams or see visions, and I am no believer in ghosts.

ALLEN SHUTTLEWORTH,
Consevator of Forests, Bombay Presidency.

I have read very carefully through the description of the strange voice we heard in Mr. Shuttleworth's office on or about

November 1st, 1892, and do hereby state that the incident has been correctly described. I cannot in any way account for it.

A. WILKINS,
Deputy Conservator of Forests.

Poona, November 7th, 1895.

AN APPARITION OF ANGELS.

THE following incident, which was mentioned to me in September last, occurred to Mrs. Nolan-Slaney's sister, a healthy, bonny girl of eighteen.

"I gave her description," Miss Slaney writes, "exactly as she wrote it a few days after the death of our neighbour, and I may add that, although she has told the story many times in my hearing, it has never varied from the original version."

"The neighbour mentioned was a charitable, honest, God-fearing woman, plain-spoken and practical, and an invaluable nurse. She was taken ill with influenza, in February, 1895, and had been ailing since, but my sister did not know that she had been taken worse, and played and sung with my brother the evening before, as usual, in a room almost beneath the one in which the sick woman lay—which, of course, they would not have done had they had the faintest idea that she was worse than usual."

"I append to my sister's description of her 'vision' the questions I put to her when she first told me of it, and have asked her to sign the whole."

"I went to bed as usual on the night of August 30th (1895), and fell asleep. I became quite suddenly wide awake, and heard a rustle in the room. Then it seemed to me that the ceiling and walls of our house and the next one were moved away, and I saw five beautiful angels floating above me. I was frightened, and cried out, 'What do you want?' I said, 'Oh, don't take me!' One of them answered, 'No, we shall not take you,' and then they all passed on. The angels came in a peculiar manner. First, there was one by itself, a little boy it looked like, then three altogether, then another, and, I think, another behind that. There seemed to be a lot of other angels in the background. Those I saw looked most beautiful, and had wings on the top of their shoulders, instead of on their backs, as I always thought they were. They had not any bodies, but long rays of light seemed to come from them. When they had gone I was dreadfully frightened, and called for my mother and ran into her room. My father (who usually calls everything of this kind "nonsense") said to her, 'You had better go to the child if she is frightened, for I feel nervous myself. I feel as though someone were in the house'; then looking at his watch he remarked that it was half-past twelve. My brother then joined us, and asked what was the matter. I told him what I had seen, and he said, 'Mrs. M. is dead.'

"What made you count the angels?"

"I don't know, but I was struck by the peculiar way they were arranged, and thought they would look better two and two."

"Did the angel actually speak to you?"

"No, it seemed as though someone inside me spoke to my brain."

"What did the angel's wings look like?"

"Like bright light coming out of them."

"(Signed) FRANCIS CLAIRE BURNS."

The following is the daughter's account of what took

place at the death-bed. Two daughters were present. The one who related to me what passed said:—

"My back was towards the corner where Tom's* box stood, but my sister faced it. She said, 'If you look towards that corner you'll see three rays (?) like half-moons, coming up from behind Tom's box. They are shaped like half-moons, but shine like the sun.' I looked but I could not see anything. They disappeared as my mother passed away. 'Lord Jesus!' she said several times, then she sat upright in bed and stretched out her arms, saying, 'Clara, Tom,' and fell back and died."

"At what time?"

"About a quarter-past five, but she was taken for death at half-past twelve."

"What date?"

"August 30th."

"How many of your mother's children have died?"

"Two babies—boys (they would be nearly fifty if living), then Clara, then Rose, then Mrs. T., and then Tom—six."

"(Signed) M. A. MORRIS."

"These two statements, in many respects so singular, have been duly signed in my presence, and, if necessary, the evidence of others could easily be produced. I know all the parties concerned, and can testify, not only to their veracity, but to their level-headedness."

"A. NOLAN-SLANEY."

HEALTH AND HANDWRITING.

EITHER in BORDERLAND, or in some popular magazine, about the time that BORDERLAND was started, I read an article commenting on the effects of health upon the handwriting. The writer attributed a hand which slanted down below the horizontal to feeble health, whilst full health rejoiced in upward strokes and a line either perfectly horizontal or sloping above the horizontal. The notion amused me because I was brought up to attach not a physical but a social slur to handwriting that slanted down, and when I wrote copies or dictation the severest reproofs followed such irregularities as slanting up: the line of true virtue being exactly horizontal.

The truth of the health theory, however, was brought home to me rather oddly, and it may interest BORDERLAND readers to know that in 1893, when a period of severe mental strain injured my health, I began to notice that my "lines" were irregular, sometimes travelling above and sometimes below the line of perfect orthodoxy.

Last winter, which will be remembered for its Arctic ferocity (cold always weakens me), I was following a course of severe studies, including a little Hebrew, and I began to find, to my disgust, that I was forming a habit of writing in a downward slant, disgust because I had had it so dinned into my childish ears that it was 'vulgar.' To observe my shortcomings was, of course, to try and amend. Then, to my dismay, I perceived that, for the first time in my life, my will could not govern my hand, and that whether I wrote English from left to write, or Hebrew from right to left, lines of figures or words, the direction was always between north-west and south-east! Even on ruled lines my best efforts failed to keep the exact track. Then, I remembered the

* This son died in America four years ago.

article I had read, and recognised that ill-health was behind my failure, although I was not disinclined for work, and found it a sort of refuge.

I was, indeed, very ill for a time, with a series of mental shocks, resulting in constant depression with syncope, so that a low level of physical health was certainly present. My handwriting did not regain its normal character until the mental strain was lifted, and that it had altered considerably both in the straightness of line and in the character of certain letters is undoubtedly since friends later remarked upon it. This brings me to my point, which is, that *not* the physical health, but something supra-physical determines the style of handwriting. No doubt, Miss Rosa Baughan and her disciples knew this all along ! but the experience was quite novel to me.

Since that particular episode I have naturally observed my handwriting with some interest, and I have found that exactly as health and mental peace fluctuated, and *not health alone*, my lines have kept the direct line or not. Under the stimulation of especial good spirits, my lines slant upward, under disappointment they slant downward, and at a normal level they remain fairly horizontal as now, with only a slight inclination to rise above the straight level, which sometimes varies from hour to hour. I have had some indisposition this winter, but have never found the lines slant downward ; probably because this year there is no mental strain, no sickness of the super-ego, or whatever one may name the self within the self. If other BORDERLAND readers have had the opportunity of observing this phenomenon, I shall value any remarks from them on this subject.

CEDE DEO.

CLAIRVOYANCE OR LONG RANGE VISION ?

A RETIRED navy surgeon, now a magistrate in the north of Ireland, sends me the following curious instances of a kind of clairvoyance, differing in kind from the vision that usually goes by that name. He writes :—

At the time of the Crimean war I was surgeon on board a British steamer that was chartered to the French Government for transport service. In my journal, under date 4th January, 1856, I find the following entry :—

"The fourth mate, a lad of about seventeen, had distinguished himself hitherto on the passage by the singular acuteness of his vision, seeing all the lights on shore an hour or two before they were visible to the rest, at a distance calculated to be at least thirty miles, whereas the range of visibility for the same lights on the chart is set down as at most fifteen miles. Nay, he sees these lights when they must necessarily be below the horizon. This is the more singular because he knows nothing of charts or the position of the said lights beforehand ; so that it is next to impossible he is self-deceived, and almost as impossible that he is attempting to deceive others. Yesterday, before we sighted the Spanish coast, the captain, about two hours previously, said he was on deck, and a cloud being suddenly uplifted, he saw the mirage of land having exactly the same outline and appearance as that which, in nearly two hours after, became palpable to all. Apropos of this subject, he told us at dinner that he once saw Boston Bay at the distance of five hundred miles ! recognising not only the general features of the landscape, but even the black roofs of the houses. He went to the masthead and saw it still more plainly. It suddenly and all at once disappeared."

It does not seem that the captain regarded this as other than a natural phenomenon produced by peculiar atmospheric conditions, but it seems very doubtful if the view of Boston five hundred miles off can be explained in that way.

Clairvoyance, properly so called, is independent of distance. But in the case of the boy, he did not *see* until he came within certain range of the object seen. If others saw at fifteen miles distance he saw at thirty, but he saw nothing at forty miles. Why was this ? The captain's vision of Boston at a distance of five hundred miles stands by itself, and is not unlike other stories in which the atmosphere seems to have acted like the crystal in which the seer can see things distant and things to come.

PSYCHICS, CHINESE AND INDIAN.

THE Rev. W. A. Cornaby, who has recently returned from China, and has published a handsome volume, called "A String of Chinese Peach-Stones," descriptive of Chinese life, writes me as follows :—

Some years ago Mr. F. W. H. Myers asked the Rev. W. I. A. Barber, M.A., of our mission, to look about and report any psychological phenomena, &c., &c., he might meet with in Mid China. As he was leaving he handed the commission on to me, and I have kept my eyes and ears open for the same. Nothing reliable has been discovered, though plenty of material indicative of Chinese thought has been found.

Planchette is used in all the large guild temples. A rod is balanced on the fingers of two men, and a rod depending therefrom writes in running hand on a tray of rice or sand. I have a little volume of poems, &c., said to have been taken down thus. The spirit is supposed to be a Jaist immortal.

Many of our Christians believe in the actual existence of idol spirits, which they call demons, bad spirits, and therefore not to be worshipped.

The firmest believer in them was once a medium, called in to prescribe by inspiration in case of sickness, and proving his inspiration by walking on red-hot bricks, handling red-hot chains, eating fire, and the like. I have witnessed such a séance from beginning to end, but could not persuade myself that anything happened which could not be accounted for by "spherical state" of water, perspiration, &c. And most of the mediums (who cannot account for this) confess to their disbelief in inspiration.

Herein, however, is the stronghold of idolatry where it has any. And our reply consists in quoting various phenomena in our anti-idolatrous land. I trust that the researches of the Psychic Society will eventually be of great use out yonder.

Meanwhile I have some strong convictions on a subject which I confess has eclipsed the other, and bears very directly on my work. In 1891, during six months of peril, during which my friend Argent (whose portrait you published) was killed, I found that a sense previously felt at times was developing into vividness. I could tell very often when prayer was being offered for me. And this has continued to as recent time as Christmas Eve, with regard to near friends in particular—in that instance with regard to some in South Africa. I had to read a paper on the subject before the ministers in Wesley's Chapel, City Road. All my scientific training helps towards the subject of the reality of prayer-touch. I have no shadow of a doubt on that.

Mr. A. Banon writes me from Kulu, Kangra, in the Punjab, after reading the October BORDERLAND. On "Demonical Possession in China," he says that :—

We have very much the same thing in the Himalayas. The local goddess of Manali, Irna Deir, has taken a fancy to me, and taken up her abode in a tree close to my house. She can always be interrogated through one of her mediums—they call them Gûrs here. But first a kid or lamb must be sacrificed to her. The replies are sometimes wonderfully accurate ; and she does not lie quite so much as the other local gods and goddesses. However, they are all of very low order, as they all require blood.

XXI.—SOME BOOKS ABOUT BORDERLAND.

"THE STORY OF ATLANTIS."*

THIS is a remarkable book indeed. Imagine the feelings of the ordinary reader who, opening at random, reads "this map was compiled about 75,000 years ago"! Mr. Sinnett tells us in his preface that this is the pioneer essay of the new method of historical research, which consists in reading the records of the past by means of astral clairvoyance. It seems that there are people among us who are capable of exercising this astral clairvoyance in full perfection. They are still very few, but as time goes on, within a measurable future all the intelligence and culture of civilized mankind will be competent to read the actual records only a few generations hence. As at present we are still incompetent, we must gratefully accept what the more gifted members of our race vouchsafe to tell us.

Every fact stated in the present volume has been picked up bit by bit, with watchful and attentive care, in the course of an investigation in which more than one qualified person has been engaged for some years past. To promote the success of their work they have been allowed access to some maps and other records, physically preserved from the remote periods concerned, though in safer keeping than in that of the turbulent races of Europe.

These maps are staggering indeed. No. 1 shows the world about one million years ago when Atlantis was at its prime. No. 2, the world after the catastrophe of 800,000 years ago, and up to the catastrophe of about 200,000 years ago. No. 3, the world after the catastrophe of 200,000 years ago up to the catastrophe of 80,000 years ago. No. 4 brings us down to quite recent times, from 80,000 years ago to the final submergence of Poseidonis, about 9,564 B.C.

The story, it will be seen, goes tolerably far back. This world seems really dreadfully old. Atlantis stretched from a few degrees east of Iceland to Rio de Janeiro. It covered Texas and the Gulf of Mexico, and all the Southern and Eastern States as far north as Labrador. It stretched across the ocean, the text says, although the map does not show it, to our own Islands, Scotland and Ireland, and a portion of the North of England form one of its promontories. The maps show successive shrinkages or submergences until at least about 11,000 years ago, Poseidonis went under, leaving only the Azores and the Peak of Teneriffe as tombstones to mark the vanished world.

What is disheartening about this story of Atlantean civilisation, supposing it to be true, is the melancholy resemblance it bears to our own fragmentary history. It is all war and sin, and experiments, social and political, ending and beginning again, world without end. They had airships in Atlantis, and used them to fight naval battles in the air. They knew how to use vril—women being quite adept in the art. They used high explosives that burst and poisoned whole armies. They practised Black Magic, and became so powerful by means of sorcery, that it became necessary to sink them fathoms deep beneath the Atlantic brine. It is impossible to criticise a book like this. I can only call attention to it with a feeling of sinking despair. If the

Astral treasure-house has only to yield us a million years extension of the story of the crimes, and the sorrows, and the martyrdom of man, what gain is there? It only intensifies the bitter groan of the preacher: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. The thing that hath been it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun."

"SCIENCE OF THE SOUL."*

This is a curious book. One of the most cocksure books that have been published of late years. Mr. Sherman is quite certain that he is on the bed-rock at last. He says "There is much yet to be learned, but the great central truths of existence and consciousness have been demonstrated." In this book of his, he says: "he sets forth these truths clearly, and accompanies them with sufficient evidence in detail, to prove them to all candid minds." This is rather a large order. But Mr. Sherman knows what he is about, and like a wise man, he summarizes his book in the preface, from which I make bold, as the very best way of helping my readers to understand where Mr. Sherman stands, to quote a somewhat lengthy extract.

The hypothesis of the origin, development, attributes, powers, and destiny of the soul, presented and illustrated in detail in this book, may be briefly summarized.

The First Cause of all things, the Infinite and Eternal Energy of the Universe, is God.

The Thought of God, His Spirit, is all pervading. In it are harmoniously combined all life, intelligence, emotion, energy, and force. Without it there can be no manifestation of intelligence or energy, nor can anything exist that does exist.

The soul of Man is individualized from the Spirit of God by physical conceptions and birth. During the period of gestation the thought of the mother may draw from the Spirit of God mental endowments for her child, and may to a large extent mould the physical body.

The soul is Man. The body is a machine only, operated by the soul as an independent individuality. The real Man exists and can manifest himself independently of the body.

The body is the mould of the soul. Thought, which is a soul attribute only, acts upon the physical brain, and produces physical perception and consciousness. No impression or sensation can be brought to the physical comprehension except through the operations of the soul as an independent intelligence.

The soul pervades and animates the physical body, and has absolute control over its tissues, organs, and functions. When operating independently of the physical will and consciousness, as in hypnosis, it can produce both mental and physical results quite impossible when the individual is in normal condition, and can sometimes cure functional disease.

While still incarnate the soul can project itself from the body, and when so projected can perceive independently of the physical senses. Under certain conditions it can also present the form and features of the body to physical perception while projected.

Independent communication between souls incarnate by thought projection and impression is of common occurrence, and such communication experimentally and by direct intent is possible.

The soul, while projected, or in natural sleep, may commune

* "Science of the Soul," a Scientific Demonstration of the Existence of the Soul of Man, as his Conscious Individuality, independently of the Psychical Organism of the Continuity of Life and the Actuality of Spirit Return. By Loren Albert Sherman. The Sherman Company Publishers, Port Huron, Michigan. 414 pp.

* "The Story of Atlantis," a geographical, historical, and ethnological sketch, illustrated by four maps of the world's configuration at different periods, by W. Scott-Elliott, with a preface by A. P. Sonnett. London: the Theosophical Publishing Society, 1896, 70 pp.

with other souls, either incarnate or decarnate, and thereby obtain information of events past or events to come.

Natural sleep is the suspension of the operations of the soul upon and through the physical organism. The soul is or may be active during sleep. Dreams are independent soul perceptions brought to the comprehension of the physical consciousness in the border-land between sleeping and waking, often mixed and complicated with physical perceptions.

There is a spiritual body which is the counterpart of the physical, with which the soul clothes itself when projected, and after physical death.

Life is continuous. At physical death the soul is relieved from subjection to the physical body. It can then exercise its primary perception and attributes normally, and is no longer subject to material conditions.

In passing into decarnate life the soul retains its personality and characteristics, and the knowledge acquired during physical life, together with its earthly affections and loves.

The soul decarnate, and when acting independently of the physical organism while still incarnate, can realise to its consciousness by its own thought its proper desires, within the limits of the laws of nature. To think with the soul is to have.

Spiritual and physical intelligence, emotion, energy and force have their origin in the Universal Thought of God, and are correlated. In God's Thought all manifestations of life, intelligence, emotion, and energy are harmoniously blended, separation coming only through contact with and operation upon things material. Spirit is Cause; matter is effect only.

Spirit being the essence of The Eternal, spirit as individualized in the soul of Man may be immortal.

The communication of decarnate souls with souls incarnate is possible, and is a scientific fact. Such communication may reach the physical consciousness through impression upon the soul during sleep or at the moment of awakening. It may come as thought impression, the source of which is not comprehended by the physical mind. It may come through hypnotic control of an incarnate soul and its physical organism, by a decarnate soul. And it may come through various physical manifestations, such as independent writing, independent voices, &c.

The home of the soul after its transition into decarnate life is the glorified realization to soul perception of things terrestrial; of green fields, beautiful flowers, noble rivers, pleasant homes, and eternal light and life. Such pictures are as real to soul perception and consciousness as material things are to physical consciousness. But not to all may these delights be immediately realized. Those whose deeds have been evil in the earth-life find no good spirits waiting to guide them upward to the heavenly land when they cross the river of death; but must grope in darkness until the sins of the flesh are atoned for, and through their own earnest desire a pitying soul comes to lead them to the light.

Such, in brief, is the philosophy of existence and consciousness, and of the origin, attributes and destiny of the soul of Man, as set forth, and demonstrated by the scientific evidence presented in this book.

I have given Mr. Sherman's theory, rather than his evidence, because, as he says, there is not much that is new in the latter. Whereas, I have not often seen so clear and connected and rational a statement of the theories which many regard as the best working hypothesis to explain the phenomena of Borderland.

Mr. Sherman reports some remarkable manifestations which he attributes to the agency of his deceased son, and others less striking, but more intelligent, to the control of Phillips Brooks.

There are also some interesting reports concerning the hypnotic exploits of Mr. Frank R. Alderman, of Detroit. Mr. Sherman claims that Mr. Alderman has obtained results from his subjects without precedent or counterpart in the United States, if not in the world. The experiments reported hardly seem to justify such high praise, but they are very interesting. How is it that so few of our hypnotists ever develop this kind of clairvoy-

ance, or, as Mr. Sherman calls it, "soul projection"? I do not think that Mr. Sherman's ideas of what is scientific will pass muster with S.P.R.—he swallows Dr. Hensoldt's stories, for instance, as if they were gospel; but his cheerful confidence and evident sincerity make his book much pleasanter reading than most of the literature of the subject.

"OLD DIARY LEAVES."*

I SHOULD have noticed this book last quarter. But I had quoted so copiously from the "Old Diary Leaves" when I wrote on H. P. B. in our Gallery of Borderlanders, that I hope Colonel Olcott will forgive my delay in calling attention to a very remarkable book about a very remarkable woman. Here we have the real H. P. B., so far as such a protean conglomerate can be realized at all. Colonel Olcott has certainly not idealized his Teacher, and he has been abused "as per usual" when biographers remember that there is no religion higher than truth.

Instead of going back upon the Old Diary Leaves in the book, I prefer to call attention here to the new Old Diary Leaves, which are appearing in the *Theosophist*, under the sub-title, "Oriental Series." In the January number Colonel Olcott describes at first hand from his Diary two of the most famous and most disputed of H. P. B.'s phenomena at Simla.

THE PRECIPITATED BROOCH.

Here is the story of the finding of Mrs. Hume's brooch, when the party were dining at Colonel Hume's house. Colonel Olcott says:—

I shall tell the story exactly as it happened. The facts are these. A party of eleven of us, including Mr. and Mrs. Hume, Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett, Mrs. Gordon, Captain M., Mr. H., Mr. D., Lieutenant B., and H. P. B., and myself—were dining at Mr. Hume's. After a test in psychometry, more wonders were called for; would not Madame B. cause something to be brought from a distance? She looked calmly around the table and said, "Well, who wants something?" Mrs. Hume at once spoke up. "I do," she said. "What?" asked H. P. B. "If I could really get it, I should like to have an old family jewel that I have not seen for a long time—a brooch set round with pearls." "Have you the image of it clear in your mind?" "Yes, perfectly clear; it has just come to me like a flash." H. P. B. looked fixedly at Mrs. H. for awhile, seemed to be communing with herself, looked up and said, "It will not be brought into this house, but into the garden—I am told by a Brother." After a pause, she asked Mr. Hume if he had in his garden a flower-bed shaped like a star. Yes, Mr. Hume said, there were several. H. P. B. stood up and pointed in a certain direction. "I mean there," she said. Yes, there was one at that side. "Then, come with me yourself and find it, as I have seen it drop like a point of light, in such a bed." Thereupon the company rose, put on their wraps, and gathered in the drawing-room for the expedition. All save Mrs. Hume, who did not dare expose herself to the cold night breeze. Before we started I put it to the company to recall all the incidents, and say whether they lent themselves to any theory of complicity, or leading up with conversations, or mental suggestion exercised by H. P. B. "For," said I, "if a shadow of doubt hangs over the occurrence, it will be useless for us to go any further." Those present looked questioningly at each other and with one accord agreed that everything had been fair and stamped with good faith.

We went searching the garden with lanterns, for it was a dark night and nothing could be seen. We went by twos and threes here and there, H. P. B. with Mr. Hume, Mrs. Sinnett

* "Old Diary Leaves." By Colonel Olcott. Madras.

with Capt. M., &c. The large bed shaped like a star was found, and Mr. Sinnett and Captain M. were the lucky finders of a small white paper package with something had within. They found it by pulling up a tangled network of nasturtium and other vines that made a perfect mat of verdure. H. P. B. and Mr. Hume were at some distance and I also, until the finders called out to come and see what they had got. Mrs. Sinnett handed it to Mr. Hume, who opened it in the house, and inside was the missing brooch that had been asked for. At the suggestion of somebody—not of H. P. B. or myself—a protocol was drawn up by Mr. Hume and Mr. Sinnett, read to the company, and signed by all. Now this is the plain, unvarnished story without concealment or exaggeration. Let any fair-minded reader say whether it was or was not a true phenomenon.

THE PILLOW CASE STORY.

Now for the second tale. Col. Olcott says:—

Mr. Sinnett has himself described in print the occurrence of October 20th, which he has called the "pillow incident." It would seem to have been a thoroughly genuine affair. We were picnicking on Prospect Hill, and Sinnett was expecting a reply to a letter he had addressed to one of the Masters, but not to receive it there, as ours was purely a pleasure party. However somebody—I forget whom and am writing from the meagre notes in my Diary and without reference to Mr. Sinnett's narrative—asked for another phenomenon (they always do; this salt water never quenches thirst), and it was settled that something should be brought by magic. "Where will you have it besides in a tree; we must not make our phenomena stale by repetition?" asked H. P. B. A consultation between our friends ended in the agreement that it should be made to come inside the back-pillow against which Mrs. Sinnett was leaning in her *jampan*. "All right," said H. P. B.; "open it and see if there is anything within." Mr. S. with his pocket knife went to ripping open the pillow. The outside cover was embroidered on the face, backed with leather or some strong fabric, sewn with very stout thread, and the seam covered with a silken cord closely sewn to it. It was an old pillow and the sewing had become so hard with time as to make it a difficult job to rip it apart. This was done at last, however, and inside was a second pillow cover holding the feathers and also strongly sewn down the seams. When this was ripped Mr. Sinnett thrust in his hand, felt among the feathers, and soon brought forth a letter and a brooch. The letter was from "K. H." and referred to a conversation between Mr. S. and H. P. B. The brooch was Mrs. S.'s, and just before leaving the house she had seen it lying on her dressing-table. Let sensible people draw the natural inferences from the above facts.

The "Old Diary Leaves" are full of similar marvels from beginning to end.

A GOOD BOOK WITH A BAD TITLE.*

This is a very interesting but somewhat disappointing book. Its author is a journalist, a clergyman, a mesmerist. His wife is an automatic handwriter with a gift for astrology. He had the run for forty years of all the best spiritualistic circles, and yet, and yet, he has not got "forrader" than this. He has had from his own account, phenomena enough to have converted the apostle Thomas; he has been most fortunate in his astrologers, his wife seems to have had some marvellous test messages; he has had materializations enough to satisfy the most exacting, and yet, and yet, here he is disappointed, discontented, and on the verge of throwing the whole thing up. His disappointment seems to have culminated in the failure of his attendant spooks to attend a religious service which he started specially for their edification. They had promised to come,

* "The Great Secret and its Unfoldment in Occultism," a record of forty years' experience in the modern mystery by a Church of England clergyman, George Redway, 1895, 317 pp.

vacant chairs were left for them, but because he did not see them he concluded that they were not there, and that they were playing the fool with him. It was annoying, no doubt, but it is not well to put too much confidence in the promises of the spooks, especially as to times and seasons. Besides, the bidden spirit congregation may have been there all the time. Possibly, they could have been photographed. Almost certainly they could have been seen by a clairvoyant. To abandon a quest so suddenly, which had been pursued so continuously, seems somewhat inconsistent. The average reader will rise from reading "the great secret" with a feeling of amazement, that a man to whom so much had been given should have still felt so dissatisfied. This wonder will be increased because of the lofty nature which impelled him on his quest. He thought that spiritualism might make men believe in God.

A SPIRITUALIST'S INFERNAL.*

In a preface the transcriber, "A. Farnese," whose address is "London," says that he has written down as truthfully and carefully as he could, the words of the Spirit author, who, we are asked to believe, dictates the contents of this book. Spirits dictate fast, it seems, and they have selected an amanuensis who does not agree with them. A. Farnese must have had a hard time of it.

The spirit author in his dedication tells us that his motive is that which inspired Dives in the parable. He returns, and has been frequently materialised in order that he may warn his brethren to flee from the wrath to come. As the best argument he tells his own experience, and gives us a prose latter-day variant of his great countryman's Inferno, with Purgatory and Paradise thrown in. Like all other wanderers in spirit lands, he is deeply impressed with the reality of the retribution that awaits the unrepentant sinner.

Franchezzo, as his story goes, was born of a noble Italian family, and was snatched away suddenly in the midst of a self-indulgent existence. He awoke, not knowing that he was dead, in outer darkness. Not until he saw his beloved sorrowing over his own grave did he realize that he was dead. Then it was given to him to see how poor, how repulsive, and how deformed his earthly life had made his soul. He shrank in horror from the sight, and dared no longer try to reveal himself to his betrothed. After a long, long time of desolation he was permitted to communicate with her by the means of automatic writing, and her love for him became the salvation of his soul. He was compelled to write out with her own hand the whole shameful story of his own past. Not until he had done so did the cord which bound him to his earthly body snap. She refused to abandon him, bad as he had been and was. Whereupon he wept, and his upward pilgrimage had begun.

The story of his redemption through suffering and sacrifice constitutes the chief part of the book. There is in it a great deal that is very interesting and suggestive. It may or may not be true.

Franchezzo joins a Brotherhood of Penitents, a Brotherhood of Hope and Endeavour, who dwell in a Home of Help, which has a huge prison full of innumerable little dark cells in which each Penitent was lodged, in solitude such time as they were not attending lectures

* "A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands." By Franchezzo. Translated by A. Farnese. W. J. Sink ns, 26, Paternoster Square, E.C.

in which their inmost sins were ruthlessly set forth in the light of day. In mercy, advanced spirits with a kind of natural anaesthetic used to give the sufferers long periods of oblivion. All were free to go or stay. Many went to and fro among their friends and then returned. The doors were never barred against the returning wanderer. He suffered intensely, but by degrees the star of hope shed a gleam of brightness in the gloom of his prison-house; he was permitted to kiss his beloved as she lay sleeping, the first stage of his probation was past. He was then employed in helping mortals who were falling before the temptations to which he had succumbed.

But I am not going to rewrite the book. The reader who wishes to follow the pilgrim's progress beyond the grave, from the Home of Help to the Palace in the Bright Land, can find plenty to interest and possibly something to revolt him in its gruesome pages. Franchezzo says:—

I have written this story of my wanderings in the hope that amongst those who read it may be found some who will think it worth while to inquire whether after all it may not be, as it professes to be, a true story.

Frankly it does not impress me as a true story. But then neither Dante nor Bunyan were true in this sense, and " Franchezzo " has not even a historical personality whose identity is unmistakable to back up his narrative of wanderings on the other side.

A NOVEL OF SUGGESTION.*

" The Cruciform Mark " is a book of many merits upon some of which, as our business here is concerned only with its Borderland aspects, this is not the place to enlarge. The name of the author is given on the title-page as Riccardo Stephens, M.B., and he seems to be a man of many tastes and interests, the combination of which seems almost too good to be true. He likes Highlanders, and Cornishmen, and music, and big dogs; he has theories about shaking hands, and he dislikes gas-stoves and a good many women novelists. He writes, with some knowledge of the subject moreover, of astrology and palmistry, and character-reading, and second sight, and dreams, and crystal-gazing, and hypnotic suggestion, and " possession " and the possibilities of re-incarnation. I shake hands, as the French say—and, accepting his theories, this is a high compliment—with Dr., no, he is an Edinburgh man, I beg his pardon, Mr. Riccardo Stephens.

THE MOTIF OF THE STORY.

The first chapter strikes the key-note of the story, and is called " Post Mortem," and its scene is the hospital theatre, and its heroine a corpse. The fact that we are asked to interest ourselves, with some detail, in seven corpses and a " near miss," taken separately throughout the work, is a part of the " internal evidence " that the author is young, and was not long ago a student. The corpses are important, but not offensively prominent, only sufficiently to enable us to distinguish on five of them the Cruciform Mark, and to sustain our interest in its history and origin.

Out of the seven corpses two committed suicide, two killed each other, one died mysteriously while playing the violin, one from " half-a-dozen troubles," profes-

* "The Cruciform Mark." The Strange Story of Richard Tregenna, Bachelor of Medicine (Univ. Edin.). By Riccardo Stephens, M.B. London : Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1896. Price Six Shillings.

sionally interesting, one from hemiplegia after a very short illness, during which he was perpetually occupied with drawing the sign of the cross.

To the very last, one fails to guess at the cause of this epidemic of sudden death; or if we guess, we guess wrongly, and in this, and in its variety of interest, lies the pleasure of reading the story. As already said, it would be unfair to " give away " the clue, but the point is one of Borderland interest, and we may allow ourselves to discuss it in general terms.

These persons, all, directly or indirectly, died of a suggestion.

On this point, however, our author is refreshingly intelligent and conscientious, as becomes an M.B. of the Edinburgh University. Without being, except in the matter of corpses, wherein, by the way, *King Lear* comes in a good second, pedantically medical, Mr. Riccardo Stephens has taken the trouble to consider the common-sense as well as the dramatic conditions of his story.

WHAT IS THE CRUCIFORM MARK?

The Cruciform Mark, is the seal set upon those victims to whom death has been suggested (using the word, of course, in its technical sense). In some cases we know that the suggestion was hypnotic, in others it is difficult, considering the limitations of the conditions, to see how the opportunity for hypnotising the patient could have been contrived; and one is driven to imagine special methods of weakening the resisting power of the subject. The influence of womanly beauty and attractiveness is called in; not by means of the ordinary pretty girl of the type affected by medical students, but a woman of at least sufficient age to be living in her own house, and to visit unchaperoned, and who has all the fascination of complexity. She is " a saint; an angel too good for this wicked world; also a fashionable woman, and a passionate icicle, just depending on when you take her; " one day sitting to an artist as the very ideal of Joan of Arc, the next complaining of the gorget and helmet, and wishing to substitute " a lovely new bonnet, just from Paris, that would look a lot more chic."

She fascinates whom she pleases, and so fulfils the rôle assigned her. Every one of the five men who fall a victim to Suggestion of one kind or another, are in varying degrees her slaves. She appeals to them with true feminine instinct, associating herself with their especial interests, music, science, religion, flattering their vanity at its most susceptible point. Her character is a strong one; some of her victims are weak; a man basking his vanity at the fires of flattery is at his weakest, and it is left to us to suppose that insistence may serve her purpose even without hypnotism, for there would be obvious impediments in the way of a beautiful unmarried woman, who proposed to secretly hypnotise half a dozen men all belonging to the same gossiping academical circle in a University town.

THE MAN WHO RESISTED.

One man, however, contrived to resist her; he was in the long run scorched though not burnt, and he alone survived to tell the tale. Why he alone resisted where other men older and more experienced failed, we are not explicitly told, but we gather that it was from the same quality which gave him dominion over big dogs, and called up the mother in him when a friend showed a weak childishness under temptation. Also, perhaps, because he enjoyed the friendship of an honest woman,

a Countess who loved the memory of a father who was a cabman, and did not forget her gratitude to a medical student who had attended a sprained ankle in days when sound ankles meant daily bread earned on the music hall stage.

He tells his own story, and has not many words to bestow upon the character of himself, in spite of which, perhaps because of which, we know him better, and like him better, than anyone in the book.

I was forced to the conclusion that some mild form of lunacy was probably my strong point, and I have, alas! never seen any reason to change my opinion. What does it matter, though? Anything is better than being no fun to anybody!

He is one of those outsiders who see most of the game, "I go through life always with an eye for the obverse side of things," he says of himself.

THE HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.

When the suggestion is intended to be post-hypnotic, the method is highly scientific. The victim is handled when he chances to be worn out by weariness and anxiety; he is seized with a craving to see a certain person; possibly by means of suggestion by thought transference; our writer is, let us hope, above asking us to accept, as fact, Suggestion à distance, in the case of a person not an habitual Subject!

The scene is well painted. The persistent repetition of the idea, an idea of rest attractive to a man who has lately endured much sorrow and anxiety and physical strain, the recognition of the forgetfulness in the waking state of the suggestion given in the hypnotic state, the hint at previous scenes in the story in which this man had been subtly prepared for the suggestion, unconsciously subjected to the personal influence, physical and mental, of the operator; all this is well done, and shows an acquaintance with the outlines of the subject entirely absent from most stories of which hypnotic influence is a feature.

THE MEN WHO DIDN'T RESIST.

Some of the details, too, of the story are well considered. The victims are carefully selected at suitable moments, that is, the devilry is always conducted along the line of least resistance. One victim only is a girl, an invalid, one man is approached through the music he loves, one is a susceptible youth, not proof against any attractive woman; one a middle-aged professor, vain and egotistic, delighted to monopolise for the time a beautiful young woman's attention; one is drawn away from his fiancée and signed with the deadly signet when he is or should be conscious of his own cowardice; opportunity in each case makes the thief.

The student-life, with its irresponsibilities and its anxieties, its merriment and its pathos, the chatter of the lads with their impossible schemes and boyish resentments, is a pleasant enough background for the gruesome tragedy. The incidents, indeed, rather than the story as a whole, are gruesome, and the honest woman turns up at the end and carries off the hero to recovery in the Highlands, and all goes merry, without a marriage bell, which is in itself a variety.

INCIDENTS OF THE OCCULT.

Other forms of occultism are incidents in the story. Second sight, palmistry, and astrology, all combine to warn the hero of his coming calamity, and, indeed, indirectly it is the second sight warning which procures the victory, for it is at the impulse of the Highland seer

that the ex-ballet-girl-countess rescues him once and again.

There is a scene of white magic, perhaps a little overdone. It is quite conceivable that even a *savant* in a university town might resort to a little hocus-pocus business if he thought it likely to reproduce the particular stratum of memory and association he wished to arrive at, in the case of a young man whose sub-consciousness he wanted to fathom, but that he would keep a room for such purposes is a little improbable.

The walls, ceiling, and floor were painted a dull black. There was no trace of furniture anywhere. A curtain hung against the wall at one point over a little recess. On the black floor a large square had been drawn, apparently with chalk, and in each corner of the square was a cross and triangle. Of course, too, there was a tripod, and incense, and incantations, and the *savant* dressed in a black robe with a rod, and a figured band about his waist, and a persistent monotone of invocation, and so on. This one feels to be an artistic mistake, like colouring a corner of a photograph—the more perhaps that it comes just after a scene in which the effects of opium, or rather *Cannabis Indica*, are well described.

The second sight scene, and its setting of bagpipe music and Highland games, is good; also the fact that the vision of the seer is stimulated by gratitude for kindness, ready, though perhaps not permanent, responsiveness being a true Highland characteristic.

The writer does not pronounce upon astrology or palmistry, and though he describes accurate diagnosis by both methods, he prudently leaves a loophole for the agency of intuitive perception.

The theory of re-incarnation is touched in passing, in describing a doctor who demonstrates in the post mortem department, "which he always did in a manner which made me sure that in a past stage of existence he had been an undertaker, and in a future one would certainly be a vampire."

CRYSTAL GAZING AND VISUAL HALLUCINATION.

Even the much mis-represented crystal does not play quite so foolish a part as is usual in a story. The gazer's vision begins with the conventional mistiness which, "growing thinner, rolls away, leaving an inky blackness" which has been a regular stage property ever since the description of mirror reading in Lane's "Egyptians," but the scene continues with more originality and freshness.

The face (evolved out of the blackness) grew and formed under my eyes, sneering, bitter, implacable, with a smile that made the lips writhe, while above them lay great calm inscrutable eyes that saw me, and saw through me and thought me nothing. *I strained my head away from the crystal that still overhung me, but the face filled the room, and its eyes met mine wherever I looked.*

The italics are mine, and I incline to think the description was at least sketched by a first-hand observer.

So, too, Clegg's account of the beginning of his hallucinations, which are also off the novelist's beaten track.

"It's a face," he said, "a face that meets me at every turn now. . . . Just ten days ago I saw it for the first time."

"Where?"

"In Grosvenor's class-room. I was in the front room, and it looked over his shoulder at me. I only saw the thing for a few seconds. I wondered why the men didn't make a row about it."

"What was he talking about that morning?"

"Hallucinations. He was talking about objective and subjective, or something of that sort, and saying they were all tommy-rot, you know, when the thing just looked over his shoulder and grinned at me."

"Is it always grinning?" I asked, merely to keep the thing going till I could think what useful question I might ask next.

"No, it's generally quite stiff at first; what do you call it—statuesque? It often looks lovely to start with, but as if it was in pain. Then the thing begins to grin and mock at me most infernally, but I think it's always in pain. It's much more with me now than at first. I can shut it out by closing my eyes, but that funks me, for I know it's there still, and when I look again it's always closer. If it touched me I should die."

Mr. Stephens sinks a little below his own level in making the subjects of hallucinations, be they telepathic, hypnotically suggested, or what not, always frightened, even when the visions are not inherently disagreeable. It would have been cleverer, perhaps truer as history, if some had accepted these things otherwise.

"THE LOST STRADIVARIUS.*"

THIS is an interesting story. John Maltravers, student at Oxford, passionately devoted to music, comes upon a music-book of the eighteenth century, in which there is a piece of licentious music, "The Gagliardo," which, whenever he played it, summoned the ghost of a certain wicked Adrian Temple, who had died of the plague in Naples, in 1752. The music fascinated Maltravers. At first the ghost was heard, not seen. Then a clairvoyant picture of the scene in Italy, where "The Gagliardo" had been played, rose before his companion's eyes. Afterwards, the ghost itself was seen. It departed through a wall, in which was concealed a cupboard containing a priceless treasure, Adrian Temple's Stradivarius and two manuscript volumes of his journal. Maltravers possessed himself of the Stradivarius, and became more devoted than ever to "The Gagliardo." He afterwards married Adrian Temple's descendant, and soon after his marriage departed to Italy, where he attempted to renew the orgies of Adrian Temple. Like his prototype, he became deadly pale. But I leave the denouement to the reader to unravel from the book itself. It is a weird and powerful story, in which music and mystery combine to increase the effect. The mystery, indeed, is never quite cleared up, even at the last—but this is probably in keeping with the author's idea.

"THE STRANGE TRANSFIGURATION OF HANNAH STUBBS."†

FLORENCE MARRYATT'S new tale does not leave a pleasant taste in the mouth. Hannah Stubbs was an innocent country girl, who possessed great gifts as a physical trance and materializing medium. She did not understand her talent, and was abused and scouted by her relatives. An old Italian marquis, who had killed his wife in Italy for infidelity to him, and had spent such leisure as he could spare from his teaching in lamenting his hasty act of vengeance, uses Hannah as the medium for restoring to him his murdered Leonora. In order to obtain more complete control of

* "The Lost Stradivarius." By J. Meade Falkner. W. Blackwood & Sons. 296 pp.

† "The Strange Transfiguration of Hannah Stubbs." Hutchinson & Co. By Florence Marryatt. 339 pp.

the medium, by whom he gained speech with his murdered wife, he married her, and used her mediumship without mercy. The result was that Leonora gradually took possession of Hannah Stubbs, changed her into her own moral or rather immoral likeness, and then poisoned the old marquis to avenge her own murder. Then she caused his friend to marry her and make her enormously wealthy. She deceived him, practised spirit materialization privately to rope in the aristocracy, and finally fell over the banisters and smashed poor Hannah Stubbs's body into hopeless wreck. Then the evil Leonora fled, poor Hannah's memory returned, and she was for a few hours the simple country lass again before she died. The idea is not without ingenuity. The blending of the magnificent Italian beauty and light o' love with the vulgar, ugly, honest English peasant girl is cleverly worked out. The possibility of a murdered wife returning to poison her jealous lord as the control of his second wife is a reinforcement of the resources of criminal and sensational fiction. But it is an unpleasant story all the same.

"BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE.*"

"BLACK Spirits and White" is "A book of Ghost Stories," by Ralph Adam Crane. Of course everyone who tries to be funny has already said that his name is a promising one for a ghost story-teller! A more curious feature of the title is that the book contains six stories, and only two are about a ghost.

The writer, an American, who by the way has the dramatic sense to locate his stories in France and Italy, sleeps at different times in four haunted houses. The three first stories have a certain uniformity, in that he always tries to keep awake, but goes to sleep, wakes up, and IT happens. The first time IT was "two white eyes" and "enormous shuddering folds of palpitating jelly," never explained, or as we say in the Society for Psychical Research, "no coincidence"; the second time IT was a deceased count who takes him to a phantom dance, no coincidence; the third time IT is a lady who undresses, goes to bed, and is murdered by her husband, where, in fact, a century or so earlier such a tragedy had occurred—coincidence perfect. Type, audile hallucination. He didn't see the lady. Americans are credited with a strong sense of propriety.

The fourth story gives us a variety, and is very much the best in the book. The ghost seer does not go to sleep and have nightmares, but stays awake and is visited by the nun who haunts the house, and whom we might dismiss as the creation of expectant attention (considering that he has passed the evening in listening to her history); but for the important fact that she carries the history, hitherto unfinished, to the bitter end, and leads him to the cell, where on examination the body of a woman is found bricked up in the wall.

The fifth story is of a madman who hid himself in a church; and the sixth of a valley in Sweden, where nothing, animal or vegetable, contrives to grow. There isn't a ghost of a ghost in either of them.

The ghosts are the worst part of the book, which is bright and vivid in description, and would be more attractive if the spirits, black and white, were left out, and the little volume re-named "Notes of Wanderings in Europe," or words to that effect.*

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* "Black Spirits and White," a book of ghost stories by Ralph Adams Cram. Chatto & Windus, 1895. Price 1s. 6d.

XXII.—SOME ARTICLES OF THE QUARTER.

We shall be grateful for the Co-operation of Readers of BORDERLAND, as well as of publishers and editors of journals, in the production of our Index. No trouble has been spared, but there is no doubt that a great many interesting publications may have escaped notice.

Animals :

Anna Kingsford and Vivisection, by F. G. Ouseley, *Light*, March 14
Cruelty of Vivisection, by J. Fraser Hewes, *Light*, January 19
Murderous Millinery, *Light*, February 22
Vivisection in France, *Light*, February 8

Apparitions :

Apparition at the Time of Death, *Light*, February 22
Haunted House at Wisbech Fens, *Two Worlds*, February 14
Suggestions by a Doubter re Apparitions, by R. B. M. F. Kelly, Major R.A., *Light*, February 29

Astrology :

Astrology and the Foreign and Colonial Crisis, *Light*, January 18
Delineation of Character from Solar Biology, *Esoteric*, January, February, March
Hindu Astrology, The Kalamkritam, *Modern Astrology*, January
Legend of the Red Man of the Tuilleries, Translated by "Sepharial" (continued), *Modern Astrology*, January
Monthly Predictions, *Modern Astrology*, January, February
Nature of Neptune, The (continued), *Modern Astrology*, February
Primary Directions Simplified, by "Sepharial," *Modern Astrology*, January
Simple Method of Instruction in the Science of Astrology, *Modern Astrology*, January, February
Theoretical Basis of Astrology, by "Leo," *Modern Astrology*, February

Automatism :

Automatic Writing, *Philosophical Journal*, March 7
Automatic Writing Through the Hand of W. Stainton Moses, *Light*, March 21 and 28
Spirit Writing, *Light*, January 11

"Borderland" Notices :

Light, February 8, General Notice
Light, February 15, Spiritualism and Miss X.
Light, February 22, The Theory of the Double, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's Views
Light, February 29, "The Modern Demoniac"
Light, March 7, Francis Schlatter, the Healer
North British Daily Mail, February 3, "Life on the Other Side"
Pacific Theosophist, March, General Notice
Philosophical Journal, February 15, The Enlargement of "Borderland"
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Two Worlds, February 7, Enlarged Number
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Buddhism :

Aura, The, C. W. Leadbeater, *Buddhist*, January 3
Birth of Islam, The, *Is'amic World*, January (continued)
Buddha-Gaya Temple Case, *Journal of the Mara-Bodhi Society*, January
Buddhism and the German Emperor, *Buddhist*, January 3
Expansion of Buddhism, *Journal of the Mara-Bodhi Society*, February

Clairvoyance :

Clairaudience, *The Seen and the Unseen*, January
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Evidential Value of Clairvoyant Delineations, *Light*, February 8
Instances of Clairvoyance, by Mrs. Alice Bodington, *Light*, February 8
Striking Test by Clairvoyant, by H. A. Copley, *Two Worlds*, March 13
What is Clairvoyance? Remarkable Incident Connected with a Railroad Collision, *Metaphysical Magazine*, January; *Light*, February 29

Doubles :

"Double" Theory, by J. Hawkins Simpson, *Light*, March 7
Theory of the Double, The, by Dr. A. Russel Wallace, *Light*, February 22

Dreams :

Dreaming, *Two Worlds*, January 17
Dream of the Natal Railway Disaster, *Light*, February 29
Phenomena of Dreams, The, *Metaphysical Magazine*, January
Practical Dream, A, *Light of Truth*, February 8
Prophetic Dreams, *Philosophical Journal*, February 15

Healing :

Another Healer, *Light of Truth*, February 15
Disease, Its Causes and Cure, *Harbinger of Light*, January 1
Happiness versus Disease, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February
Healing by Mind, by Rev. R. Heber Newton, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February
Healing Monopoly, The, *Light of Truth*, March 14
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"Schlatter the Healer," by Judge Belden, *Philosophical Journal*, January 25
Second Schlatter, A, *Light*, February 15

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Hypnotism and Suggestion, Personal Magnetism, by Carl Sextus, *Philosophical Journal*, January 18
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Palsy Cured by Hypnotic Suggestion, *Philosophical Journal*, January 18
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Magic and Mysticism :

Abuse of Will-Power, *Theosophic Gleaner*, March
Hints on the Study of Occultism, *The Seen and the Unseen*, February 18

Mediums and Mediumship :

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Fortune Telling. Is it Sanctioned by the Bible? By Prof. J. S. Loveland, *Light of Truth*, January 18
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Light and Dark Séances, *Light*, February 8
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"Psychometry," The Meaning of, by G. M. F. Denton, *Banner of Light*, February 8
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Ridiculed Assertions of a Medium Demonstrated to be Facts of Science, by Prof. J. S. Loveland, *Light of Truth*, February 8
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Proceedings of the Chiroplogical Society, *Palmyst*, January

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Abney, Captain, on "Spook-Photos," *Light*, January 18
Ainsworth, Mr. J., Spiritualist, Sketch of, with Portrait, *Two Worlds*, March 13
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Besant, Mrs. Annie, Theosophical Situation, The, *Theosophic Thinker*, January 18

To Members of T. S. in Bombay, *Theosophic Thinker*, January 18

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Bland, Dr. T. A., Spiritualist, Sketch of (with Portrait), *Banner of Light*, January 18

Blackburn, Mr. John, Spiritualist (with Portrait), *Two Worlds*, January 24

Blavatsky, H. P., Letters to Dr. Hartmann, *Path*, January

Bliss, Mrs. Vincent, Sketch of (with Portrait), *Light*, February 1, 8, 15

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Buchanan, Prof. J. R., on Orthodoxy, *Light of Truth*, February 8

Burns, James, Spiritualist, Recollections of (with Portrait), by J. Clegg Wright, *Banner of Light*, February 1

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Duguid, Alex., Painting Séance under Test Conditions, by Brian Hodgson, *Two Worlds*, January 10

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Grumbine, Rev. J. C. F., Vibrations and Sensations; Life Revealed through the Spiritual Senses, *Light of Truth*, February 15

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Loveland, Prof. J. S., on John M. Spear and Electricity, *Light of Truth*, February 8

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Newton, Henry J., Death of.—*Banner of Light*, January 4; *Philosophical Journal*, January 11; *Light of Truth*, January 11

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Purdon, John E., M.D., on Sympathetic Vibration in Nervous Attraction, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February

Riche, Prof., the Eusapia Paladino Case, *Light*, January 4

Richmond, Hon. A. B., Are Bible Phenomena True? *Philosophical Journal*, January 4

Richmond, Hon. A. B., on Vicarious Atonement, &c., *Light of Truth*, February 15

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Annales des Sciences Psychiques. 6, Rue du Bellay, Paris.
 12 francs per annum.
 Experiments at Anglais with Eusapia Paladino, January, February
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Arena. Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d.
 Spiritualization of Education in America, Lilian Whiting, January
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Banner of Light. Banner of Light Publishing Co., Boston.
 \$2.50 per annum.
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 Moksha, or the Life of Bliss After Death, January 18
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Buddhist. Buddhist Press, Colombo, Ceylon. 10s. per annum.
 Life of St. Josaphat, January 3
 Report of Twentieth Anniversary Theosophical Society, January 10
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Die Übersinnliche Welt. Max Rahn, 16, Eberswald Strasse, Portal 1, Berlin. 6 marks per annum.
 The Exposure of Mediums, Dr. Carl du Prel, January

Esoteric. Esoteric Publishing Co., Applegate, Placer County, California. \$1.75 per annum.
 True Progress, Frank E. Way, M.D., January
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Harbinger of Light. W. H. Terry, Austral Buildings, Collins Street, Melbourne. 6s. per annum.
 Gallery of Eminent Spiritualists, Dr. Paul Gibier, January
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Islamic World. Crescent Printing Co., 32, Elizabeth Street, Liverpool. 6d.
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 Religious Muslim Precepts upon Hygiene, February
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Irish Theosophist. 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin. 4d.
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Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society. 2, Greek Row, Calcutta. 4s. per annum.
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 Buddhist Precepts in the New Testament, February
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Lamp. 157, Bay Street, Toronto, Canada. 25 cents. per annum.
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Le Messager. Liége, Belgium. 5 francs per annum.
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Le Voile d'Isis. 79, Faubourg Poissonnière, Paris. 6 francs per annum.
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 Light. 2, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. £10 10s. per annum.
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